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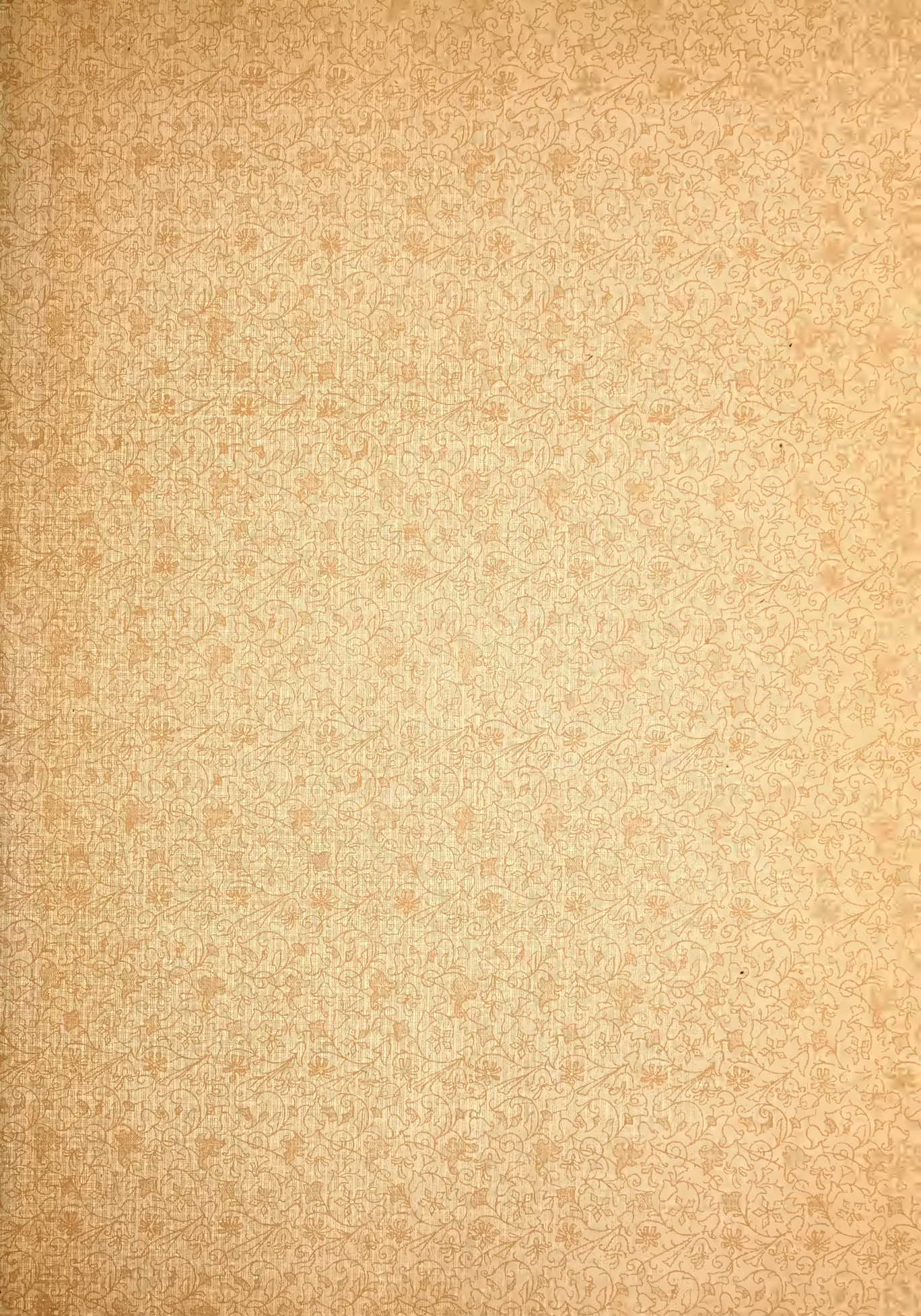
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THE PIKE'S PEAK NUGGET

PUBLISHED BY
THE JUNIOR CLASS
OF
COLORADO COLLEGE



VOLUME VI
MAY 1905

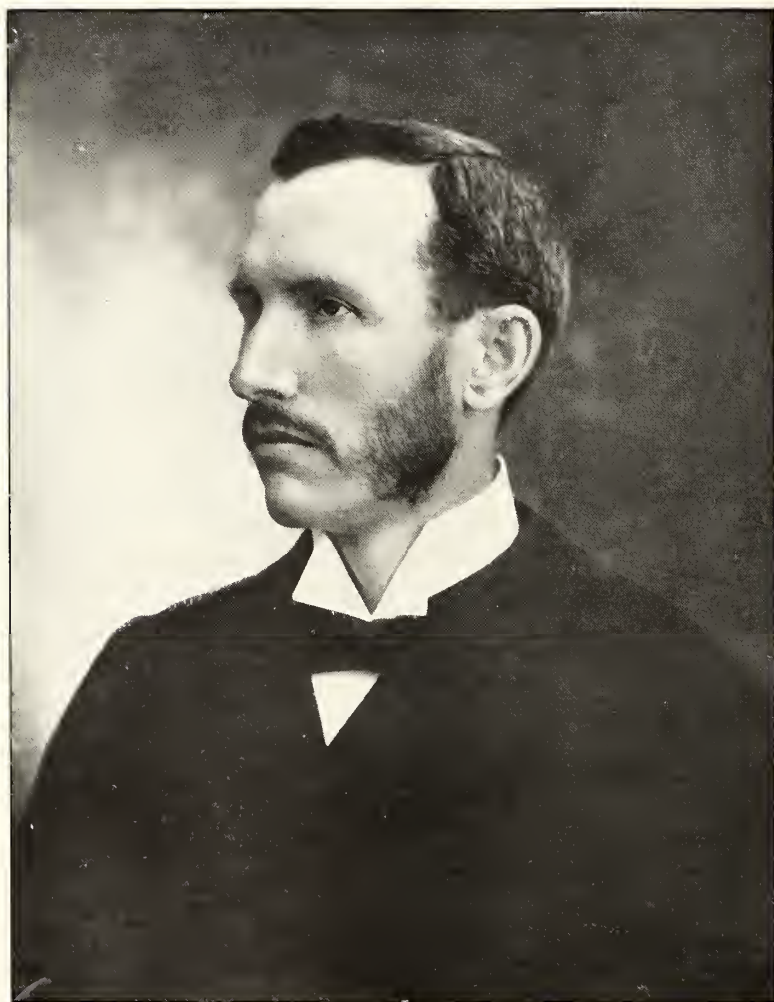
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COLORADO



1905

C. 2

In the stillness of the hush time,
When the silent night's black curtain
Has shut away the world,
Then the soul calls up her treasures;
And forgetting the morrow's trials,
We talk with the heart alone.



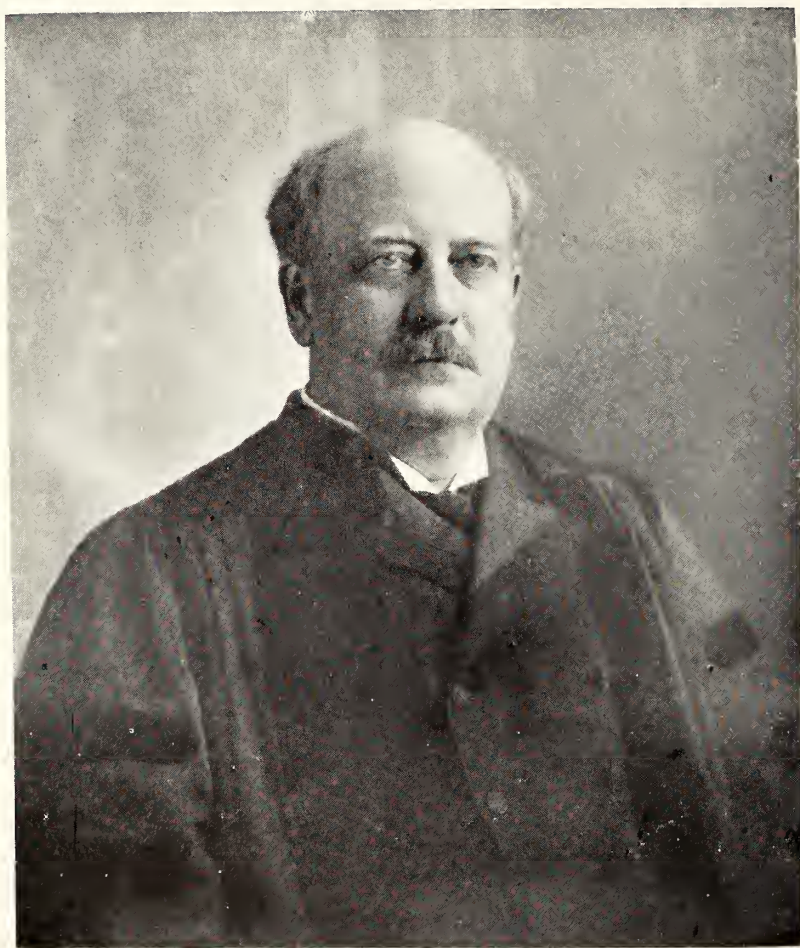
TO

DR. FLORIAN CAJORI

DEAN OF THE ENGINEERING SCHOOL AND PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY ELEVEN OF HIS PUPILS





Colorado College

BY J. H. NASH, '04.

In sunny Colorado,
Where Pike's Peak casts its shadow;
Across the canons deep and mesas brown;
'Neath skies that are bluest,
With hearts that beat truest,
We sing our Alma Mater's high renown:

CHORUS—

Rah! Rah! Rah! and a Tiger three times three!
Colorado College, thee we praise.
Thy daughters gladly hail thee,
Thy sons will never fail thee,
Fairest college of them all, thy song we raise.

We stand fast together,
In every kind of weather,
And wave aloft our colors, black and gold;
Whatever may befall us,
We'll come whene'er you call us,
And fight for thee with spirit never old.—CHO.

(SLOWER.)

The bright years are fleeting,
The world sends its greeting,
And soon from thy protecting care we'll go;
But 'mid toil there and sorrow,
We'll brighten each tomorrow
With mem'ries of those days of long ago.—CHO.

CLORADO COLLEGE

Song and words
by
J.H. Hyslop.

Harmonized
by
G.W.F.

Moderato.

mf In sun-ny Col-o-ra-do Where Pikes Peak casts its shadow a-

Lead voice

cross the can-yons deep and mesqes brown Heath ski-es that are blu-est With

Lead voice

hearts that bear tru-est we sing our Al-ma-maters high re-nown ff

Chorus -

(Sung or Yelled) Rah! Rah! Rah! With a Tig-er three times three Col-o-ra-do

Col-lege thee we praise Thy daughters glad-ly hail thee Thy sons will never

fail thee Fair-est Col-lege of them all thy song we raise.

rit. ff

Table of Contents

	PAGE
Art	67
Athletics	133
Board of Trustees	16
Calendar	149
Caught	94
Contributors	14
Cute Sayings of Our Children	132
Cutler Academy	113
Engineers	64
Events	142
Faculty	17
Freshman Class	57
Graduate Students	35
In Memoriam	112
Junior Class	37
Music	65
Nugget Board	14
Organizations	71
Alumni Association	73
Athletic Association	92
Colorado College Chemical Club	90
Footlights Club	89
Fraternities	107
Literary Societies	95
Oratorical Association	91
Phi Beta Kappa Society	79
Pike's Peak Polytechnic Society	88
Religious Organizations	83
Tennis Association	93
Publications	68
Senior Class	23
Sonnet	160
Specials	63
Sophomore Class	51
The Parting	94

Foreword

To the friends who have taken an interest in this volume and have aided by suggestion and contribution in producing it, we owe a deep debt of gratitude.

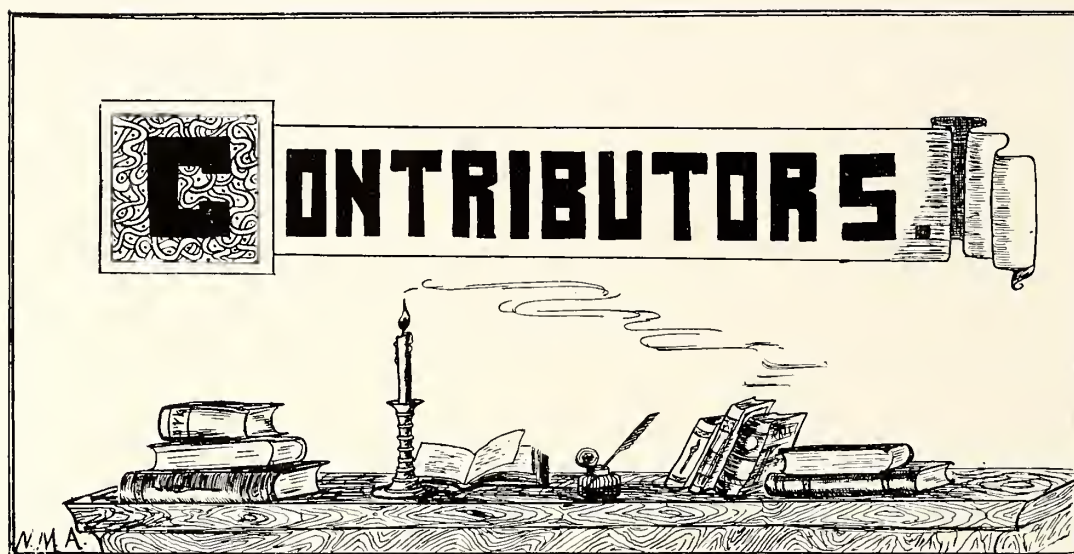
We have felt that the NUGGET should hold more than a passing interest for its readers and have held to the object of making it of value to everyone who feels for the life of our college.

We have believed that it should keep to a high standard, both literary and artistic and have bent all our efforts toward making it worthy of the class and of the College it represents.

How nearly we have come to attaining this end we leave to the final judgment of our readers.

THE 1906 NUGGET BOARD.

Colorado Springs, May 1st, 1905.



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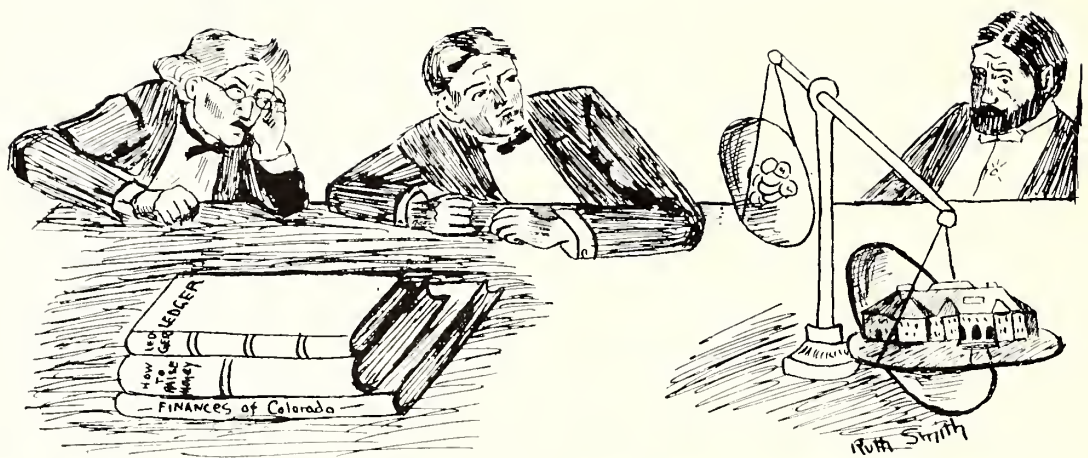
MABEL STARK,
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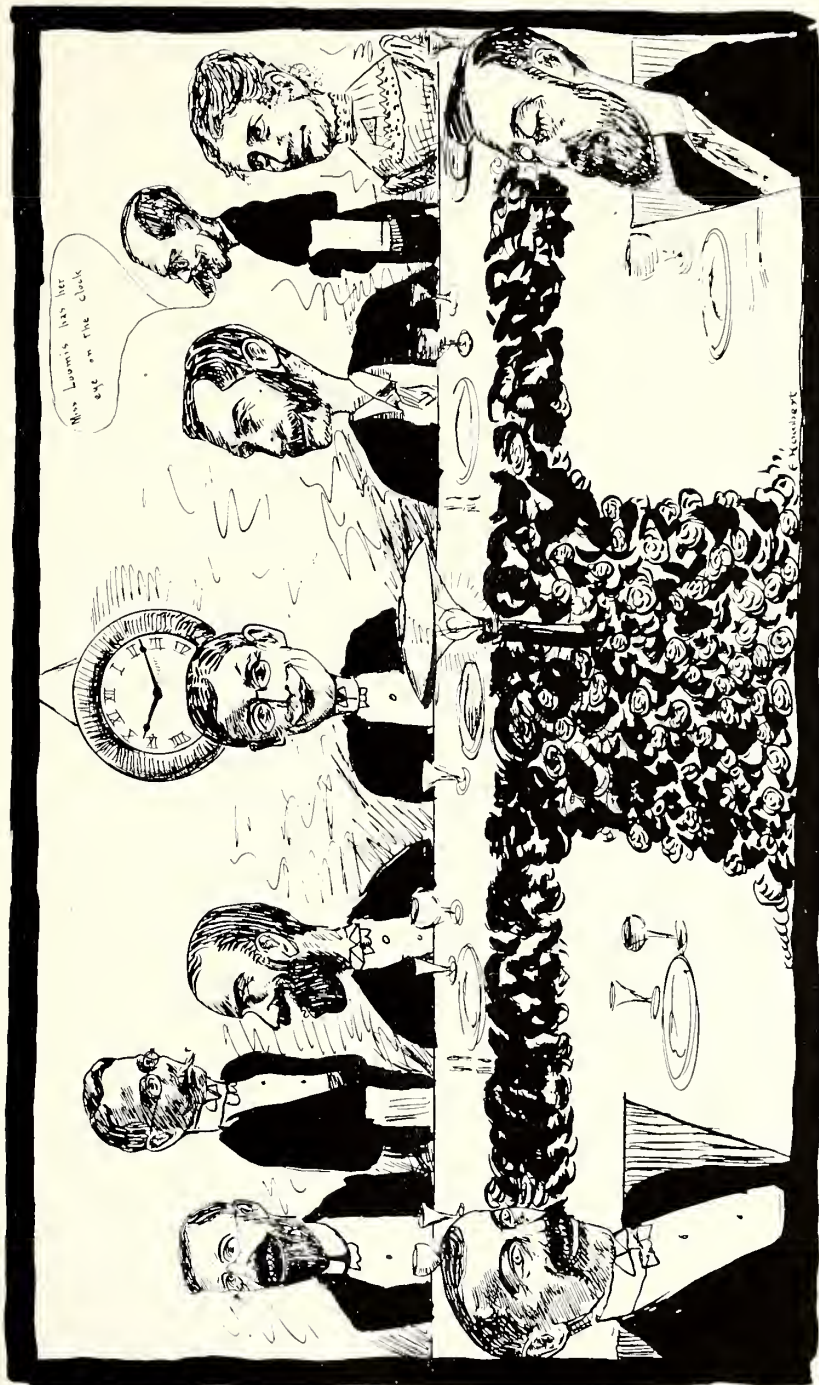
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Samuel Jessop, *Instructor in Voice Culture.*





In the Garden of the Gods

NEMESIS.

Dramatis Personae.

- JUPITER—King of the gods.
APOLLO—Who deals doleful messages, smiling the while.
NEPTUNE—The raiser of storms.
MERCURY—The speedy god.
MARS—Marshall of the day.
VULCAN—Backsmith of the gods.
PLUTO—Whose sulphur fumes sometimes penetrate to the upper world.
DEUCALION—For whom rocks have living interest.
AEOLUS—God of the wind bags.
GANYMEDE—Cup-bearer. A little Trojan.
AESCULAPIUS—Who prescribes the laws of sanitation.
CRONUS—The *star* actor.
PROMETHEUS—Benefactor of men.
PAN—Who walks the woods and mountains and looks to neither right nor left, but straight ahead.
BACCHUS—The mirthful god, who teaches the arts of civilization.
NARCISSUS—Who is never satisfied with his echo.
CHARON—Whom you pay for passage on the river of sighs.
ORPHEUS—Who sometimes consents to help mortals sing.
JUNO—Who equal glory shares with Jupiter.
DIANA—Zealous protectress, despising weakness of love.
THALIA—Known as the goddess.
EUPHROSYNÉ—Of comely carriage and gracious gifts of mind.

*(Splendid banqueting hall brilliantly lighted and richly furnished.
Long table in center, gorgeously decked.)*

Enter Mars and Ganymede.

MARS—Not at all, not at all! They will all take their seats in the order in which they enter.

GAN.—Very well, and will they all take wine?

MARS—No, give them only ginger champagne. Bacchus would prefer beer, but Apollo can take care of him. He has charge of the individual courses.

GAN. *(somewhat flustered)*—But, my dear Mars, wouldn't that cost extra? you know the—

MARS—How's that?

GAN.—Well, of course, as you know, my friend Dr. Schliemann—

Enter Diana.

DIANA—Good evening, Mr. Mars. *(Boxes to Ganymede.)*

Mars boxes himself out.

DIANA—How beautifully everything is arranged.

GAN.—Such a splendid idea of yours, Miss Diana, to have the gods on the left side and the goddesses on the right.

DIANA—After due consideration I have decided that it will be quite proper for this one evening to have them sit together, for you see, I shall be here, and I am sure Mr. Jupiter will agree with me.

Enter Orpheus somewhat preoccupied. Suddenly sees Diana and Ganymede.

ORPHEUS—Yes. Is everything ready?

GAN.—I had thought, Orpheus, that it would be a good plan for you to sit here.

ORPHEUS—Yes. Shall I begin? Yes, this is a characteristic commencement. *(Sits at organ and plays the stirring strains of the march, "Not Much, It Was—the Gods.")*

Gods march in, led by Mars, and take their places around the table.

JUPITER—N-now, one and all, make a noisy jaise.

(General hum of conversation.)

APOLLO—Miss Diana, did I ask you my last conundrum? I really think it's pretty clever.

DIANA *(leaning her elbows on the table)*—Do let us hear it.

APOLLO—With due apologies to Jupiter, why is he like yeast?

NEPTUNE—Now isn't that like Apollo's *modesty*, to palm off one of my conundrums as his own?

MARS—Not at all. Give us the answer yourself, then, Neptune.

NEPTUNE—You had better keep still, old man. I have some good ones on you.

JUNO—What is the answer, Apollo?

APOLLO—Why is Jupiter like yeast? Because it takes him to raise dough.

MARS—Heard that seven years ago.

Enter Aeolus, very much in his element.

PROMETHEUS—Ganymede, can't you shut off the register? There's too much hot air.

(Aeolus subsides.)

EUPHROSYNE—I received a message from Minerva telling me how she is enjoying herself among the orange blossoms.

THALIA—I never knew her well, but I've heard her beauty is almost equal to that of Venus.

PAN (*sighing*)—Where *is* Venus today?

BACCHUS (*aside to Pan*)—Miss Diana objected to having Cupid around, and all that sort of thing, so Mother Venus stayed away.

NEPTUNE—Have you noticed how much Mars' thoughts have been taken up with Europa this last year?

DIANA (*hears only last part of speech*)—Are you contemplating another trip, Mr. Mars?

MARS (*after embarrassing silence*)—Not at all, not at all.

(*Cronus sleeps.*)

(*At other end of table.*)

AESCULAPIUS (*aside to Deucalion*)—By the way, Deucalion, I wish you'd return that diamond stud you borrowed for that banquet. I wanted to wear it tonight. Say, that's a fine tie you are wearing.

DEUCALION—That's one I borrowed from Pan.

PAN—Pardon me! Did you speak to me?

DEUC.—No, I was speaking of something belonging to you.

PAN—Pardon me!

BACCHUS—Not one of his affections, I hope?

DEUC.—No, of his tie.

BACCHUS—I see nothing remarkable about that tie he has on—

AESCULAPIUS—Deuc's speaking about the one *he* has on.

PAN—I hope you are not thinking of returning it, Deuc.

(*General laugh.*)

BACCHUS—While you are returning borrowed articles you might bring back my dress shirt.

MARS (*from other end of table*)—Yes, and my dress shoes.

VULCAN—And my tack hammer.

AEOLUS—And my silk hose.

THALIA—They're treating you shabbily, Mr. Deucalion. I don't believe they have left you a thing but your silk hat.

AEOLUS—Oh yes, Miss Thalia. There is a picture of a certain couple that no one has claimed yet.

(*Ominous silence. Deucalion turns red.*)

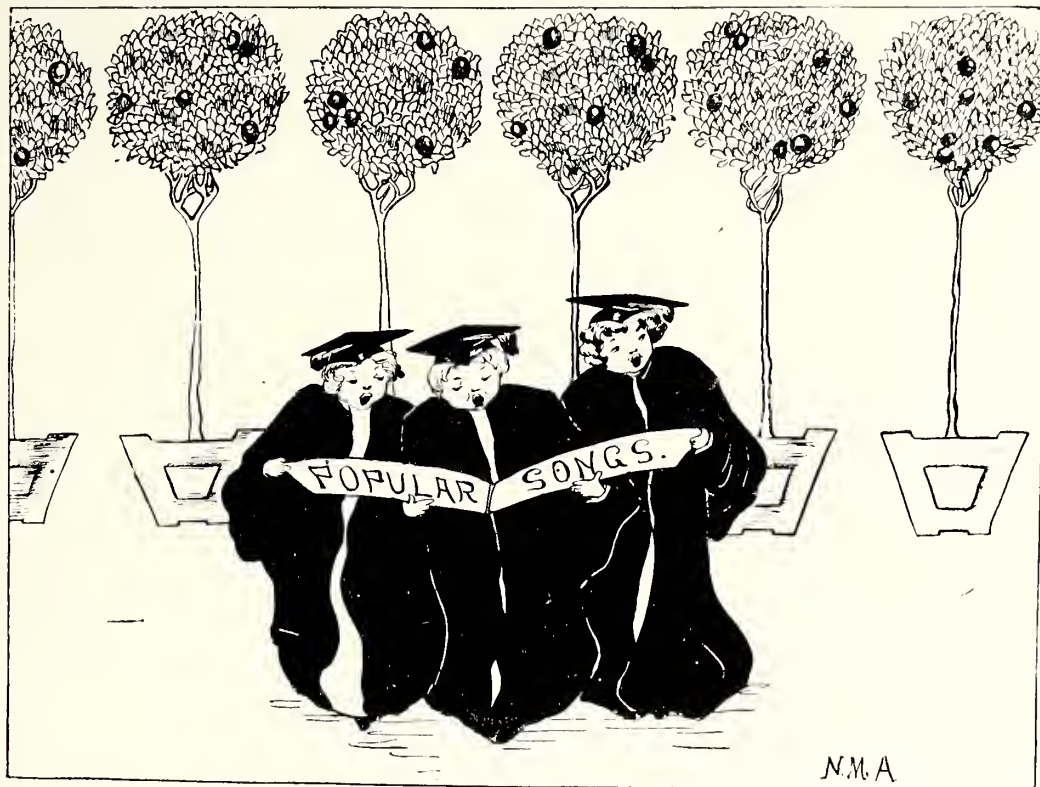
AESCULAPIUS—Pluto, the fumes from your place have troubled me a good deal of late.

PLUTO (*shaking with laughter*)—Too bad, too bad, but you know they will get loose sometimes. If they get too bad use a clothes-pin on your nose and hang an inhaling tube out of the window.

(*Diana speaks to Hebe, who rings a gong. All look up startled.*)

MERCURY—Ten o'clock! We'll continue the discussion tomorrow. It's shpeed Miss Diana wants now, it sheems to me.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)



SENIORS.

COLORS: Yale Blue and Pearl Gray.

YELL.

Ollapadah! Ka-chu! Ka-ching!
 Flip-flop, flop-flip! Boom! Bang! Bing!
 Kick-a-poo! Wal-a-pop! Lingoom! Losh!
 Naught-five! Naught-five! That's no josh!

Class Officer: DR. SLOCUM.

OFFICERS.

*President—Maurice C. Hall.
 Vice President—Clara Cowing.
 Secretary-Treasurer—Mary Porter.*

FLORENCE FEZER.

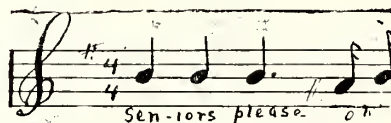
Greeley, Colo.

Y. W. C. A.; Contemporary; Factotum Contemporary (2); Treasurer Contemporary (3); Vice-President Campus Association (1); Vice-President Phœdus (3); President Phœdus Club (4).

"There is a boarding house, far, far, away,

Where they serve potatoes three times a day.

O, how those boarders yell
When they hear the dinner bell,
Three times a day."



SIDNEY E. BENNETT.

Brookfield, Mo.

Pearsons; Y. M. C. A.; Pearsons' building committee (4).

"There are so many bonnie loves,
Yet one is all I covet."



LESTER S. BALE, A. B.

734 E. Platte, Colorado Springs.

Pearsons; Sergeant-at-Arms, Pearsons (1); President (4); Footlights Club (4); President Footlights Club (4); Editor-in-Chief Nugget (3); Vice-President Class (2); Athletic Board (1) (2) (3) (4); Vice-Pres. Athletic Asso'n (3); Sec. (4); Pearsons Quartet (4); Football (1), (2), (3), (4); Captain Football (3); Track Team (2); Honors (1), (2); Perkins' Scholarship (2).

"I hates to get up early in the morn,
I never did that thing since I was born.

I likes to pound my big, fat head
In the bosom of a great big feather bed;

I hates to get up early in the morn."



MIRIAM CARPENTER.

Andover Mass. (26 Morton.)

Mt. Holyoke (1) (2) Contemporary; Y. W. C. A.; Secretary of Contemporary (3); Vice-President of Contemporary (4); Tiger Board (4); Author of Junior Farce (4).

Oh! for a thousand tongues.



CLARA COWING.

Walsenburg, Colo.

Minerva; Y. W. C. A.; Secretary Campus Association (4); Vice-President class (4); Vice-President Minerva (3).

You're as stately as a queen in May,
And we wish you'd try to change your way;

If you'd try a little, day by day,
You might bend a bit, and be more gay.



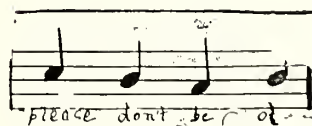
FLOSSE CHURCHILL.

Greeley, Colo.

State Normal School (1) (2) Minerva; Y. W. C. A.; President of Minerva (4); Annual Board (3).
O, she's the belle of all the Colorado ladies,

Just the sweetest ever was seen;
Though her choice is oft a trifle shady,

She is undoubtedly a queen.



JOHN Y. CROTHERS.

Greenfield, Ohio.

1904 (1) (2); Y. M. C. A.; Pearsons, 1904; Ass't Editor Tiger (3); Editor-in-Chief (4); Secretary Pearsons (4).

"The man behind, the man behind, Oh, he's the wisest man you'll ever find.

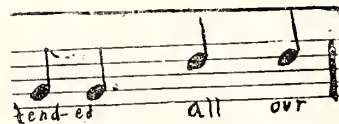
It's the man behind who knows About the Tiger's style of prose, Just because he is the man behind."

LOLA MAY DAVIS, A. B.

532 Bristol St., Colorado Springs.

Y. W. C. A.; Minerva; Phi Beta Kappa; Annual Board (3); Hawley Scholarship (2), (4).

"My black-eyed baby,
I do love you;



"There ain't no baby
So good and true."

MAURICE C. HALL, S. B.

824 S. Wahsatch, Colorado Springs.

Phi Beta Kappa; Pearsons; President Pearsons (4); Sergeant-at-Arms (4); Glee and Mandolin Club (1); Footlights Club (4); Treasurer and Advertising Agent Footlights Club (4); Librettist Footlights Club (4); Secretary and Treasurer State Oratorical Association (4); Assistant Editor Nugget (3); Instructor Cutler Academy (4); Inter-Society Debate (2) (3) (4); Inter-State Debate (2) (4); Honors (2) (3); Hemming Scholarship (3).



"In Colorado I would die
If you were only nigh."



ADAH JOHNSON.
1419 N. Wahsatch Ave., Colorado
Springs.

Minerva.
"Come, come, come, and make eyes
with me
Under the Anheuser busch."



CHLOTILDE DUBACH.
Sabetha, Kansas.

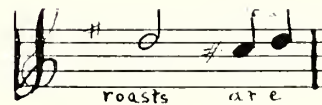
Ottawa University (1), (2); Hy-
patia; Vice-President Hypatia (1).
"Chlotilda, you make me feel so
badly,
Why don't you change your name?"



WILLIS E. HESTER.
Anamosa, Iowa.

Y. M. C. A.; Secretary Y. M. C.
A. (2); baseball (1), (2), (3);
captain baseball (4); manager foot-
ball (4); President Class (2); Mil-
tonian Inter-Collegiate debate (3);
Apollonian; Treasurer Philadelphia
Hotel (4); Beta Delta Club (3),
(4).

"It don't seem like the same old
smile
That you used to give me long ago."



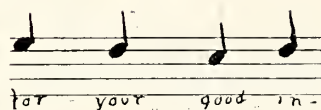
FLORENCE HAYNES,

Greeley, Colo.

Y. W. C. A.; Contemporary; Treasurer Contemporary (2); Treasurer Class (2); Vice-President Y. W. C. A. (3); President Y. W. C. A. (4).

1901.

Three little maids, each like a fairy,
Any of them you'd like to marry?
Three little maids so gay and airy,
Three little maids from school.



MARY HENRY.

Denver, Colo.

Smith (1) (2); Contemporary; President Contemporary (4).

1905.

Three old maids, whose tempers vary,
Which of them would you like to marry,
Of these three maids Contemporary,
Of these three maids from school?



ADA BRUSH.

Greeley, Colo.

Tabor College, Iowa, (1); Contemporary; Y. W. C. A.; Secretary of Contemporary (2).



JEAN INGERSOLL.

3643 Arlington St., Denver.

Y. W. C. A.; Minerva; P. B. K.; High Honors (1) (2) (3); Perkins Scholarship (2); Secretary Minerva (2); Treasurer Minerva (2); Vice-President Minerva (3); President Y. W. C. A. (3); Annual Board (3).

O, she's the one girl,
Yes, she's *the* one girl;
There are others we know,
But she's the pearl.



JOSEPH W. HORN.

Ft. Collins.

Miltonian; Secretary Miltonian (1); President Miltonian (2); Secretary-Treasurer Tennis Association (3), (4); C. C. C. C. (4); Y. M. C. A.

"I've been workin' on the railroad
All the livelong day,
I've been workin' on the railroad
Just to while the time away."



MARGARET ISHAM.

Minerva; Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer Y. W. C. A. (3); Vice-President Minerva (4).

"Sun and rain,
She is just the same.
Truth and quality ever
Will be thy name."

WALTER S. GOLDFRANK, A. B.
12 E. 81st St., New York City.

Columbia College (1), (2), (3);
Pearsons (4); Rip Van Winkle;
Pearsons' Cello; Pearsons' Trio.

"Here's three fellows from the col-
lege
Who don't care a snap for fun.
They don't even care for dances,
And from girls, my! how they run."



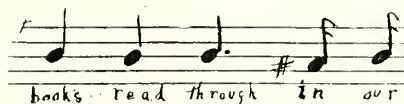
RICHARD G. KNOWLTON.
Steamboat Springs.

Greeley Normal (1), (2); Greeley
Normal, 1904; Colorado College, 1905,
(3) (4).



WALTER H. NEAD.
Franklin, Neb.

Y. M. C. A.; Apollonian; football
(1) (2) (3) (4); Track (2) (3)
(4); Captain (2); Basketball (2);
Treasurer Y. M. C. A. (2); Vice-
President Apollonian (4); C. C. C.
C. President (4); Steward of Phila-
delphia Hotel (4);





EMMA LEIDIGH.

Spearville, Kan.

Y. W. C. A.; Minerva; Secretary Minerva (4).

"It was not like this in the olden days,
In the days beyond recall."



SARAH McDOWELL.

Denver, Colo.

Y. W. C. A.; Hypatia; Hawley Scholarship (3) (4); Vice-President Hypatia (3); Treasurer Y. W. C. A. (4); President Hypatia (4).

"Sadie, Sadie, she is my sweet little lady."



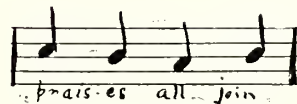
IONE MONTGOMERY.

409 North Nevada Ave., Colorado Springs.

Hypatia; Vice-President Hypatia (3); President Hypatia (4).

"Here's to the land that gave her birth,

Here's to the flag it flies;
Here's to the maid so full of mirth
From under the Southern skies."



MARY PORTER,
3522 Alcott St., Denver.
Contemporary; Phi Beta Kappa;
Honors (3); Secretary-Treasurer
Class (4); Hawley Scholarship (4).
"When I'm sleepin'
I'm losin' time,
Sleep is something
That I really dread."



IRMA RUDD.
Boulder, Colo.
Liberty Ladies' College (1); Con-
temporary; Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer
Contemporary (4); Vice-President
Contemporary (4).

"My love and devotion
Are deep as the ocean,
Won't you take a notion
And love-a-me?"



VICTOR E. KEYES,
Oneonta, N. Y.

Greeley Normal (1), (2); Apol-
lonian Club (3); Interstate debate
(3), (4); Inter-Society debate (4);
President Phila. Hotel (4); Presi-
dent College Rep. Club (4); Y. M.
C. A.; Nugget Board (3); President
Apollo (4); Mary G. Slocum schol-
arship (3).

"My mind's a perfect blank."



LAURA STILES.

50 Broadway, Denver.

Contemporary; Phi Beta Kappa; High Honors (1) (2) (3); Perkins Scholarship (2); Secretary Contemporary (2); Annual Board (3); President Class (3); President Contemporary (4).

Smile, smile, smile, I wish you' 'spression would fade;

Smile, smile, smile, I'd like a little change,

Smile, smile, smile, you're pleasant all the while;

I'd rather be a little cross than be too mild.



JESSIE SAMMONS.

Dalhart, Tex.

Contemporary; Y. W. C. A.

"Brown's in town,

Oh, yes; Brown's in town,

And I'm all so happy,

Just because Brown's in town."



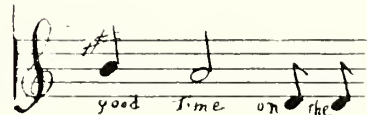
JESSIE E. SMITH,

Golden, Colo.

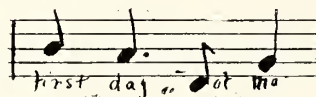
Minerva; Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer Minerva (3); Secretary Y. W. C. A. (3); Vice-President Campus Association (3).

"There, little girl, don't cry.

They have broken your doll I know."



MAUDE STODDARD,
320 E. 35th Ave., Denver, Colo.
Y. W. C. A.; Hypatia; Hawley
Scholarship (3); Censor Hypatia
(3); Secretary Hypatia (4).
"I can not sing the old songs."



IDA WILLIAMS.
Trinidad, Colo.
Y. W. C. A.; Hypatia; Girls' Glee
Club (1) (2) (3); Parliamentarian
Hypatia (3) (4); Business Manager
Glee Club (3).
"Ida, Ida, I've been thinking,
Why cut out the Senior boys?
Sophomore boys, I know, are splen-
did,
But they're not the only joys."

ALBERT WASLEY.
Greeley, Colo.
Apollonian; Sergeant-at-Arms
(2); Secretary (3); Vice-President
Apollonian (3); President Apollon-
ian (4); Assistant Manager Tiger
(3); Manager Tiger (4); Assistant
Manager baseball (3); Manager
(4); Y. M. C. A.; Beta Delta.



"Bonnie wee thing,
Cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing,
Wer't thou were mine."



BURTON B. STROCK.
326 E. Cache la Poudre, Colorado
Springs.

Pearsons; Vice-President Pear-
sons (4); Footlights Club; Author
and Composer of Invocation to the
Tiger Spirit.

"I want to hear a Yankee Doodle
tune
Played by a military band.
I want to hear a Yankee Doodle tune
The only music I can understand."



AGNES SMEDLEY.
Denver, Colo.

Swarthmore (1); Contemporary;
Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club (2); Secre-
tary of Contemporary (2); Annual
Board (3); Secretary of Prohibition
League; Vice-President Class (3);
President Campus Association (4).

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."



FREDERICK E. WILLETT.
Woodbine, Iowa.

Y. M. C. A.; Miltonian (1), (2),
(3); Debate Miltonian (2); Track
team (3), (4); Football (4).

"We'll never forget the college,
We'll never forget Pike's Peak,
We'll never forget the mesa,
We'll never forget the creek."

GRADUATE STUDENTS.

Birchby, James A., 1025 N. Wahsatch. Nash, J. Harold, Leadville.
Darlington, Henry T, Moscow, Ida. Scholz, Jeannette, 1823 N. Nevada.
Hill, Roscoe C., 824 E. Cimarron. Warner, Eleanor S., 1307 N. Weber.
Johnson, Lillian M., 1419 N. Wahsatch





The Junior Class

COLORS: *Hunter's Green and White.*

YELL.

Rix! Rax! Rix!

Rix! Rax! Rix!

Nulli secundus,

Nineteen-six!

Class Officer: PROFESSOR RUGER.

OFFICERS.

President—Mabel Barbee.

Vice-President—Thomas Hunter.

Secretary-Treasurer—William G. Johnston.

PHYSIOGNOMY

RUTH ANDERSON.



528 E. Uintah, City

The large meek eyes show a nature lovable, but easily led. There are too many lines of irresolution about the exquisitely curved mouth for you to ever become a great general.

MABEL A. BARBEE.



McGregor Hall.

A singularly soulful poetic face. Great tenderness for all humanity is shown in the sensitive nose and the droop of the mouth. Yet withal you are dogged, persistent, emphatic. The rather heavy chin shows you to be a born leader of men.

HAZEL ELA.



Grand Junction, Colo.

The thin, pale face of an ascetic. High ideals, cynicism predominant. Mortal man will never satisfy the needs of such a soul.

CHARLOTTE SPALDING,



1637 F. St., Lincoln, Neb.

The shrewd, calculating character is but ill concealed by the soft feminine features. The man who invented wooden nutmegs and paste diamonds had such a face.

HELEN WOODSMALL.

A maid of the "clinging vine" variety, modest, timid and retiring, your face shows you to be. You should seek a strong hand to guide you through the mazes of this dark world, where there are so many pitfalls for innocent feet.

118 E. Kiowa St., City.

ALICE L. KIDDER.

A beautiful but insincere face. You are of a very fickle disposition, constancy to a friend being utterly impossible. But such a small defect is more than counterbalanced by the abnormal development of the intellectual powers.



2632 Boulevard F., Denver.

MABEL E. STARK.



530 N. Nevada Ave., City.

The bright eyes and alert expression of the mouth show you to be of a remarkably vivacious temperament. Try to cultivate laziness, otherwise your youthful enthusiasm and the strenuousness of your ways will bring you to an early grave.

RUTH RAGAN.

Your face shows you to be a typical strong-minded woman. Such a one was Caroline Nation. But deep in your soul, jealously guarded from the common gaze is a mine of sentiment, rich, undeveloped; a vein of gold beneath a rugged mountain.



1575 Penn. Ave., Denver.

MARY L. HARTIG.



2450 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia

An exquisite face. The broad forehead shows remarkable intellectuality, the eyes and lips a profound sympathy. The face of a woman who could not bear to say "No".

Great executive ability is shown in the droop of the eyelids. You are capable of managing your own affairs (*de coeur*). The soft mobile mouth and the languorous Southern smile completely belie the determination of the firm white chin.

FLORENCE M. HERRING.



619 N. Tejon St.

The official physiognomist called on this young lady, but was unable to obtain a good view of her features. Another sad case of too modest for publication.

ELIZABETH LOCKHART.



1105 N. Nevada Ave.

The bump in the upper left-hand corner of your brain shows artistic taste. The one northwest, the right occipital lobe, shows a tendency toward extravagance, especially in finery.

YNA REINHARDT.



221 E. Uintah Ave., City.

Primitive woman might have had such a face. Strong, elemental emotions leave such imprints on the human countenance. The predominant passion is, perhaps, the protection of self and of your loved, but unprotected, ones.

NANNIE M. ARMSTRONG.



1512 Washington Ave.

The clear eye shows you have brains of the high-honor type; the strong chin, a heart of the church-altar type. From your expression, you are as attractive as a Freshman girl and as dignified as a matron of sixty.

ELSIE MAY SMITH.



Lake Bluff, Ill.



A. E. MITCHELL.



Clayton, Ind.

Description—Five feet one-quarter inches tall, slender, almost to emaciation, prominent features, tendency to asthma, deep dimple in chin. Crimes—Robbery. Wanted at Park College. Robbed a fair (i. e., sandy complexioned) youth of the only thing he could not pawn.

SYLVIA EDNA TAYLOR.

Description—Five feet four inches tall, dark eyes, can be easily recognized by her hair, which has a tendency to spread itself. Crimes—Absconding. Wanted by the Nugget Board, as artist and writer. She is furthermore charged with having told the truth about some people.

909 S. Nevada, City.

DONALD S. TUCKER.



1815 N. Nevada, City.

Description—Medium height, chubby, pleasant baby face. Crimes—Drunk and disorderly. Wanted in Sugar City. Young and harmless, but got to associating with bad boys. At one time he even went off on a "bat." After several "highballs" he assaulted a twister. Then he started home in a mazy sort of way, stealing a base on the road. The officers finally had to knock him out. He has not been seen since.

ETHEL CANDOR.



Aledo, Ill.

Alias "The Stutterin' Lawyer." Description—"Yaller" locks, large lustrous eyes, prominent chin, medium height graceful carriage. Crime—Stole Jason's golden fleece for his personal adornment.

BESSIE GORDON.



Alias "Girlie." Description—Six feet two inches tall, stout, mannish figure. Jet black eyes and hair. Crimes—Thursday, keeping the unbidden guest at Montgomery; Friday, apologizing for same to Mrs. Schneider.

610 N. Spruce St.

Alias "Lazy Emmie Lou." Description—Four feet two inches tall, very plump, fair and good natured; generally wears cerise and green. Crimes—1, the theft of a valuable diamond ring; 2, wearing same on fourth finger of left hand.

GRACE VAN TROVINGER.



7 Pelham Place, City.

Alias "Night Cat." Description—Fair hair, blue eyes, tall and stout. Crimes—Disorderly conduct, loud talking and disturbing the public peace.

EMMA C. BARNARD.



2142 Irving St., Denver.

EMILY PALMER.



109 E. Willamette Ave., City.

Alias "Snub." Description—Seven feet tall; angular; of shrewdish cast of features; pale, lustreless eyes and features. Crime—Making good moral youths out of promising frat men.

IDA MAY BRUNNER.



112 Summit St.

Alias "Electricia Elephanta." Description—Five feet one inch tall, slender, short; golden hair, gray eyes, features small and delicate. Crime—Keeping the 10 o'clock rule.



Castle Rock, Colo.

DIED—Miller, Dora. At the headquarters for the Society for the Protection to Dumb Animals. She is survived by three yellow dogs, seven stray cats of the tortoise shell variety, and one white rat, with pink eyes. Miss Miller has for the past seven years been the president of the local society. Her death will be deeply regretted by all who know her.



302 E. 16th St., Cheyenne, Wyo.

THE HASTINGS DANCING PARLORS.

Miss Lilyan Hastings, instructress. Parents, send your children. The most awkward may become graceful as a swan, and acquire the manners of a Chesterfield in three weeks. Hours, 2-6 a. m.



1325 Race St., Denver.

All ye faint hearted! Hearken! Mae E. Rantschler's patent "Syrup of Liquid Air" will cure the most obstinate case of heart failure on record. Never fails! Try it! Makes you invulnerable!



405 W. 13th St., Denver.

EXTRA.

Nellie E. Cheley appears in Philosophy A on time. There is a speck of dust on her clothes.

Full details of the horrible tragedy will follow later over our special leased wire.



Pittsburg, Pa.

The school board of the 99th district yesterday appointed Miss Eva Thompson principal of the Sea Side School. Miss Thompson is a graduate of Colorado College and a teacher of ability.



122 Michigan, Pueblo.

Last night Mrs. Holcomb gave a dance for her daughter, Miss Violet Louise Holcomb, who has just returned home from Miss Sawyer's Young Ladies' Finishing School in Holidaysburg. Miss Holcomb attended Colorado College for two years, taking a special course, before she went to Holidaysburg. She is an accomplished young lady, being "proficient in the arts of drawing, music, both vocal and instrumental, dancing and conversation." Her return will be a great acquisition to the city's society.



424 S. Tejon St.

At the last meeting of the Squashville College Literary Society, Miss Margherita Welling read her fifteen-dollar prize story, entitled, "See What I Did, or the Advantages of a Fraternity Man." She is a charming young person of great ability. Further comment is unnecessary.



604 N. Spruce St., City.

Yesterday Miss Clara B. Orr entered the Convent of St. Catherine. Miss Orr, while in school, was distinguished by the seriousness and earnestness of her mind. She was a good student and a hard worker. Her diploma reads "summa cum laude." Since her graduation she has done much excellent work along benevolent lines. Nevertheless many people will doubtless be surprised at her decision.



2103 N. Nevada Ave.

PALMISTRY.



LORING C. LENNOX.

The most prominent mark in your hand is the Line of Head, which crosses the hand to the Mount of Mars. This is a good sign, denoting decision and energy. You are not easily bored. The forked termination on the Mount of Mars shows a magnificent willingness to fight whenever and wherever given a chance.

JAMES H. FINGER.



2719 Elliot St., Denver.



1001 N. Nevada Ave.

The weakness of your Line of Hepatica and the rascette on your Line of Life indicate ill health, due to dissipation, especially to excessive drinking. The Crescent of Mercury shows a tendency toward theft. Your Line of Saturn shows you will be successful at your trade to an unusual degree. We recommend you to become a lobbyist.

RAYMOND L. GIVENS.



Blackport, Idaho.

F. M. ROBERTS.

The large grille covering the entire fourth stage in the Line of Life indicates difficulties. The small forkings indicate journeys. Your Line of Apollo, indicating success as a speaker or teacher. Its position shows that success will come late in life.

1331 Wall St., Los Angeles.

The most noticeable characteristic of your hand is the Line of Heart, which rises from the Line of Life early in its third stage. It is closely followed throughout its course by the Line of Saturn, or Fortune. The large square in the Plain of Mars denotes resolution or constancy.

WILLET R. WILLIS.



Cripple Creek, Colo.

Yours is rather a remarkable hand. The Line of Life near the end of its third stage is crossed by the Line of Heart, which, at that point, becomes more prominent. This sign we are unable to explain. Otherwise your hand is good. It shows firmness, but not quickness.

LEO W. BORTREE.

The abrupt turn in your Line of Life at its crossing with the Line of Head, is a bad sign. It indicates death, due to nervous prostration and 54 recitations a week. Your Line of Fortune is unusually clear. But the cross on the Mount of Mercury is another bad sign, showing an undue development of hot air during youth.

1121 Washington Ave.

PHILIP FITCH.

Your hand is distinctly of the artistic type. The large development of the Mounts of Luna and Mercury show a large and fertile imagination. The long fingers shows good detail. I am surprised to see that your Line of Head is weak. Therefore we urgently recommend you to become a novel writer.

Ironton School, Denver.

VERNON T. BRIGHAM.

Your hand in general is good, showing originality and mechanical skill, but you have two bad defects. The rascette on Apollo shows a bashfulness, even a timidity, about the society of others. The poor development of your Mount of Apollo shows an utter inability to talk easily. But we have no doubt that some day you can find some nice young lady who can talk for two. You need it.

Kansas City, Mo.

J. GUAY CHAPMAN.



1041 Lake Ave., Pueblo.

Your Line of Life is much broken, indicating sickness and reverses. The crescent on the Mount of Apollo shows success, due to fidelity to friends. The grille at its base shows there is a great obstacle to your success as a public speaker.



ORRIE W. STEWART.



Colorado City.

Once there was a fellow, who was able to keep his mouth shut. Therefore the teachers all thought how wise he must be; so he never flunked.

HARWOOD H. FAWCETT.



Holdenville, I. T.

Once there was a grin. But this grin was peculiar. It had a boy attached to it. But the boy became an engineer. So there was no longer any grin.

See this dreadful example! It can work but it cannot talk. It never goes to class parties, or tells people what great things it has done, or is going to do. Notice well and remember. Who toots not his own horn, the same shall not be tooted.

CHARLES N. COX.



1064 Gaylord St., Denver.

Little boy, do you see this man? He is an athlete and an orator. But he is also a sleepy head. He has a genius for sleeping.

RAY B. SHAW.



3 Beverley Place, City.



Mother

Goose.



When I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got, I put upon a shelf.
The rats and mice did lead me such a life
That I went to market to buy myself a wife
Were they willing to trade her out in Nugget ads? Just
look at my picture and see.

ELLIOTT REYER.



623 N. Tejon St., City.

Little Cap. Billy, come blow on your horn,
For Golden's in clover, while we've got the thorn,
But he'll eat them up just as fast as he can
When the referee blows on his whistle.

ORRIN RANDOLPH



103 N. Spruce St., City.

THOMAS HUNTER.



418 W. 25th St., Cheyenne, Wyo.

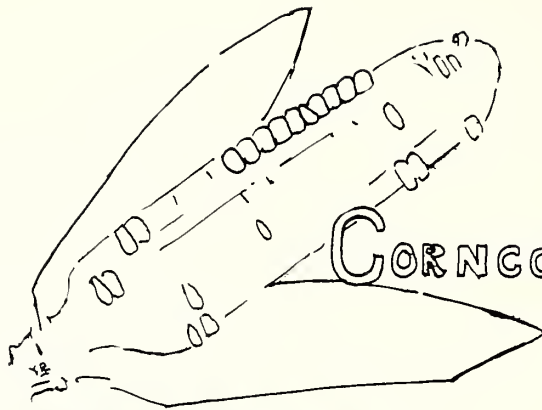
There was a six-foot, slab-side gunner
Who killed all the deer that died last summer.

WILL G. JOHNSTON.



125 S. Nevada Ave.

Hey diddle, diddle, the boy and the fiddle,
The others jumped out of the room,
For our old cow died of such a noise,
E'en the cat is eclipsed by your tune.



CORNCOB UNIVERSITY.

BERT G. WILLIAMS.



MONTHLY.

SQUASHVILLE.

KANSAS.

We are glad to welcome among us this year three new professors, all holding the baccalaureate degrees of that oldest institution for higher education in the middle west, Colorado College.

The first of these gentlemen is the famous Prohibitionist lecturer, Bert G. Williams. He will occupy the newly-established chair in Railroad Grades and Pools. We were able to secure Mr. Williams only because he was compelled to seek a lower altitude through heart trouble.

Sabetha, Kan.

The second gentleman is Lester C. Himebaugh, C. U., R. A., T. O. R., the celebrated biologist. Mr. Himebaugh first attained a national reputation by his research work while yet an undergraduate in Colorado. Mr. Himebaugh will become head professor of the Natural Sciences Department. He wears gold-rimmed nose glasses.

The third gentleman is one who could not easily be overlooked in any gathering, Bradley M. Thomas, the leading attorney of New Mexico, who comes to us from his home in Santa Fe. Mr. Thomas has been compelled, temporarily, to give up the active pursuit of his vocation and seek rest. He has, therefore, agreed to accept the professorship of Political Science. With these additions to our faculty we feel that our future is assured.

HELEN WEST.



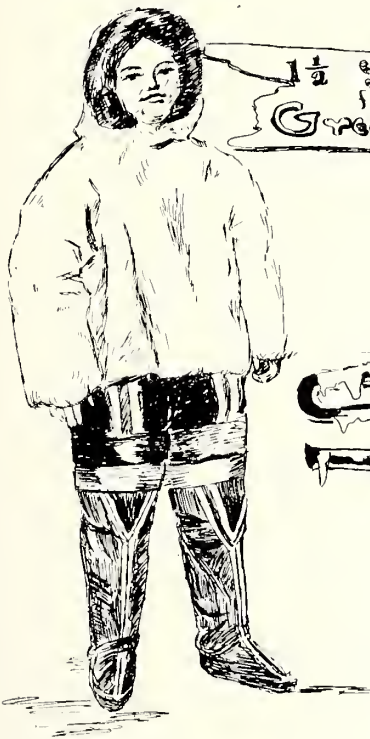
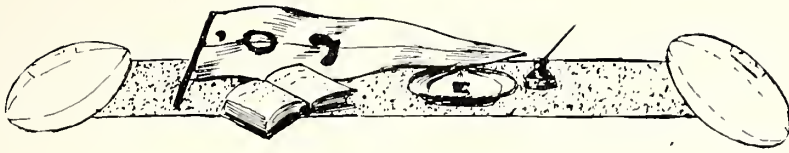
2329 Eliot St., Denver.

LESTER HIMEBAUGH.



Des Moines, Ia.

Last July the trustees voted to appoint Miss Helen West, the present teacher of Pianoforte, to the position of Dean of Women. This promotion is one very welcome to the school body at large and to the young ladies in particular.



1½ years
from
Greenland!

SOPHOMORES



by Alvin K. L.

The Sophomore Class

COLORS: *Corn and Wine.*

YELL.

Rickety! Rickety! Rickety! Roe!
We're the people that make things go.
'Tis no dream, 'tis no lie;
Nineteen-seven is our cry.

Class Officer: DR. SCHNEIDER.

OFFICERS.

President Harry Scibird
Vice President Earl Howbert
Secretary-Treasurer Eleanor Pease

SOPHOMORE ROLL.

Baker, Mildred, 3221 Franklin St., Denver.
Bartlett, William A., 2220 N. Nevada Ave.
Bateman, Mabel S., 218 N. Prospect.
Boatright, Harvey E., 811 N. Miles Ave.
Bowers, Frankie, 234 N. Chestnut St.
Buhough, Olive A., 819 E. San Miguel St.
Chase, Winifred M., 1228 N. Weber St.
Ellmaker, Sarah E., 2722 Cheyenne Ave, Pueblo
Finney, Royal H., La Junta, Colo.
Fisher, Allen H., 460 W. 31st Ave., Denver.

Fiske, James H., 326 E. Vampa.
 Frost, Hester, 118 E. Caramillo St.
 Gilbert, Ruth, Grand Junction, Colo.
 Hall, Charles D., Peyton, Colo.
 Hedblom, Carl A., Aurora, Neb.
 Howbert, Earl H., 1331 N. Tejon St.
 Humphrey, Mildred H., 118 Sherman Ave., Denver.
 Johnston, Hannah R., 3125 Meade St., Denver.
 Kaul, Clarence R., 307 S. Grant Ave., Denver.
 Lake, Gleason C., Derby, Kan.
 Lamb, James G., Greeley, Colo.
 Leuchtenberg, Charles S., 1424 N. Nevada Ave.
 Mack Roy T., 1627 N. Weber St.
 McBride, Irwin C., 1806 Wood Ave.
 McClintock, Jas. K., 144 N. Fulton Ave, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
 McDowell, Mary E., 825 E. 23d Ave., Denver.
 McLean, Donald, 1330 Gaylord St., Denver.
 Meyers, Alda E., Georgetown, Colo.
 Meyers, Alice A., Georgetown, Colo.
 Middlesworth, Abner B., 2139 Williams St., Denver.
 Middlesworth, Frank W., 2139 Williams St., Denver.
 Mitchell, Arthur E., Clayton, Ind.
 Muffley, James I., Apollo, Pa.
 Paulson, John B., Manitou, Colo.
 Pease, Eleanor M., Georgetown, Colo.
 Pease, Winifred, 816 N. Spruce St.
 Perkins, Ruth C., 218 N. Cascade.
 Platt, James M., 911 N. Nevada Ave.
 Schafer, Bessie M., 233 N. El Paso St.
 Scibird, George H., 618 N. Corona.
 Scott, Mayme, Fort Collins, Colo.
 Seybold, Clifton B., 812 N. Cascade.
 Simington, Mabel, Longmont, Colo.
 Simms, Frances H., 518 Lincoln Ave., Denver.
 Slaughter, Verita A., 122 E. Jefferson St.
 Smith, Carlos T., Manitou, Colo.
 Smith, Hope S., 1712 Wood Ave.
 Smith, Montgomery R., 2327 Lincoln Ave., Denver.
 Smith, Ruth S., 1712 Wood Ave.
 Steffa, Earl C., Woodland Park, Colo.
 Stringham, Grace, Manitou, Colo.
 Strock, Mildred V., 326 E. Cache La Poudre.
 Tegtmeier, Walter C., 1650 Emerson, Denver.
 Vandemoer, John J., 1230 Ogden St., Denver.
 Woodson, Everard M., Liberty, Mo.
 Zinn, Zaidie M., Nordhoff, Calif.

A Short History of the Sophomores

The Sophomores are a heathen people of Greenland, known generally by the name of Nocht Sevegn.

Wanderings.—They are a nomadic tribe and the past year have wandered from their native land, bringing most of their savage habits and customs with them.

General Characteristics.—At home the people of this tribe were of a vivid green complexion; of fresh appearance and actions. They were altogether crude and uncivilized. At present, under the influence of our atmosphere and climate, they have become sallow appearing and dried up, and the civilization forced upon them does not rest easily. They fret beneath it and often break away from its restraints, returning to some of their savage customs.

Home Life.—The tribe frequently gathers together at the abode of one of its number, where they make the night hideous with their revelry. At one of these gatherings not a year ago did the old blood show itself in the following manner:

Mode of Warfare.—Members of the tribe of Nocht Sevegn pounce upon unsuspecting passersby, bind them and chain them in dungeons. They carry on their warfare by stealth and in ambush. At this recent gathering the tribe overpowered the enemy, bound and gave them water treatment, prescribed by their medicine men. This is a favorite mode of procedure with the tribe toward its victims.

Ancient Customs.—Little is known of the ancient customs of this savage people, but one of them still survives. That is what they call the "barbecue", to give it a half-civilized name. Here they hold their orgies where they sacrifice and eat the victims, prisoners taken on their warring raids. They have a huge fire with which they merely torture others and the victims are given a general shaking up. The Nocht Sevegns resemble the Indians in respect to their liking for "fire water". This resemblance was noticeable shortly after the orgies of the barbecue. Another of the ancient customs survives in form of foot-ball, a cruel sport in which many braves pride themselves in taking part. This is an outcropping of the savage instinct.

Intellectual Pursuits.—This tribe has never displayed any thirst for knowledge or even civilization. Two instances in their history are known when they attempted to vie with their superiors in oratory, and they were completely outclassed.

Synopsis.—Civilization has been too rapidly thrust upon the tribe of Nocht Sevegn, which, combined with their natural heathen state, has made them savage in the extreme, a people to avoid.







FRESHMEN!

N.M.A.

The Freshman Class

COLORS: *Lavender and Cream.*

YELL.

Well I well I well I wonder
What's the class that won't go under?
It's a cinch, as sure as fate;
'Tis the class of naughty-eight!

Class Officer: PROFESSOR HILLS.

OFFICERS.

PresidentHarley Sill
Vice PresidentWarren Currier
Secretary-TreasurerRuie Aitken

FRESHMAN ROLL.

Aitken, Ruie, 220 E. San Miguel.
Allen, Edith T., 315 N. El Paso St.
Anderson, Faye S, Loveland, Colo.
Arbuckle, Ellen, Fort Morgan, Colo.
Auld, Jean M., 1303 N. Wahsatch.
Ball, Flora G., Castle Rock, Colo.
Barker, Gem L., 1623 N. Weber St.
Bigler, Lottie G., 729 Clark St., Denver.
Blakesley, Philip T., 44 East 4th St., Dayton, O.
Blunt, Stanhope E., Fort T. A. Russell, Wyo.
Bonham, Lester D., 802 E. Cache La Poudre St.
Burbank, Rose M., Longmont, Colo.
Burchill, Stella L., 1437 5th St., San Diego, Calif.
Burgess, Paul, Canon City, Colo.
Burns, Eddith M, Appleton City, Mo.
Carnean, Florence, Salida, Colo.
Clarke, Helen M., 831 Harrison Ave, Canon Cy.
Crawford, Helen, 731 E. 18th Ave., Denver.
Currier, Warren, Greeley, Colo.
Curry, Flora G., Fort Morgan, Colo.
Davis, Caroline A., 1318 Marion St., Denver.

Deems, Mark, 712 W. 14th, Pueblo.
 Doane, John J., Fremont, Neb.
 Draper, Lulu, 806 E. Boulder.
 Emery, Mabel, 1420 N. Nevada ave.
 Estill, Nell G., 218 E. Willamette Ave.
 Fowler, Irene, 2410 Gaylord St., Denver.
 Freeman, Ada F., 1011 N. Weber.
 French, Allison T., Greeley, Colo.
 Frothingham, Ruth H., Delta, Colo.
 Geissler, Ruth M., 233 N. Franklin St.
 Gibbs, George R., Monte Vista, Colo.
 Gilland, Ida M., Egbert, Wyo.
 Glasser, Claude A., Manitou, Colo.
 Gurétzky, Josephine, Colorado City, Colo.
 Hall, Edith S., 3030 Newton St., Denver.
 Harper, Arthur C., 607 Bergin St., Newark, N. J.
 Haycraft, Maude A., 721½ S. Tejon St.
 Haynes, Rhoda N., Greeley, Colo.
 Howell, Charles F., 720 N. Weber.
 Huestis, Edward H., 216 E. 32d Ave., Denver.
 Hunt, Elton B., Skealosk, Ind. Ter.
 Kimball, Helen C., Ouray, Colo.
 Lake, Leo C., Mulvane, Kans.
 Lennox, William G., 1001 N. Nevada Ave.
 Lewis, Mabel, Loveland, Colo.
 Lieb, Clarence W., Wellesley, Mass.
 Mack, Margaret, 1627 N. Weber St.
 McClelland, Jones V., 2659 Stout St., Denver.
 McCoy, Ralph Z., Loveland, Colo.
 McCreery, Donald, Greeley, Colo.
 McCreery, Mary C., Greeley, Colo.
 McLain, Albert P., Canon City, Colo.
 McMillan, Ruth, 3303 Harrison, K. C., Mo.
 McNeen, Helen, La Junta, Colo.
 Metcalf, Amy, Ticknor Hall.
 Mohler, Mark, 228 E. Dale St.
 Moore, Frank S., Broadhead, Wis.
 Murphy, Elizabeth M., 105 S. Nevada Ave.
 Newhall, Agnes, 1220 N. Nevada Ave.
 Olsen, Harold F., Pueblo, Colo.
 Orr, Charles W., 122 Michigan, Pueblo, Colo.
 Parsons, Ernestine, Canon City, Colo.
 Prevost, Edna E., Riverside Dairy, Pueblo.
 Redding, Samuel A., Montrose, Colo.
 Reeks, Lloyd D., 4103 Bert St., Denver.
 Rice, Ethel M., 528 N. Tejon St.
 Riggs, Theodore D., Marsovan, Turkey in Asia.
 Roberts, Harold D., Ordway, Colo.

Roe, George H., 6 Jackson Place, Pueblo.
 Sanford, Fernando N., 430 N. Weber St.
 Sechrist, Ray S., 517 Pine St.
 Shannon Lora, 1623 N. Weber St.
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 Sloane, Helen A., 529 N. Nevada Ave.
 Smedley, James D., Eaton, Colo.
 Smillie, Wilson, Eaton Colo.
 Smith, Edward W. P., Canon City, Colo.
 Smith, James H., 924 Valley Ave.
 Stark, Lela M., 530 N. Nevada.
 Steinmetz, William H., Rock Rapids, Iowa.
 Stickney, Alfred W., Woodhall, Ill.
 Stickney, Edward S., Woodhall, Ill.
 Strieby, Helen G., 808 N. Cascade.
 Taylor, Ada B., Peyton, Colo.
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 Treat, Jay E., 219 Animas St., Trinidad, Colo.
 Trowbridge, Grace, 1811 N. Nevada Ave.
 Trueman, Agnes B., 811 N. Spruce St.
 Tyler, George A., 815 N. Corona St.
 Vandermoer Neil, 1230 Ogden St, Denver.
 Wagner, Hazel J., Fort Morgan, Colo.
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 Weaver, Newby M., Imperial Hotel, Pueblo.
 Weir, May, Grand Junction, Colo.
 Worthing, Hazlett, 31 N. Spruce.
 Whiton, Emma K., 424 W. 11th St., Pueblo.
 Williams, Helen C., 125 W. Mill St.
 Wilson, Mabel A., Burlington, Wis.





Monologue

Time: *Summer Vacation.*

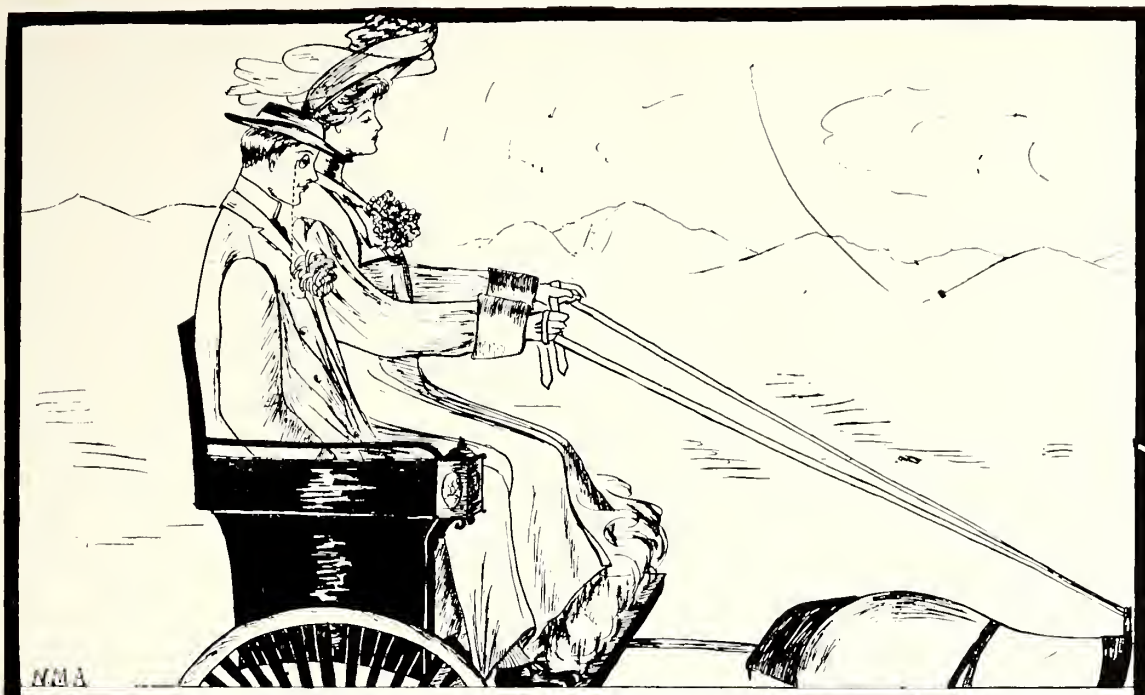
Scene: *Susie's Porch.*

Dramatis Personæ:

A Freshman girl from C. C.

Susie, her friend, a prospective student.

Did I have a good year? Well, I should say so! Yes, College was rather different from what I had expected. You know I had planned for a *suite* of rooms. Well, would you believe it, Susie, when I asked for one they didn't know what I meant, but took me over to Montgomery and showed me a *double* room! I was awfully surprised to think I couldn't see the Dean when I wanted to. Just think, Susie, I was number one hundred and fifty and had to wait two whole days before I could arrange my course. Dean Parsons nice? Indeed he is! The only trouble was he wanted me to take everything in the curriculum. What *did* I take? Oh, lots of things. Math A is what I remember most vividly! Hard? If you'd ever taken it I guess you'd think so! Why, I used to get good marks in algebra in high school, but I didn't even get sixty in the quadratic exam.—Yes, thanks, I will have some fudge! Yours is always so good, Susie! Did we have any class scraps? Oh, yes, of course; right at the first of the year. The Sophs were having a party one night, so our boys thought they'd have a little fun at their expense. Did they? Well—er—no! Not so much as they had expected. You heard nine of our boys were arrested? Why, Susie, what a story! Who could have told you that! There were only *eight* arrested, and one of them was a Junior. The Sophs turn the hose on our boys? Well, maybe they did, I don't remember, but lets talk of something else, I never *did* approve of class scraps. Take the Oratorical Contest, now. The Sophs didn't have a ghost of a show there, we won every place. Two of our men were in the final contest, and one of them got third place. I think that's a pretty good showing, don't you, Susie? What about athletics? Oh! we played a football and baseball game with the Sophs, er— but— I don't think athletics are nearly as important as oratory, do you, Susie? The scores? Oh, I don't remember; they were low, though. Who won? Oh, *Susie*, don't ask so many questions. It was the Sophs, but they ought to have, when half of their men were playing on the regular teams. Anyhow, if it didn't win those games our class certainly did its share for athletics. Didn't we give two hundred dollars to raise the athletic debt? How did we get the money? Oh, in different ways. For one thing we had a county fair down in McGregor Gym, where we had a minstrel show, fortune tellers, candy, etc. It was a great success, too. Everyone said we were the most enterprising Freshman class they had ever heard of. Parties? Of course *you'd* ask about them, Susie! Yes, we had several. One was a children's party and you ought to have seen the costumes. You'd be horrified if I should tell you what some of them were made of! Exams? H'm! I'm afraid I'll have to go now, think it's going to rain. Goodbye, dear. hope I'll see you at C. C. next year. (*Exit.*)



OF LEISURE COMES PLEASURE.

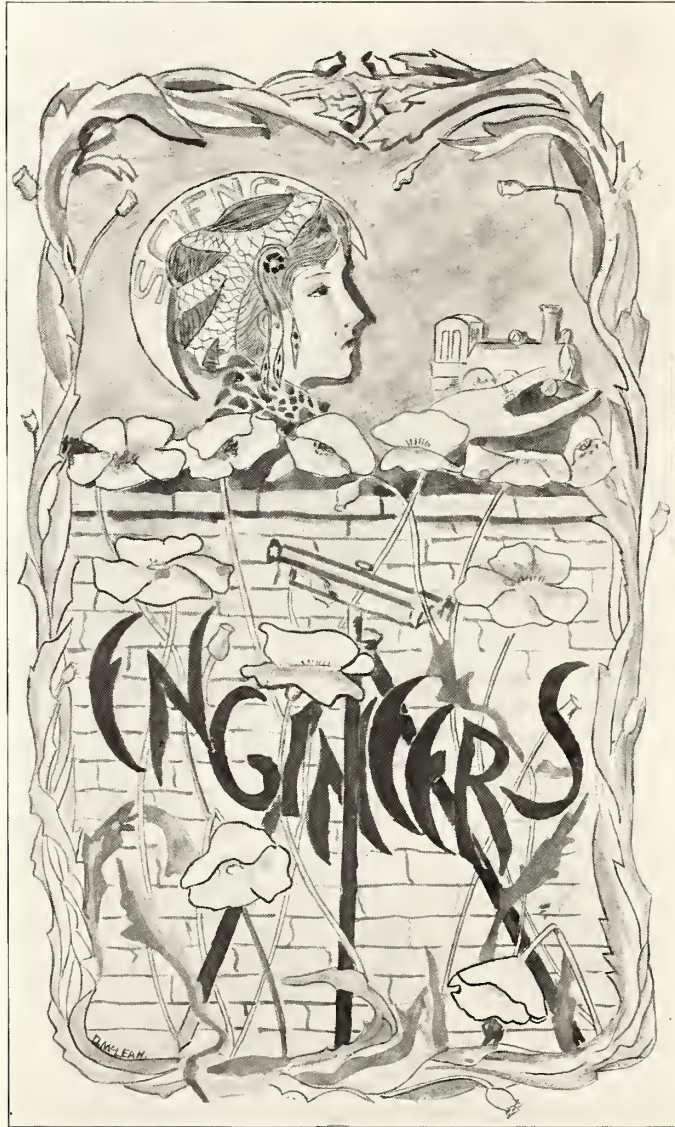
SPECIALS.

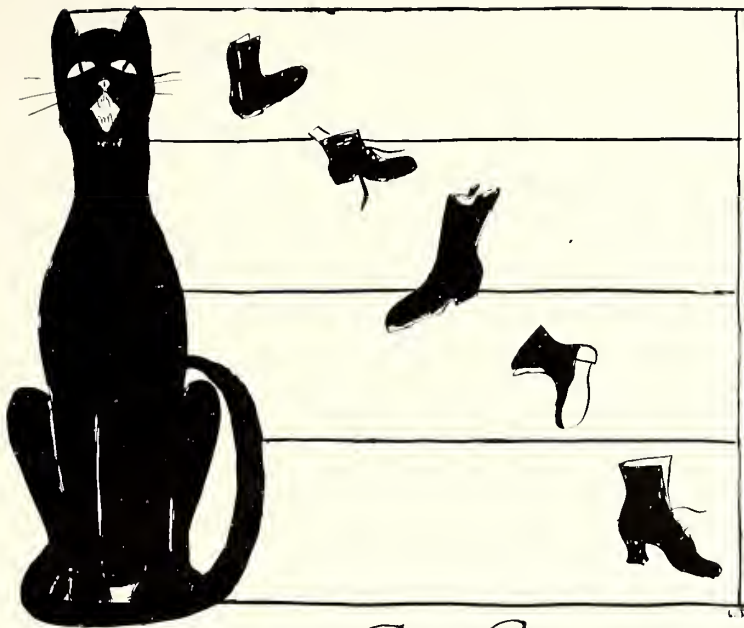
Class Officer: PROFESSOR NOYES.

Anderson, Merle S.
 Angell, Chester M.
 Babbitt, Mrs. K. R.
 Beach, Dorothea
 Bull, Raymond C.
 Cold, Bertha
 Coolbaugh, May O.
 Darley, William M.
 Dennis, Albert R.
 Dutro, Inez G.
 Engle, Earl W.
 Harman, Bryant G.
 Jackson, Charles E.
 Jones, Enid S.
 Lehy, Agnes A.
 McKinnie, Rue

McLaughlin, Dora
 Moore, Ethel
 Morgan, Reuel
 Remsen, Allen H.
 Ritter, Etienne A.
 Rogers, William B.
 Salizar, Ernest V.
 Slaughter, Elizabeth
 Slausson, D. R.
 Smith, Mary N.
 Thomas, Irene
 Tuckerman, Corinne C.
 Wallrich, William
 West, Paul S.
 Whitehurst, Irene,
 Wilcox, Stella M.

Williams, Abbie W.





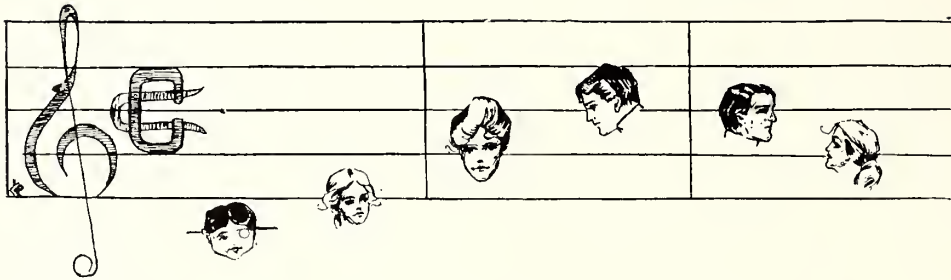
MUSIC

Student Roll

Josephine Alexander
 Faye S. Anderson
 Flora Ball
 Grace Ball
 R. Bentley
 Winifred Boynton
 May Brunner
 Edith M. Burns
 Bessie F. Carroll
 Winifred M. Chase.
 Edith Collais
 John Doane, Jr.
 Ruth Frothingham
 Hattie Gandy
 Richards D. Gile
 Ida M. Gilland

Alice Glemon
 Josephine Guretzky
 Mary Hollingshead
 Mary E. James
 Enid Jones
 Bertha A. Kim
 Mary L. Knapp
 Pearl Lampton
 Catherine Lloyd
 Robert Lloyd
 Elizabeth Lockhart
 Ruth Manning
 Estelle Martin
 S. L. McGruder
 Gladys McMillen
 Mrs. McMillen
 Helen McNeen

Frank Middlesworth
 Mayme Purcell
 Clara Orr
 Esther Parsons
 May Patchen
 Emily T. Potter
 Harold Roberts
 Elizabeth Slaughter
 Mabel St. John
 Agnes B. Trueman
 Hazel J. Wagner
 Charlotte Wallace
 Marguerita Welling
 Helen West
 Jessie Wharton
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A Conservatory of Music for Colorado College

Why not boost the Music Department?

We have the faculty; we have the equipment. There is no reason why there should not center in Perkins Hall, a great conservatory.

Colorado has need of a conservatory of music. The people of this state are a music-loving people.

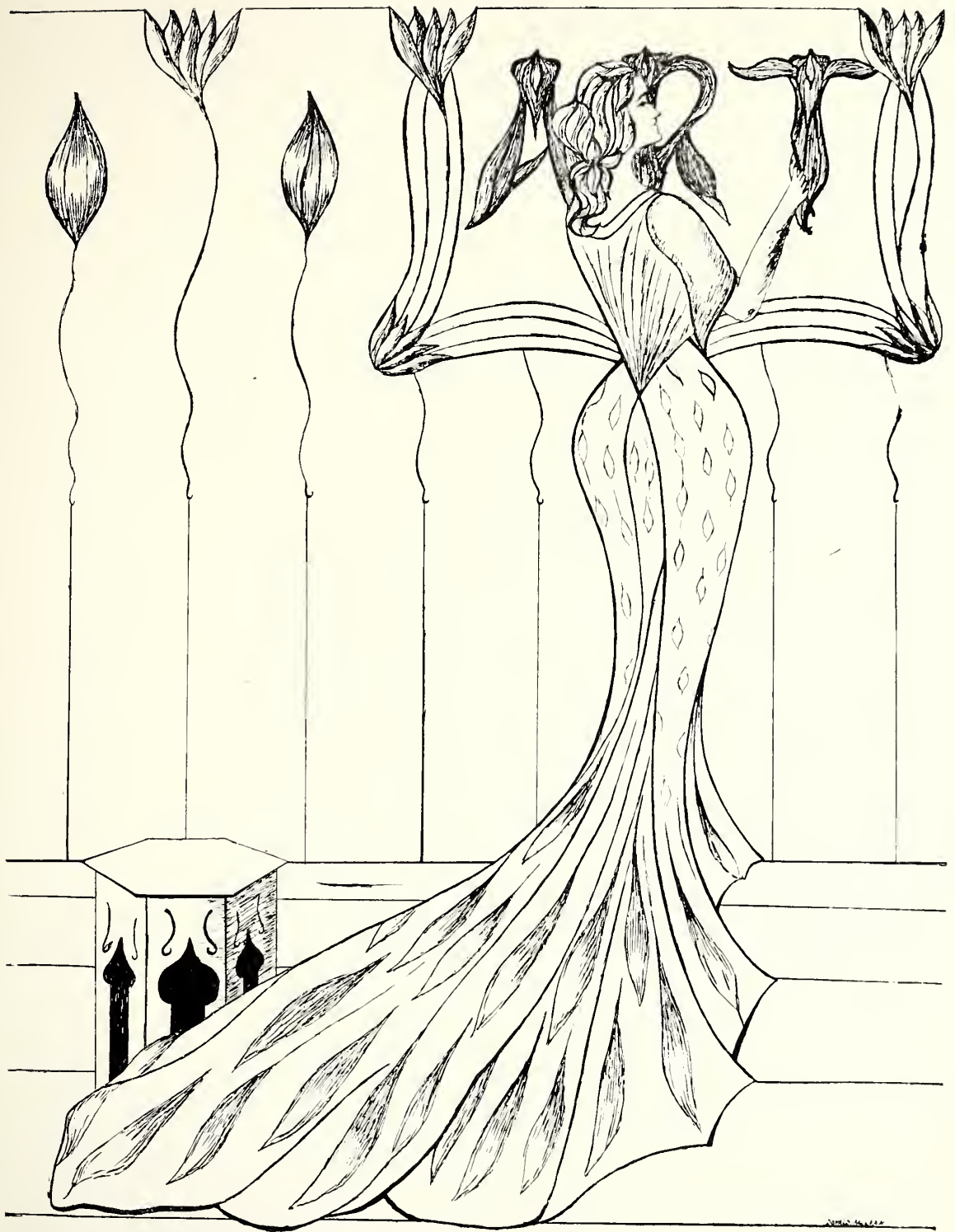
It is the privilege of our College to satisfy this need.

Colorado College has always stood for cultural education. The cry is still: "Culture for culture's sake." Then why not place more emphasis on the aesthetic work—music and art?

The Oberlin Conservatory is known the country over. With no rival in all this rich western country; with hundreds of thousands of people of the highest type to draw from, ours could enter upon a career as great.

The state of affairs in which the musical faculty must have private pupils if they are to make a living should cease, and it could be made to cease if the musical people of Colorado were made to see that work in the Music Department at Colorado College is held in as high repute and worthy of as high authoritative recognition by credits or diploma, as work in any other department.

Let the students feel that there is something worth while going on in Perkins. Let them have the privilege of *boosting* the conservatory.



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1905—Vol. V.

1907—Vol. VII.

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STUDENTS' HANDBOOK

Published every September for circulation among the new students by the
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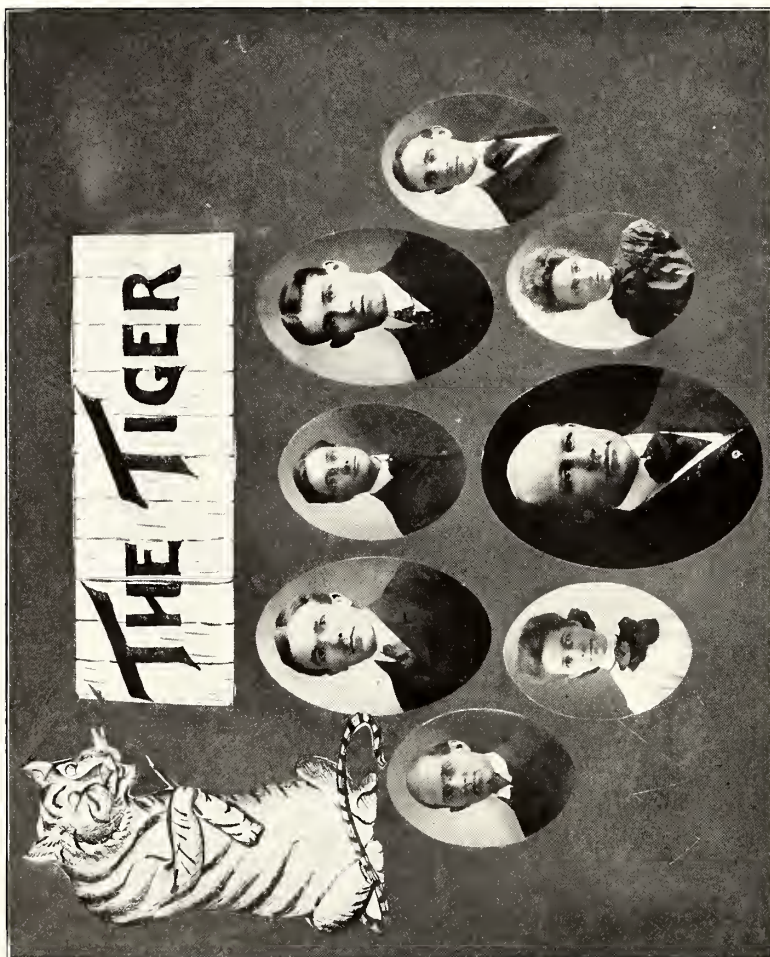
Donald Steele Tucker

Colorado College Studies

The efficiency of the faculty of a college or university is measured by the amount and quality of the research work carried on by the members. In a European university no instructor can obtain prominence who is not displaying power for original investigation. In American colleges and universities conditions were, until recently, different. Inasmuch as the students of the first two years are younger and not so far advanced as they are in foreign universities, the ability to teach has been a more prominent consideration here than there. No instructor can permanently hold a position in an American college who does not possess some power of imparting knowledge. Formerly, his power as an investigator was either not considered at all, or played a very secondary role.

During the last fifteen or twenty years a few of the large American universities have begun to throw emphasis upon research. The professor is expected to be a producer as well as an imparter. The new spirit is pervading also some of the colleges. Swarthmore, Amherst, Williams, Beloit, have had members of the faculty who devoted part of their time to research. In our own Colorado College research along scientific lines was taken up early. In 1890 the Colorado College Scientific Society was organized and the publication of the Colorado College Studies was begun. Until last year only about one publication per year was issued. Most of the money for the printing was obtained from the income of a fund of \$1,400 contributed by members of the faculty. Last year it became possible to begin a regular series of college publications, which is entered at the local post office as second-class matter. According to the new plan, four of the numbers issued every year will contain articles on scientific subjects.

The publication of the Studies serves not only as an incentive for carrying on research work in the College and as a means of advertising the College among people whose interest centers in scientific lines, but also in bringing to our Coburn Library a large number of exchanges. In this way many truly valuable scientific monographs reach us from all parts of the world. The proceedings of the South American societies lie on our library selves along with those of societies in Switzerland, Germany, France, England, Canada and Mexico. As the years go on there will accumulate on our shelves an extensive and truly valuable collection of papers on natural history, physics, chemistry, and mathematics, which will be highly appreciated by specialists.



A. Wasley	J. Y. Crothers	T. Hunter	A. H. Fisher	J. I. Muffley
Miriam Carpenter	C. A. Hedblom	Mabel Barbee		



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 Elizabeth R. Towle, Ph. B., Decatur, Ill.
 Charles W. Weiser, Ph. B., Leland Stanford University.
 Melville F. Coolbaugh, S. B., Columbia Univ., New York City.
 Leonard R. Ingersoll, S. B., U. of W., Madison, Wis.

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 Henry L. McClintock, Ph. B., D. U. Law School, Denver.
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 Reta Matson, Ph. B., 304 Conejos St., City.
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 Louise H. Root, Ph. B., Smith College, Northampton, Mass.
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 Ora D. Sherer, A. B., Washtucna, Wash.
 Barbara E. Smeigh, A. B., Fort Collins, Colo.
 Nellie E. Stephens, A. B., Delta, Colo.
 Wallen D. Van Nostran, S. B., D. U. Law School, Denver.
 Robert M. Work, A. B., D. U. Law School, Denver.
- 1904—Lucille Allderdice, A. B., 75 Block H, Pueblo.
 Louisa D. Allen, A. B., 2127 W. 46th Ave., Denver.
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 Edith E. Hall, A. B., Canon City, Colo.
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 William A. Leighton, A. B., 106 E. Caramillo St., City.
 Francis M. Loud, A. B., Fort Morgan, Colo.
 J. Harold Nash, A. B., Hagerman Hall, City.
 Frank A. Pettibone, A. B., 2719 Indiana St., Denver.
 Ada L. Seifried, A. B., 128 Sherman Ave., Denver.
 Ella L. Warner, A. B., 158 W. 3d Ave., Denver.
 Eleanor S. Warner, A. B., 1307 N. Weber St., City.

Louise E. Dunbar, Ph. B., 3101 Chicago Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
George Gardner, Jr., A. B., U. of D. Law, Denver.
Alida K. Hayden, Ph. B., 326 E. St. Vrain St., City.
Clyde H. Howell, Ph. B., 1415 N. Wahsatch Ave., City.
Peter Keplinger, Ph. B., Greeley, Colo.
Zoa Kidder, Ph. B., 607 E. 12th St., Pueblo.
Ruth Lewis, Ph. B., Canon City.
Alice B. McGee, Ph. B., 3359 Goss St., Denver.
Lotta Meacham, Ph. B., Washington, Iowa.
Homer Reed, Ph. B., Victor, Colo.
Eulalie Reinhardt, Ph. B., Cripple Creek High School.
Phideliah D. Rice, Ph. D., Grand Junction, Colo.
Louis R. Stillman, Ph. B., Monte Vista, Colo.
William M. Vories, Hachiman, Shiga Ken, Japan.
Cora A. Wilcox, Ph. B., 219 E. St. Vrain St., City.
Sarah F. Wolverton, Ph. B., Rifle, Colo.
Ethel Harrington, S. B., 619 31st Ave., Denver.
Lottie Starbird, S. B., Telluride, Colo.
Fairfield Sylvester, Jr., S. B., Monte Vista, Colo.
Caro Lynn, M. A., Tarkio, Mo.

TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S A CROWD

I.

A Freshman girl,
Intent on book,
Forbidden chair
In alcove nook.

II.

A Junior boy
That alcove spies;
Grabs a chair
And in he flies.

III.

Advance the "Reverend"
'Cross the floor;
Exit couple
Out of door.

L'envoi.

The moral, he who runs may read:
"The Simple Life" ye here must lead.

Phi Beta Kappa

(Organized in William and Mary College in 1776.)

CHAPTER ROLL.

William and Mary College...	1776	Univ. of Minnesota	1892
Yale University	1781	Univ. of Pennsylvania	1892
Harvard University	1781	John's Hopkins University...	1895
Dartmouth College	1787	Univ. of Iowa	1895
Union University	1817	Univ. of Nebraska	1895
Bowdoin College	1825	Colby College	1896
Brown University	1830	Syracuse University	1896
Trinity College	1845	Swathmore College	1896
Wesleyan University	1845	Wabash College	1898
Aldebert College	1847	Univ. of California	1898
Univ. of Vermont	1848	Vassar College	1898
Amherst College	1853	Haverford College	1899
Kenyon College	1858	Univ. of Wisconsin	1899
Univ. of City of New York..	1858	Boston University	1899
Marietta College	1860	Cincinnati University.....	1899
Williams College	1864	Princeton University	1899
College of the City of N. Y. .	1867	St. Lawrence University	1899
Middlebury College	1868	Chicago University	1899
Rutgers College	1869	Vanderbilt University	1899
Columbia College	1869	Univ. of Missouri	1901
Hamilton College	1870	Allegheny College	1902
Hobart College	1871	Smith College	1904
Colgate University	1878	Wellesley College	1904
Cornell University	1882	Mt. Holyoke College	1904
Dickinson College	1887	Leland Stanford, Jr., Uni-	
Lehigh University	1887	versity	1904
Rochester University	1887	Univ. of North Carolina.....	1904
De Pauw University	1889	Univ. of Texas	1904
Northwestern University	1890	Univ. of Colorado.....	1904
Univ. of Kansas	1890	Colorado College	1904
Lafayette College	1890	Ohio State University.....	1904
Tufts College	1892	Woman's College of Baltimore	1904

Phi Beta Kappa

(Organized in Colorado College, 1904.)

CHARTER MEMBERS.

M. C. Gile, A. M., <i>Brown</i> , '83.	Sidney F. Pattison, A. B., <i>Williams</i> , '99.
E. C. Hills, A. M., <i>Cornell</i> , '92.	Hugh A. Smith, A. M., <i>Missouri</i> , '97.
Edith P. Hubbard, A. B., <i>Vassar</i> , '01.	John C. Shedd, Ph. D., <i>Princeton</i> , '91.
Ruth Loomis, A. B., <i>Vassar</i> , '85.	William E. Stark, A. M., <i>Harvard</i> , '96.
Frank H. Loud, Ph. D., <i>Amherst</i> , '73.	
Edward S. Parsons, A. M., B. D., Litt. D., <i>Amherst</i> , '83.	

MEMBERS BY ELECTION.

Pres. William F. Slocum, LL. D.	Grace Bradshaw Holt, A. B., '01.
Dean Florian Cajori, Ph. D.	Ella S. Graber, A. B., '02.
Ex-Pres. E. P. Tenney, D. D.	Cora E. Draper, Ph. B., '02.
P. S. Halleck, A. B., <i>Colorado College</i> , '82.	Leonard R. Ingersoll, S. B., '02.
F. S. Tuckerman, A. B., '82.	Osie F. Smith, A. B., '02.
Frederick R. Hastings, A. M., '91.	Frank H. Gleason, A. B., '02.
Harvey S. Murdock, D. D., '93.	Bertha McKinnie, A. B., '02.
William S. Tibbs, Ph. D., '94.	Ella S. Fillius, A. B., '03.
Jonathan T. Rorer, A. B., '95.	Henry L. McClintock, Ph. B., '03.
Winona Bailey, A. B., '96.	Nellie Stevens, A. B., '03.
Frances Bayley Packard, A. B., '97.	Mabel Jencks, A. B., '04.
Ella Taylor, A. M., '97.	Sarah F. Wolverton, Ph. B., '04.
Frank K. Bailey, S. B., '98.	Ella J. Warner, A. B., '04.
Della Gandy, Ph. B., '98.	Francis M. Loud, A. B., '04.
Lester McLean, A. B., '99.	Albert C. Hardy, A. B., '04.
Aimee W. Wolfe, A. B., '99.	James A. Birchby, A. B., '04.
Roy McClintock, Ph. B., '00.	Maurice C. Hall, '05.
Albert C. Ingersoll, A. B., '00.	Laura Stiles, '05.
Robert T. Walker, Ph. B., '00.	Jean R. Ingersoll, '05.
Hugh McLean, A. B., '01.	Mary C. Porter, '05.
William P. Nash, A. B., '01.	Lola M. Davis, '05.



Phi Beta Kappa

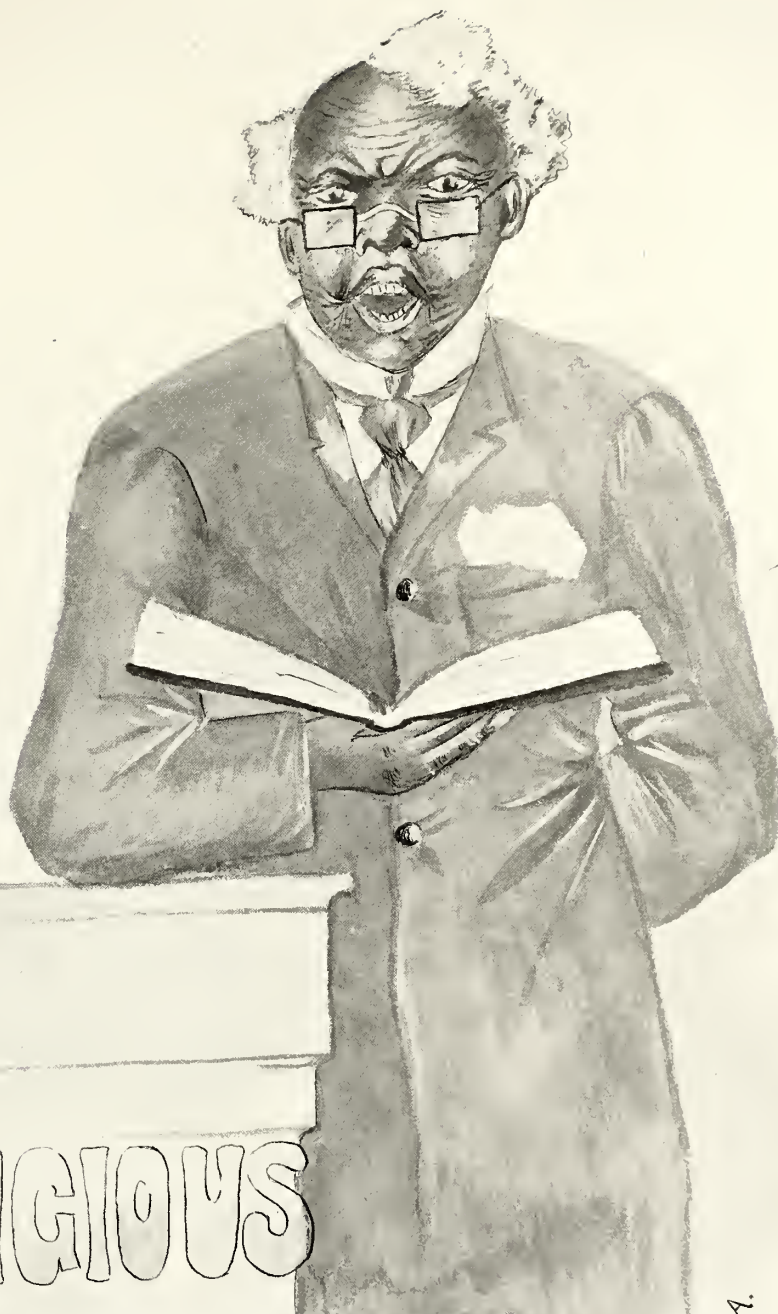
The Phi Beta Kappa Society was organized at the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia, December 5, 1776. At first it was a social club and a literary society, with secrecy of symbol, sign, and initiation. Chapters of the Society were established at Harvard and Yale in 1779, and at Dartmouth in 1787. During the Revolution the original chapter at the College of William and Mary ceased temporarily to exist by reason of the invasion of Virginia by the British, and it was not revived before 1849. In the meantime the Society had spread to many of the colleges of New England and the Middle States.

Gradually there came "a broadening of views and purposes that in due time brought Phi Beta Kappa from the limited range of an ordinary Greek letter fraternity into the larger ambition of a union of scholars". The oath of secrecy was abandoned, and the Society finally came to stand primarily for scholarship. In 1882 the several chapters of Phi Beta Kappa formed a union, and they adopted a constitution that provided for a representative body and executive officers.

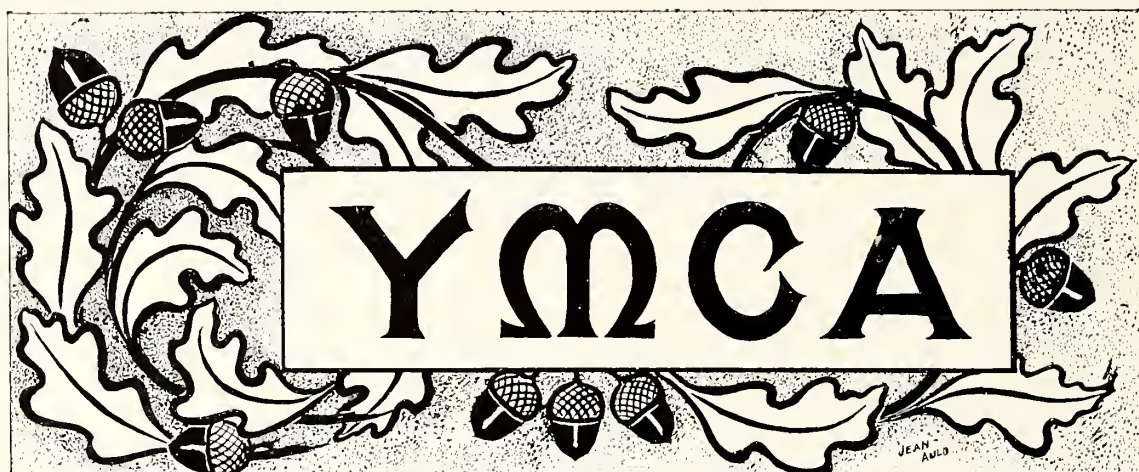
New chapters of the Society are now granted by the National Council upon the recommendation of the Senate, and they are granted only to those colleges that give evidence of a high grade of scholarship. A charter of Phi Beta Kappa was granted to Colorado College in September of 1904. The following extracts are taken from the constitution and by-laws that have been adopted by the Colorado College chapter:

"The object of the Society is the promotion of scholarship and friendship among students and graduates of American colleges. The members of the Society are elected primarily from the best scholars of the graduating classes of the College; secondly from the graduates of the College whose postgraduate work entitles them to such honor; and lastly from any persons distinguished in letters, science, or education. In addition to scholarship, good moral character is required as a qualification for membership.

"One-seventh of the regular members of each graduating class in the College of Liberal Arts of Colorado College are eligible to election to the Phi Beta Kappa Society at the end of the first semester of the Senior year; provided, however, that no student is eligible who does not take his Junior and Senior years in Colorado College, or who has not received a grade-mark of ninety out of a possible one hundred in at least one-half of his college work."



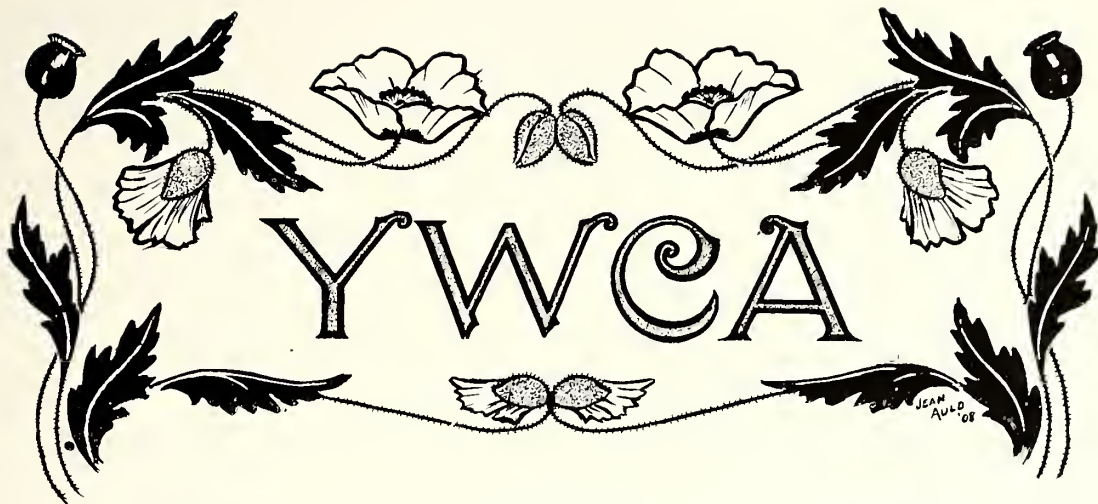
RELIGIOUS
ORGANIZATIONS.



1904-5	OFFICERS	1905-6
C. A. HEDBLOM.....	<i>President</i>	D. S. TUCKER
D. S. TUCKER.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	C. A. HEDBLOM
F. L. TOMLIN.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	J. H. FINGER
J. H. FINGER.....	<i>Recording Secretary</i>	A. T. FRENCH
A. COBERT.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	W. LENNOX

MEMBERS

M. S. Anderson	A. Henderson	R. Morgan
W. A. Bartlett	H. H. Haight	J. I. Muffley
S. E. Bennett	C. A. Hedblom	J. H. Nash
P. Burgess	J. W. Horn	A. H. Remsen
J. G. Chapman	W. E. Hester	F. M. Roberts
A. Cobert	E. H. Howbert	H. D. Roberts
W. Conklin	T. Hunter	R. F. Seger
C. N. Cox	V. E. Keyes	C. Seybold
J. Y. Crothers	G. C. Lake	R. B. Shaw
W. Currier	L. C. Lake	R. V. Simpson
D. Darley	J. G. Lamb	D. R. Slauson
A. R. Dennis	C. W. Lieb	E. W. P. Smith
J. Doane	J. McBride	W. H. Smith
R. H. Finney	J. K. McClintock	B. M. Thomas
J. H. Finger	D. McCreery	D. S. Tucker
A. H. Fisher	F. C. Merrill	J. J. Vandemoer
A. T. French	A. B. Middlesworth	Neil Vandemoer
G. Gibbs	F. W. Middlesworth	B. G. Williams
R. L. Givens	A. E. Mitchell	W. R. Willis
C. Howell	F. S. Moore	F. E. Willett



1904-05.	OFFICERS.	1905-06.
Florence I. Haynes,	<i>President</i>	Ruth Ragan
Jean R. Ingersoll	<i>First Vice-President</i>	Mabel A. Barbee
Ruth Ragan	<i>Second Vice-President</i>	
Mildred Baker	<i>Recording Secretary</i>	Mary McCreery
Francis Simm.	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	
Sarah McDowell	<i>Treasurer</i>	Hannah Johnston

MEMBERS.

Ada Brush	Florence Fezer	Sarah McDowell	Ida Williams
Miriam Carpenter	Florence Haynes	Jessie Sammons	Chlotilde Dubach
Flosse Churchill	Jean Ingersoll	Agnes Smedley	Dorothea Beach
Clara Cowing	Margaret Isham	Jessie Smith	
Lola Davis	Emma Leidigh	Maude Stoddard	
Ruth Anderson	Mary Hartig	Mae Rantschler	Helen West
Cornelia Ball	Lilyan Hastings	Irma Rudd	May Brunner
Emma Barnard	Louise Holcomb	Charlotte Spalding	Hazel Ela
Mabel Barbee	Alice Kidder	Edna Taylor	Bessie Gordon
Nellie Cheley	Ruth Ragan	Margherita Welling	Elizabeth Lockhart
Mildred Baker	Alice Meyers	Hope Smith	Frances Simm
Mabel Bateman	Alda Meyers	Mildred Strock	Irene Thomas
Ruth Gilbert	Eleanor Pease	Bessie Schafer	Irene Whitehurst
Hannah Johnston	Marjorie Pitman	Vera Rodger	Zaidee Zinn
Bessie McDowell	Ruth Smith	Mabel Simington	Mayme Scott
	Ver'ta Slaughter		
Faye Anderson	Ruth Geissler	Amy Metcalf	
Ellen Arbuckle	Ruth Frothingham	Faith Skinner	
Stella Burchill	Rhoda Haynes	Phoebe Ward	
Helen Clark	Mary McCreery	Mary Weaver	
Helen Crawford	Helen McNeen	Emma Whiton	
Mabel Emery	Mabel Lewis	Mabel Wilson	
Irene Fowler	Edna Prevost	Florence Wilson	
Elizabeth Ellmaker	Ernestine Parsons	May Weir	



Student Volunteers

ALLISON T. FRENCH, '08, *Leader*.

BESSIE M. GORDON, '06, *Secretary*.

Paul Burgess, '08
Ruth M. Geissler, '08
Jacob Kaiser, C. A.
W. Harley Smith, C. A.
Mrs. Grace S. McLean

Olive A. Buhoup, '07
Mabel Emery, '08
Thomas Howland, C. A.
Amy A. Metcalf, '08
Lester McLean, Jr.

The Band this year has the largest membership it has ever had since its birth in 1895, having twelve members, ten of whom are now in school. Mr. Lester McLean, Jr., General Secretary of the city Y. M. C. A., and a former member of the Band, meets with us with Mrs. McLean.

Our regular Band meetings are held the first hour every Saturday morning. They consist mostly of devotional reading, discussion of books of special benefit and training for foreign workers, and prayer. We are fortunate this year in being able to keep in close touch with work in Japan, through numerous letters from Wm. Merrell Vories, C. C., '04, who is now teaching in the High School at Hachiman, Shiga Ken, Japan, and conducting various Bible classes there aside from his regular work.

We have done more outside work in the churches this year than usual, having led Christian Endeavor Societies and sometimes regular church services at least once a month. In these we have presented the Student Volunteer Movement and also have tried to be used to stir up dormant missionary interest. We have also conducted meetings both of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations of the College. Circular letters have been sent to our alumni, many of whom are now in the foreign field.

Several missionaries, at home on furloughs, have met with us during the year and given us much information which will be of practical value both here and in other continents; news also of others now in training in this country who have, with us, signed the Volunteer Declaration: "It is my purpose, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary."

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew

COLORADO COLLEGE CHAPTER NO. 1801

L. W. BORTREE, *Director*.

M. R. SMITH, *Sec.-Treas.*

M E M B E R S

W. A. Bartlett
L. W. Bortree
B. G. Harman

H. Hutchinson
M. R. Smith
B. G. Williams

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew is an order composed of young men of the Episcopal Church. Its object is "to bring young men nearer to Christ through the Church" by means of personal work. This work may consist of personal efforts to get young men, who do not attend church regularly, to go to church, or being regular attendants, who have not been baptized or confirmed, to baptism and confirmation. This order has many members throughout the English-speaking world, but it was not until last year that the constitution of the Brotherhood was so modified as to allow chapters to be formed in Colleges not under Church control. Almost immediately after this amendment was passed a movement was started by the members of the Brotherhood who attended Colorado College to form a chapter here. A probationary chapter was formed and was chartered in November, 1904, as Colorado College chapter No. 1801.

As a result of the organized work among the men in the College by the wearers of the little lapel button with the red St. Andrew's cross, a much more regular attendance at the two local Episcopal Churches has been brought about. The work is well started and much good should result from the work in the future.

The Pike's Peak Polytechnic Society

The region about Colorado Springs contains a surprisingly large number of engineers and other scientific technical workers, yet not enough of any one class to form by themselves a strong self-sustaining club. The benefits of an organization for mutual help, though long desired, were realized only when the various classes united in the latter part of 1904 to form a polytechnic society. The scheme of organization adopted contemplated an aliquot division of the funds, meetings and work of the society along each of the several lines in which the members were interested. Colorado College, in behalf of its Engineering School, was an important factor in the formation of the new society. Members of this school were made *ex officio* members of the Society, while the College supplied a commodious apartment with heat and light for meetings and reading room, and entrusted to the care of the Society a large collection of its technical books, papers and magazines. Considerable sums of money have been spent by the Society in furnishing the room, in paying for an evening attendant, and in the journals—between forty and fifty—suited to the wants of the members. The annual dues to members of the Society—excepting engineering students, from whom no dues are collected—have been placed at five dollars. The membership, exclusive of students, is close upon one hundred at this date.

The main objects aimed at in the organization of the Society are: First, the securing of scientific literature, books, transactions, reports and current magazines, as a basis of study and information; and second, the realization of the benefits to be derived from the discussion of technical subjects, and of the applications of principles to the practical processes of the arts. The former object has now been in large degree accomplished, as already stated; the latter is attained by means of frequent meetings of the Society, through addresses delivered and papers read. The Society has been exceeding fortunate in securing addresses from eminent scientists and distinguished engineers out of the city, and also from the ablest of our resident specialists. The regular meetings occur on the second Saturday evening of each month. It is, however, the policy of the Society to invite men of high reputation in special lines, whom it may induce to come, or who may chance to come, to this city, to give addresses at called meetings at any other time. Since the organization of the Society in November, 1904, the following addresses have been given:

Dr. J. C. Shedd, city,—“Notes on Lightning.”

Judge Leonard E. Curtis, city,—“The Guanajuato Power Plant.”

Mr. W. G. M. Stone, Denver,—“Forestry in Colorado.”

Prof. J. H. Kerr, city,—“Several Things and the Panama Canal.”

Mr. Bion J. Arnold, Chicago,—“Chicago's Transportation Problem.”

Social meeting with collation and toasts.

Mr. E. C. Van Diest and Prof. J. H. Kerr, city,—Discussion, “Underground Waters.”



The Footlights Club

MANAGEMENT

LESTER S. BALE, President.
CLARENCE W. BOWERS, Musical Director.
RAY B. SHAW, Business Manager and Stage Director.
MAURICE C. HALL, Treasurer and Advertising Agent.
DONALD McCREERY, Property Manager.
BURTON B. STROCK, Master of Wardrobe.

Extracts from "Letting Her Rip"

The fitful wind howled around the train. The lights burned low and dim. Most dismally the midnight hour drew near. The train creaked slowly on its way, jolting and bumping frightfully. All this unpleasantness accorded well with the moods of a group of forlorn men who sat huddled up in their overcoats, vainly trying to keep warm, utterly despairing of anything like cheerfulness.

A gust more fearful than the others rattled the windows of the old car and Rip Van Winkle gasped:

"Blow! blow! thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

"'Tis true," sighed his paramour. "Let us, Rip dear, discuss in calmness the present circumstances."

"Ah, yes, 'tis this: sans goods, sans money, sans engagements, sans everything.

"In all the world no stage
That we, as men and women,
May play upon.

"The main proposition, or to be more clear, the substance of the matter; or to be more explicit: the digest of the subject; or to be most plain: the thing we're up against, is as may be expressed, propounded, explained and set forth thusly:

"To play or not to play,
That is the question.
Whether it is nobler on the stage to go,
And there to play—what? I don't know.
When on the bills it's up to me,
And poorly play it's got to be,
Or homeward take my weary way;
Count up the money left and see
That not one cent remains to me."

The Burgomaster roused Capt. Rowley. "He waxes desperate."

"A gentleman that likes to hear himself talk, Peter, and will say more in a minute than he will stand for in a month."

Colorado College Chemical Club



President,
W. H. NEAD.

Vice President,
O. W. STEWART.

Secretary-Treasurer,
C. N. COX.

1905

J. W. Horn
W. E. Hester
W. H. Nead

CHARTER MEMBERS.

Faculty
Wm. Strieby
Fred Crabtree

1906

C. N. Cox
J. H. Finger
O. W. Stewart

If that day comes when our College will have reached a standstill we students each have a feeling that we would then want to leave, but none of us have that feeling at present.

During the early part of the present year there was a feeling on the part of some of the more advanced students in Chemistry, that some incentive should be given to do original research, and that some means should be provided whereby we might mutually help one another in meeting the more difficult problems of analysis and theory.

Accordingly the C. C. C. C. was organized, among the upper classmen, which, in its constitution, provides for the above benefits. A standing prize is offered for achievement in original research. Regular monthly meetings are held at which papers are read by members of the club, while special meetings are often addressed by prominent engineers and chemists. A pin has been adopted, of which we are very proud, and we expect to see it worn by the favored few for many years to come.

In all probability the banquet given this year will become an annual event, strengthening as it does the bonds of union, already strong by mutual interests.



The Oratorical Association

RAYMOND L. GIVENS, *President.*

W. A. BARTLETT, *Vice-President.*

JAMES I. MUFFLEY, *Secretary-Treasurer.*

} Officers 1904-1905

The Oratorical Association is one of the oldest organizations in the College and although it does not have a brilliant record, yet it has one of work and earnest endeavor to make this side of college life occupy its deserved position. In 1898 the Association was enlarged to the Oratorical and Debating Association and since that time there has been an annual interstate debate, besides the participation in the state oratorical contest.

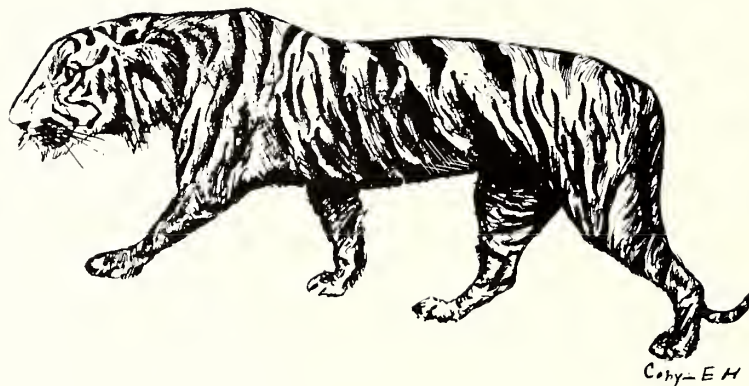
This year the Association was represented in the state contest by Martin Musser, who received third place, and Mark Mohler, who secured fifth place.

The debate this year is with the University of Utah, and will be held here in May. The question is "*Resolved*, That the closed shop system is beneficial to American industries," Colorado College having the negative. The members of the team are V. E. Keyes, M. C. Hall, R. L. Givens.

At present general interest is turning from pure oratory and is centering more in the debate, where the person not only learns to speak fluently and easily, but also to think quickly and concisely.

This kind of work affords a practical training for the average student which is helpful in the extreme in everyday business of life. It develops and rounds out a man, giving him a polish and ease of bearing coupled with a strengthening of character, which no one can afford to miss.

Oratory and debating, like all things worth having, require work and constant practice before they become tools with which one may successfully work and accomplish worthy results, and in the College Association is the place for every person in College to gain a liking for this kind of work and a skillfulness to enable him to gain lasting benefits from it.



Colorado College Athletic Association

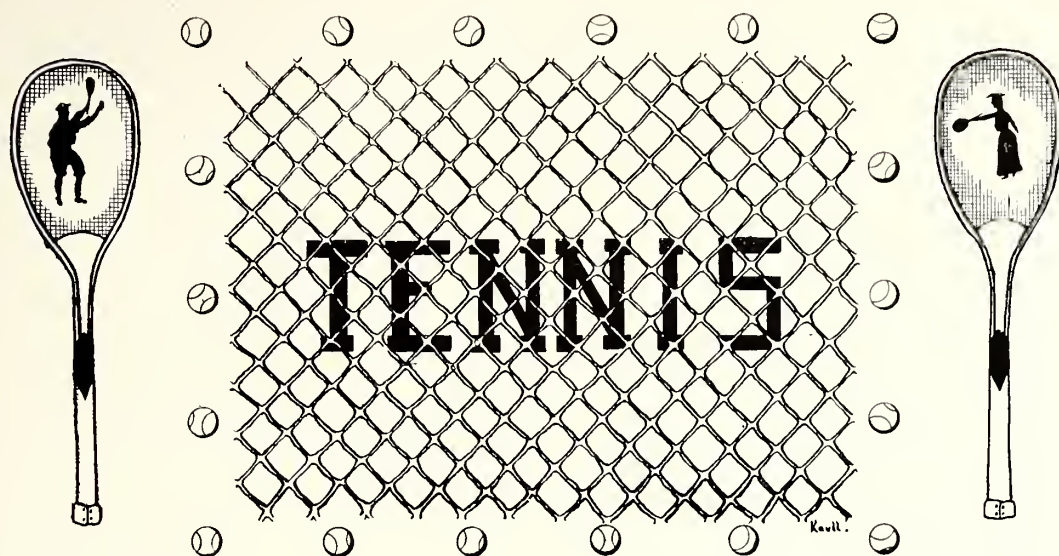
W. R. Armstrong, *President*.
 Lester S Bale '05, *Secretary*.
 Orrin Randolph '06,

Charles Leuchtenberg '07
 Professor Ruger
 Hildreth Frost.

MEMBERS EX-OFFICIO.

Captain W. G. Johnston	Manager Albert Wasley
Captain W. E. Hester	Manager J. K. McClintock
Captain E. V. Painter	Manager Philip Fitch
Treasurer Atherton Noyes	





Officers

President J. H. NASH.

Secretary-Treasurer J. H. HORN.



Caught

A. T. FRENCH.

The snow was gently falling,
'Twas wet, and sloppy, too,
As if the "rain-man" wondered
Just what he'd have it do.
I floundered toward the campus,
My trousers turned up high,
And longed for an umbrella
To shield me from the sky.
I thought me of a couple
I'd seen before that night,
And wondered if they saw me
There in the fading light.
But now—I almost started,
And just suppressed a cry;
I saw those very people
Outlined against the sky
Where, on the dim horizon,
The clouds had given way
Just as we've seen them breaking
When comes the early day.
They seemed to be contented
To stay there in the snow,
Because, as I came splashing
They made no move to go.
I had to pass right by them
And so, as I drew near,
I saw them still more clearly—
'Twas strange they didn't hear.

I saw two faces, dimly,
Almost merged into one.
(I felt like an eaves-dropper.
I could have had some fun.)
Motionless as a statue
The old umbrella rose;
Beneath—I saw the distance
Between those faces close.
And then, what might have happened
Is not for me to tell,
Because the distance widened—
(I heard a muffled yell.)
I kept on walking boldly,
As noisy as I came,
But say, the fellow knew me
And called to me by name.

* * * * *

Now then, you who are guilty,
Don't think you are betrayed,
Because I've kept the promise
To you, I that night made.
I carefully have guarded
Your names from off this sheet;
I'll never reveal the secret,
No matter whom I meet.
The task to keep it quiet
Is really quite immense,
But still there's no one knows it
But us, and Providence.

The Parting

He faltered at the open door
And gave a parting sigh.
He only wanted one kiss more
Before he said good-bye.

She also faltered—by the way—
With keenest sign of fright;
For then her father held full sway
And kicked him out of sight.
—O. R.

Value of the Literary Society

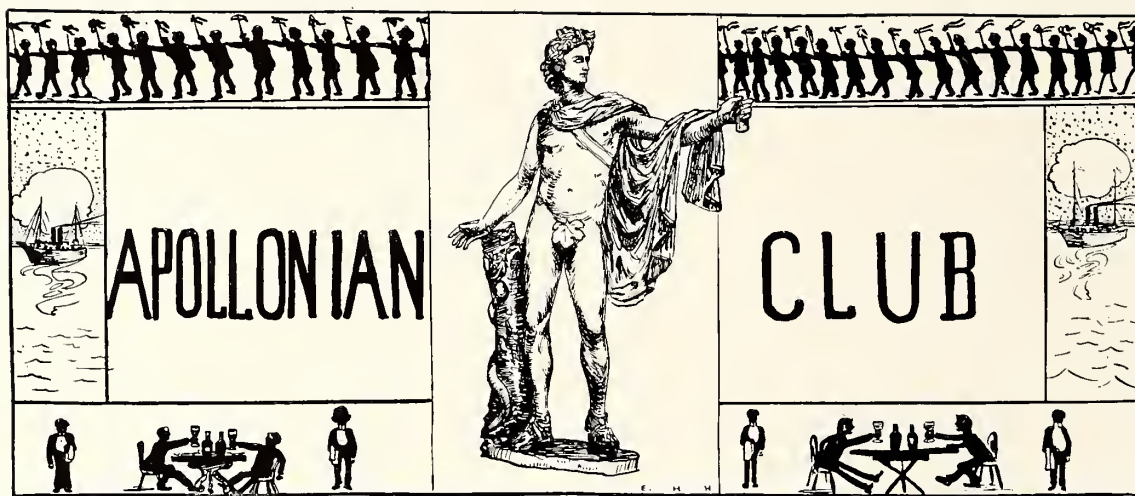
The literary society holds a high place as a phase of student activity. Where the fraternity too often and too readily calls forth on the one hand friends and on the other enemies, the literary society in its intrinsic nature calls for nothing but approbation and at the most a friendly rivalry. Where faculties view with suspicion and disapproval the coming in of fraternities, they are glad to welcome and aid the literary and sorry to see it supplanted. We have nothing to say against fraternities, quite the contrary—but the conditions stated here are generally admitted.

As a phase of student activity the literary society offers to its members a chance to measure up with other men. To any man this means emulation, to the ambitious man it means leadership. And yet with all the chance for individual development there is the advantage of co-operation and organization, the benefits which come to men working for a common cause in friendly association.

Yet these are benefits which will come to any man who takes an active part in student life. The benefits which the literary society peculiarly confers are largely those coming from constant public effort and subsequent fair and frank criticism. Every time a man appears on a program his profitable personal equation is checked up in the minds of his audience. Does he rise to the occasion? What of his sense of humor, of proportion, of tact? Has he ideas without expression or expression without ideas? These are the questions asked by his critics and the answers imparted to him by his friends are bound to prove beneficial. In everything he does the active society member will see the necessity of having, first, ideas and second the ability to express them sensibly and tactfully.

The society will do much to round out a man. It will teach him to argue dispassionately and on adequate grounds; it will compel him to be interesting if he is to receive attention; it will encourage humor and wit and discourage foolishness and stupidity. Serious debates will satisfy one part of his nature, music another and dramatics a third.

Now, who should join a literary society? The literary man that he may add to his equipment; the scientific student that he may be a broader man; the engineering student especially that he may not drift into the technical life so far that he is out of touch with the broad basis of collegiate life and training; and every man because for the time and money invested it offers the greatest returns in friendship, mental development and the building up of an alert, thoughtful, self-confident personality, fitted for the social life of man in his relations to his fellows.



FIRST SEMESTER

OFFICERS

SECOND SEMESTER

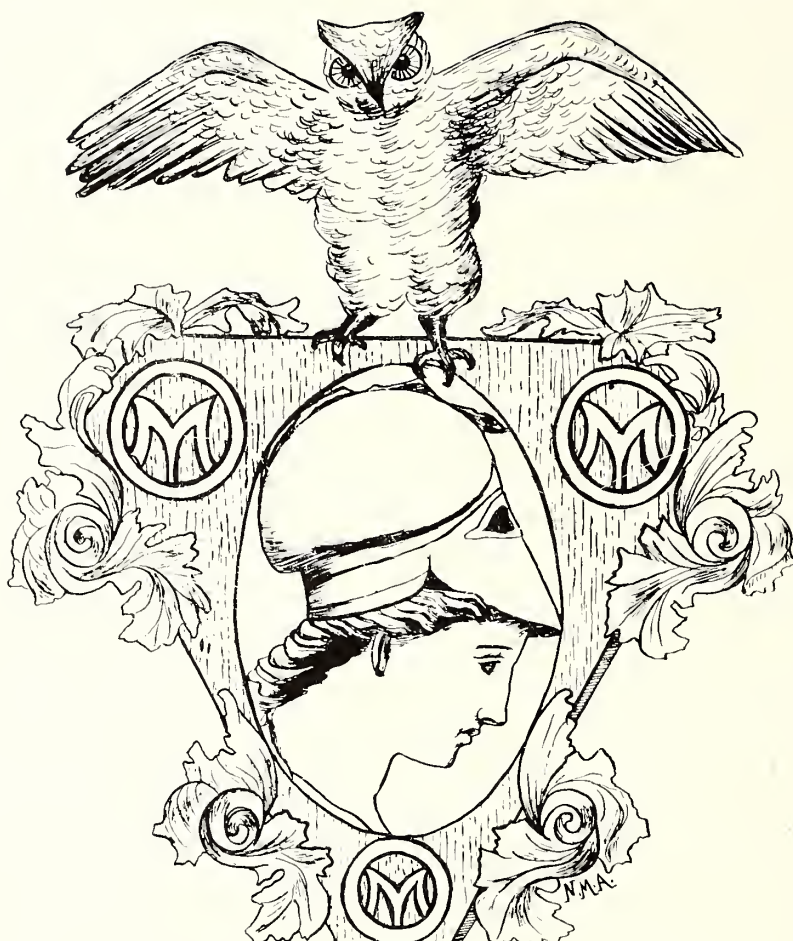
Victor E. Keyes	<i>President</i>	Bert Wasley
Bert Wasley	<i>Vice-President</i>	W. H. Nead
Orrin Randolph	<i>Secretary</i>	G. C. Lake
Donald Tucker	<i>Treasurer</i>	M. R. Smith
J. J. Vandemoer	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Marshall Darley

MEMBERS.

Bartlett	Hunt	McLean	Steffa
Blunt	Hunter	Middlesworth, A. B.	Smillie
Cox	Johnston	Middlesworth, F. W.	Slauson
Darley	Kaull	Mitchell	Treat
Finger	Keyes	Morgan	Tucker
Fawcett	Lake, G. C.	Nead	Vandemoer, J.
Fisk	Lake, L. C.	Platt	Vandemoer, N.
Gibbs	Lennox	Randolph	Wasley
Hester	Leuchtenberg	Redding	West
Howbert	McBride	Seybold	Williams
Howell	McClintock	Smith, M	



Bingham
&
Wood



MINERVA.

FIRST SEMESTER	OFFICERS	SECOND SEMESTER
Miss Churchill	<i>President</i>	Miss Churchill
Miss Isham	<i>Vice-President</i>	Miss Spalding
Miss Stark	<i>Treasurer</i>	Miss Ragan
Miss Welling	<i>Factotum</i>	Miss Frost
Miss Barbee	<i>Secretary</i>	Miss Leidligh



Roll

Florence Churchill	Hazel Ela	Hester Frost	Rue McKinnie	Jessie Smith	Lela Stark
Nannie Armstrong	Jean Ingersoll	Mabel Barbee	Ethel Moore	Charlotte Spalding	Helen Strieby
Dorothea Beach	Margaret Isham	Ada Johnson	Emily Palmer	Faye Anderson	Phoebe Ward
May Brunner	Mabel Stark	Belle Kemp	Marjori Pitman	Helen Crawford	May Weir
Nellie Cheley	Grace Trovinger	Emma Leidgh	Ruth Ragán	Caroline Davis	Edith Hall
Clara Cowing	Corinne Tuckerman	Elizabeth Lockhart	May Rantschler	Mabel Emery	Margaret Mack
Lola Davis	Margherita Welling	Ruth MacMillan	Yna Reinhardt	Nell Estill	Mary McCreery
			Ethel Rice		



OFFICERS.

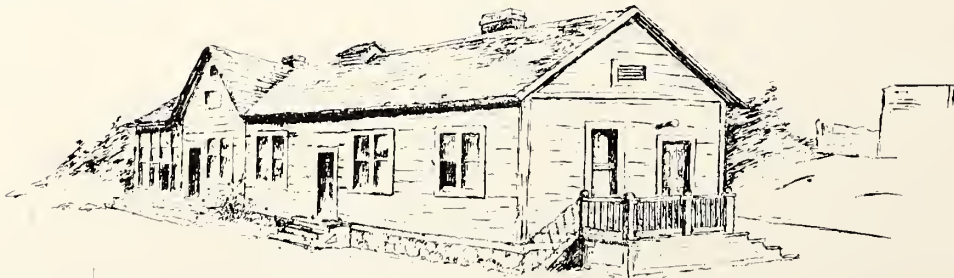
FIRST SEMESTER.

M. C. Hall	<i>President</i>	Bale
Strock	<i>Vice-President</i>	Reyer
Crothers	<i>Secretary</i>	Hedblom
Willis	<i>Treasurer</i>	Shaw
Scibird	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	M. C. Hall

SECOND SEMESTER.

ROLL.

C. H. Angell	R. L. Givens	J. I. Muffley
L. S. Bale	W. S. Goldfrank	M. Musser
S. E. Bennett	C. D. Hall	J. H. Nash
J. A. Birchby	M. C. Hall	E. E. Reyer
H. E. Boatright	C. A. Hedblom	H. D. Roberts
L. W. Bortree	I. S. James	G. H. Scibird
R. C. Bull	G. Lamb	R. B. Shaw
P. Burgess	L. C. Lennox	W. M. Slane
A. Cobert	C. W. Leib	W. G. Smillie
J. Y. Crothers	C. W. Lovewell	B. B. Strock
W. Currier	R. L. Mack	B. M. Thomas
J. Doane	D. C. McCreery	W. W. Walrich
R. H. Finney	M. Mohler	W. R. Willis
A. T. French	F. S. Moore	







FIRST SEMESTER

OFFICERS

SECOND SEMESTER

Mary Henry	<i>President</i>	Laura Stiles
Miriam Carpenter	<i>Vice-President</i>	Irma Rudd
Alice Kidder	<i>Secretary</i>	Mabel Simington
Irma Rudd	<i>Treasurer</i>	Hannah Johnston
Mabel Simington	<i>Factotum</i>	Mary Porter

1905

MEMBERS.

1906

Ada Brush	Mary Porter
Miriam Carpenter	Irma Rudd
Florence Fezer	Jessie Sammons
Florence Haynes	Agnes Smedley
Mary Henry	Laura Stiles

Lilyan Hastings
Alice Kidder
Clara Orr
Helen West

1907

1908

Mildred Baker
Winifred Chase
Mildred Humphry
Hannah Johnston
Enid Jones
Eleanor Pease
Mayme Scott
Francis Simms
Mabel Simington
Irene Whitehurst

Stella Burchill
Irene Fowler
Ada Freeman
Josephine Guretzky
Rhoda Haynes
Mabel Lewis
Faith Skinner
Helen Sloane
Grace Trowbridge
Hazel Wagner





COLORS: *Green and White.*

FLOWER: *Daisy.*

FIRST SEMESTER.	OFFICERS.	SECOND SEMESTER.
Miss Sadie McDowell.....	<i>President</i>	Miss Montgomery
Miss Holcomb	<i>Vice-President</i>	Miss DuBach
Miss Ball	<i>Secretary</i>	Miss Stoddard
Miss Roberts	<i>Treasurer</i>	Miss Thomas
Miss Zinn	<i>Censor</i>	Miss Elizabeth McDowell
Miss Williams	<i>Attorney</i>	Miss Gilbert
Miss Alice Meyers	<i>Factotum</i>	Miss Whiton

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Mrs T. K. Urdahl
Mrs. Mary G. Slocum

Miss M. R. Loomis
Mrs. Louisa Weeks



ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Sadie McDowell
 Chlotilde DuBach
 Ione Montgomery
 Maude Stoddard
 Ida Williams

Ruth Anderson
 Cornelia Ball
 Maude Smith
 Louise Holcomb
 Olive Beauchamp

Mabel Bateman
 Ruth Gilbert
 Elizabeth McDowell
 Alda Meyers
 Alice Meyers

Bessie Gordon
 Dora Miller
 Marie Roberts
 Edna Taylor
 Vera Rodger
 Edna Prevost

Bessie Schafer
 Irene Thomas
 Zaidie Zinn
 Mary Weaver
 Emma Whiton

Abbie Williams
 Jean Auld
 Flora Ball
 Ida Gilland
 Elizabeth Murphy



JUST LIKE STEALING CANDY FROM THE BABY.

FRATERNITIES



Chapter Roll of Kappa Sigma Fraternity

DISTRICT I.

Bowdoin College	University of Maine
University of Vermont	New Hampshire College
Brown University	Massachusetts State College

DISTRICT II.

Swathmore College	Cornell University
University of Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania State College
Washington and Jefferson College	Bucknell University
Dickinson College	Lehigh University
Columbian University	University of Maryland

DISTRICT III.

Randolph-Macon College	University of Virginia
William and Mary College	Washington and Lee University
Richmond College	Hampden-Sidney College
Trinity College	Davidson College
North Carolina A. and M. College	University of North Carolina

DISTRICT IV.

Mercer University	Wofford College
University of Georgia	Georgia School of Technology
Alabama Polytechnic Institute	University of Alabama

DISTRICT V.

Southwestern Baptist University	Cumberland University
Vanderbilt University	University of Tennessee
Southwestern Presbyterian University	University of the South
	Kentucky State College

DISTRICT VI.

University of Texas	Millsaps College
Louisiana State University	Tulane University
	Southwestern University

DISTRICT VII.

William Jewell College	University of Arkansas
Washington University	Missouri State University
University of Nebraska	Missouri School of Mines
University of Denver	Baker University
Colorado School of Mines	Colorado College

DISTRICT VIII.

Case School of Applied Science	Ohio State University
Wabash College	Purdue University
University of Illinois	University of Indiana
University of Chicago	Lake Forest University
University of Wisconsin	University of Michigan
University of Iowa	University of Minnesota

DISTRICT IX.

University of California	Leland Stanford, Jr., University
University of Oregon	University of Washington

Beta Omega Chapter

MARCH 9, 1904



Merle S. Anderson
Albert Cobert
Charles S. Leuchtenburg
James M. Platt
Clifton B. Seybold

Montgomery R. Smith
Walter C. Tegtmeyer
James V. McClelland
Albert P. McLain
Charles W. Orr

J. Harold Nash
Erle V. Painter
John Vories
William J. Wallrich

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

FRATER IN URBE.

St. George Tucker

A circular woodcut illustration of a rugged mountain peak. A prominent white cross is visible on the summit. The mountain is surrounded by steep, rocky slopes and a base with some vegetation. The entire scene is enclosed in a circular border.

ROLL

1906.

Givens	Hunter
Johnston	Lennox
Randolph	

Currier 1908. McCreery



In Memoriam



Artus Van Briggie

Joseph P. Kearns

Helen Morrow

Ewell Burnett

Louisa Matson



Cutler Academy

The prophecy voiced at the Transference of the old Palmer Hall to the Academy, that "Cutler Academy was entering upon a new era", is being fast fulfilled.

There is an individuality to the preparatory school it has never before known. The line between College and Academy is becoming more distinct but in no way detrimentally to the Academy.

With this individuality has come a sense of responsibility, and the athletic teams which have represented Cutler during the past two years have had as high sense of loyalty and as marked degree of perseverance as can be found in any school in the state.

With one baseball championship of Southern Colorado Secondary Schools, and a splendid team which bids fair to take another championship—perhaps this time of a larger district; with an excellent record in basket-ball during two seasons, there is much to encourage and inspire athletics. The football season of 1904 is not to be left without mention, not only because it is one of the Academy activities, but because it gives such a splendid example of Cutler spirit and determination. Made up as it was, almost altogether of green men, with almost no coaching, the uphill fight of the football team is an inspiring memory.

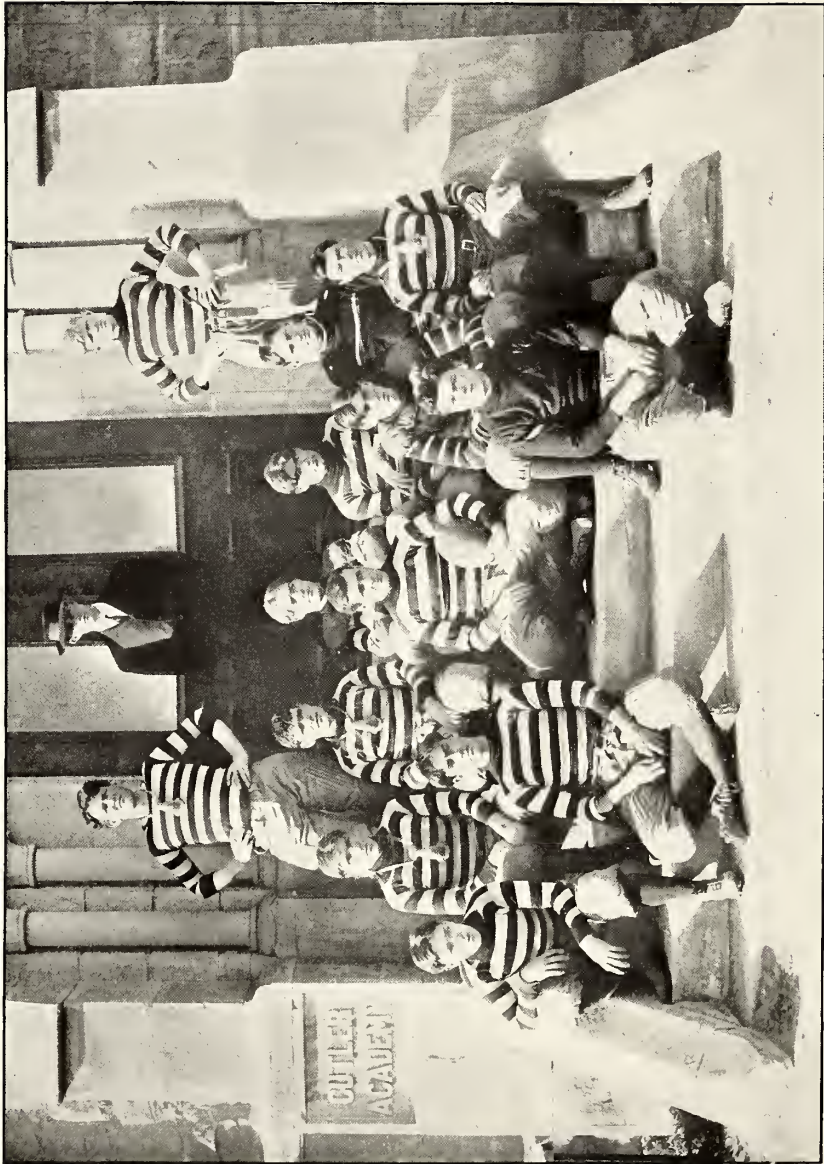
The work of the Hesperian Society is also worthy of much praise. On interscholastic debate, the members, though not always successful, have always proven themselves strong and logical thinkers, and have gained the hearty applause of their audience, if not the votes of the judges. The encouraging fact is that defeat means to this body of workers, only harder work and an extension of hope till "next time".

That victory, in the end, always crowns efforts such as Cutler students are making, is patent.

One characteristic fact is that faculty and students pull together. With a principal who enters into the lives of the students, and a student body zealous in their school's behalf and jealous for her good name, Cutler Academy has nothing to fear.

C. A., '02.





Cutler Academy Athletic Teams

THE FOOTBALL TEAM, 1904

Center—Willett,	L. T.—Armstrong,
R. G.—Walter and Stauffer	L. E.—Graham,
R. T.—Haight and Hoover,	Q. B.—Wilfley,
R. E.—McRae.	R. H.—Captain Allebrand,
L. G.—Boyes.	L. H.—Moses and Bentley,

SUBSTITUTES.

Lundy,	Stewart,
Lincoln,	Bennett.

THE BASE BALL TEAM, 1904

Graham—Pitcher and Left Field.	Crepo—Short Stop.
Burnett—Catcher.	Yeomans—Third Base and Field.
Moore—First Base.	Bernard(c)—Short Stop and Pitcher.
McIntyre—Second Base.	McCreery—Center Field.
Hemming—Third Base and Pitcher.	Wilfley—Field.
Roe—Right Field.	

THE BASKET BALL TEAM, 1904-1905

Center—Captain Dickerman.

GUARDS

Merrill, Hoffman,
Denio.

FORWARDS

Moore, Allebrand,
Lincoln.





The Hesperian Literary Society

FIRST SEMESTER	OFFICERS	SECOND SEMESTER
Alden	<i>President</i>	Alden
Walter	<i>Vice-President</i>	Walter
Conklin	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Maguire
Harman	<i>Censor</i>	Harman
Wilfley	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Johnson

HESPERIAN ROLL.

Earl S. Allen	Edwin S. Hoover	Allen Gregg
William M. Conklin	William S. Jackson, Jr.	H. B. McDonald
Wilie M. Jameson	Stafford F. Johnson	William G. Harman
Norman D. Richardson	John M. Maguire	Guilford Jones
Arthur A. Walter	Kent O. Mitchell	Henry Lesley
Samuel W. Willett	Herbert H. Haight	Otis E. McIntyre
Donald Wifley	Richard D. Gile	



Philo

FIRST HALF.	OFFICERS.	SECOND HALF.
Miriam Gile	<i>President</i>	Lina Brunner
Callie Bernard	<i>Vice-President</i>	Callie Bernard
Edith McCreery	<i>Secretary</i>	Edith McCreery
Marjorie Masi	<i>Treasurer</i>	Emily Hoffmeier
Isabel Churchill	<i>Factotum</i>	Marie Patchen

ROLL.

Bernice Bacharach,
 Ruth Beaty,
 Callie Bernard,
 Ruth Brigham,
 Winifred Boynton,
 Lina Brunner,
 Ada Cardell,
 Grace Clark,
 Isabel Churchill,
 Julia Currier,
 Matt Draper,
 Mary Garrett,
 Miriam Gile,

Emily Hoffmeier,
 Helen Jackson,
 Francis Kellogg,
 Evalyn Lennox,
 Agnes Lennox,
 Marjorie Masi,
 Ann Letcher,
 Eda Love,
 Helen McCain,
 Edith McCreery,
 Marie Patchen,
 Esther Parsons,
 Emily Potter,

Alice Jacobs.



Sigma Fraternity

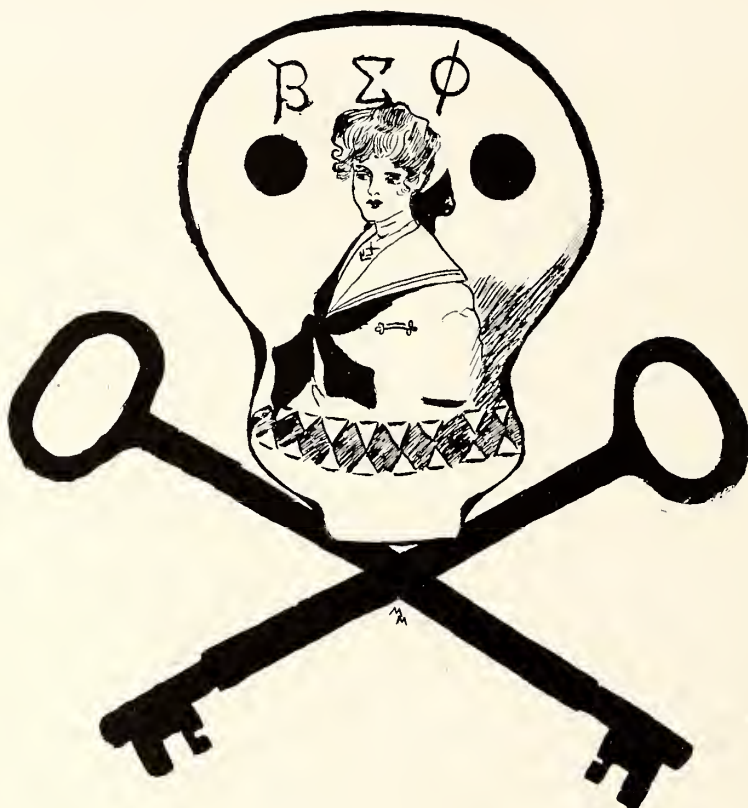
ALUMNI MEMBERS.

Donald C. McCreery	Henry E. Yeomans	C. F. Bishop
I. S. James	John Eberlie Espy	Carl B. Lehman
Geo. H. Roe	William M. Crapo	W. B. Moses
Earl V. Painter	Wilmer D. Henning	E. C. Tuttle

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Philip Fitch	Henry G. Moore
Alton L. Dickerman, Jr.	Norman S. Buchanan
Henry T. Hoffman	Allen G. Lincoln
George A. Allebrand	Fred C. Armstrong
Walter Graham	Claude M. Lundy
Roy Bentley	





Beta Sigma Phi

ALUMNI MEMBERS.

Ethel M. Rice
Nellie Estill

Charlotte Pierce
Lulu Draper

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Ruth Brigham
Lina Brunner
Callie Bernard
Isabelle Churchill

Miriam Gile
Marjorie Masi
Emily Hoffmeier
Evalyn Lennox

Edith McCreery



Cutler Academy

THE FOURT CLASS

<i>President</i>	EARLE S. ALDEN
<i>Vice-President</i>	CALLIE BERNARD
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	MARJORI MASI
<i>Member Athletic Board</i>	WILLIAM D. CONKLIN

Alden, Earle Stanley, Selden, Kan.	Hoffmeier, Emily L., Hagerstown, Pa.
Bentley, Ray, 802 N. Tejon St.	Jameson, Wylie M., New York City.
Bernard, Callie, 1410 N. Tejon St.	Knapp, Mary L., Philadelphia, Pa.
Bernard, Silvey, 1410 N. Tejon St.	Lundy, Roy, Gurlington, Kan.
Brunner, Lina, 112 Summit St.	Maguire, John M., Ticknor Hall.
Conklin, William D., Alamogordo, N. Mex.	Manning, Ruth B., 1032 Washington Ave.
Currens, Warren, Denver.	Masi, Marjori, 15 E. Fontanero St.
Davis, Francis W., 1117 N. Nevada.	Mitchell, Kent O., Springfield, Ohio.
Dickerman, Alton L., 814 N. Tejon.	Moore, Henry G., Owatonna, Minn.
Dillon, Flossie Gay, Estherville, Ia.	Morrison, Isabel, 1402 N. Weber St.
Dunham, Carroll, 3rd, Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.	McCreery, Edith, Greeley.
Hancock, Wilbert, 711 N. Nevada.	McIntyre, Otis E., 14 E. Caramillo.
Harman, William G., Plainfield, N. J.	Poling, Chester T., Quincy, Ill.
Hoffman, Henry, Lake City.	Richardson, Norman D., New York.
Walter, Arthur, Orient, Ia.	
Willett, Samuel N., Woodbine, Ia.	

Cutler Academy

THE THIRD CLASS

PresidentGEORGE A. ALLEBRAND
Vice-PresidentMIRIAM R. GILE
Secretary-TreasurerISABEL T. CHURCHILL
Member Athletic BoardWILLIAM S. JACKSON, JR.

Allebrand, George A., 1911 N. Tejon.
Armstrong, Fred C., Orient, Ia.
Arnold, Maude L., Chicago, Ill.
Bacharach, Bernice, 1024 N. Weber.
Brigham, Ruth F., 1220 N. Nevada.
Buchanan, Norman S., Morristown, Pa.
Churchill, Isabel L., Greeley.
Collais, Edith R., 613 E. Cache la Poudre St.
Draper, Matt R., 806 E. Boulder St.
Engel, Helen M., 122 E. Washington Ave.
Gile, Miriam R., 1221 N. Tejon St.
Goodell, Jessie V., Kearney, Neb.
Gould, Joseph R., Lamar.
Graham, Walter, Spaulding, Ia.
Griffin, Joseph A., 1106 Colorado Ave.
Guretzky, Otto, Colorado City.
Hoover, Edwin H., Denver.
Jackson, William S., Jr., 228 E. Kiowa St.
Johnson, Hattie T., Chicago, Ill.
Johnson, Stafford F., 24 E. San Rafael St.
Kellogg Frances B., 11 W. Moreno.
Lennox, Evelyn, 1339 N. Nevada.
Merriell, Frank C., Fruita.
Michod, Hazel L., 1331 N. Nevada.
Millar, Charles, Utica, N. Y.
Moses, William B., Nebraska.
McDonald, Henry B., Savannah, Mo.
Nugent, Gertrude, Colorado City.
Pierce, Charlotte, Chicago, Ill.
Potter, Emily, 1301 N. Weber St.
Sill, Frances M., 601 N. Tejon.
Smith, William H., Gough Hotel.
Stewart, Ben H., Colorado City.
Thompson, William O., Wichita, Kas.

Cutler Academy

THE SECOND CLASS

PresidentALAN GREGG
Vice-PresidentDONALD WILFLEY
Secretary-TreasurerHELEN JACKSON
Member Athletic BoardDONALD WILFLEY

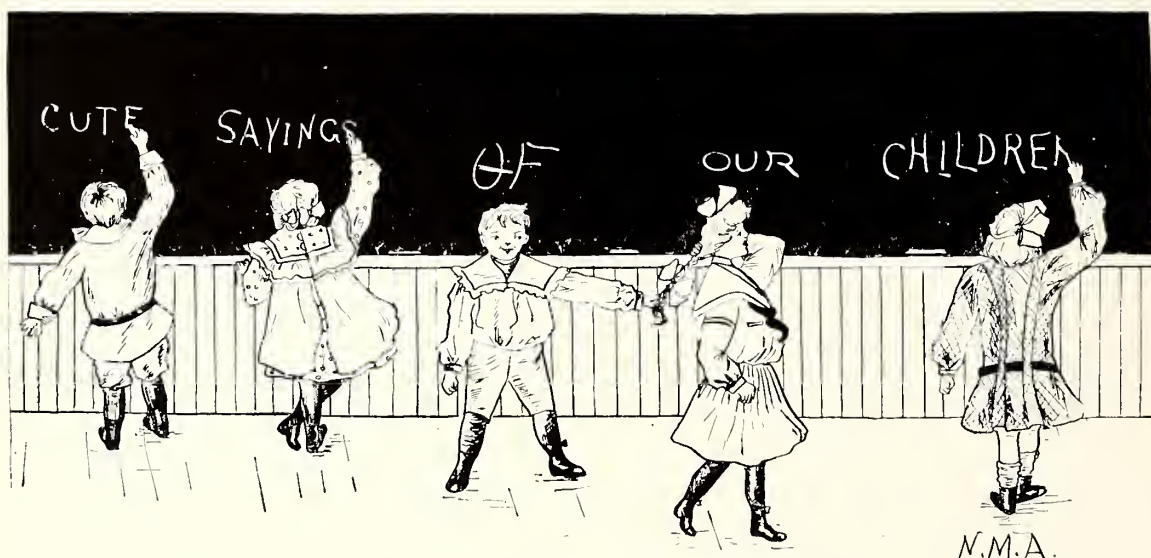
Beaty, Ruth, 1726 N. Tejon St.	Hine, Edward B., 1221 Wood Ave.
Bell, Armon, 12 Maple Ave., Broad- moor.	Howland, Thomas, Isle of Man.
Bennett, Rex, Macksburg, Ia	Jackson, Helen, 228 E. Kiowa St.
Brenton, Ralph, 1430 N. Cascade.	Jenkins, Stephen E., Shilo, Ga.
Brown, Munro S., 1431 N. Tejon St.	Jones, Guilford, 625 N. Cascade Ave.
Campbell, Llewellyn, 221 N. Weber.	Kaiser, James, 326 E. San Rafael St.
Cardell, Ada L., 1420 S. Nevada.	Lansing, Charles B., 622 N. Nevada.
Currier, Julia K., 1006 N. Wahsatch.	Litcher, Ann, Dallas, Tex.
Curtis, Leonard E., Jr., 1412 N. Cas- cade Ave.	Lincoln, Allen G., Greeley.
Frasier, John D., Jr., Rodney, Miss.	Love, Eda R., 714 E. Boulder St.
Gile, Richard D., 1221 N. Tejon.	Lundy, Claude M., Burlington, Colo.
Gregg, Alan, 9 E. Dale St.	McGowan, Edgar, Wallett, Colo.
Haight, Herbert H., Peterson, Ia.	Segur, Roy, New York City.
Heighton, John, 713 S. Sierra Madre.	Taddy, Alfred, Milwaukee, Wis.
Hemming, Olyn, 1908 N. Cascade.	Watt, Mabel A., Colorado City.
	Wilfley, Donald D., Colorado Sp'gs.

Cutler Academy

THE FIRST CLASS

President HENRY LESLEY
Vice-President ESTHER PARSONS
Secretary-Treasurer JOE K. BRUNNER
Member Athletic Board HENRY LESLEY

Arnold, Stanley, Chicago, Ill.	Lennox, Agnes M., 1339 N. Nevada.
Ashburn, Mabel, Olathe.	Lesley, Henry, 2015 N. Nevada.
Boyes, Albert, West 1st, Brookside, Ivywild.	Littlefield, Arthur, 1131 N. Tejon.
Boynton, Winnifred E., 1414 N. Te- jon St.	Lushinsky, Ralph, Colorado City.
Brunner, Joe K., 112 Summit St.	McCain, Helen K., 1112 N. Cascade.
Clark, Grace, Colorado City.	McRae, Harry, 329 E. Cache la Poudre St.
Cooley, Cecil L., 1517 N. Weber St.	Morrison, Myrtle, 1330 Washington Ave.
Funk, Lloyd, 1401 Washington Ave.	Ormes, Ferguson R., 409 S. Tejon.
Garrett, Mary R., 1824 Colorado Ave.	Parsons, Esther, 1328 N. Nevada.
Griffiths, Vallino L., Pikeview.	Patchen, Marie, Rouse, Colo.
Hart, John E., 15 Boulder Court.	Sechrist, Ward, 517 N. Pine St.
Hays, Vera, 406 N. Weber St.	Shantz, Fred, 1004 Armstrong Ave.
Hill, Frank, Dubuque, Ia.	Shuman, John R., Chicago, Ill.
Hutchison, Hervey, 1824 N. Tejon.	Stauffer, Fred, Circleville, Kan.
Hutchison, Morris H., Divide, Colo.	Tuckerman, Clarence N., 1720 N. Ne- vada Ave.
Jacobs, Alice, 1930 N. Nevada Ave.	Uyeda, S., Fuknokaken, Japan.
Jordan, Hazel E., 1407 Washington Ave.	Woods, Frank M., 1806 N. Cascade
Kurie, Charles M., 1519 N. Nevada.	Wright, Elsie E., Frankfort, Kan.



"Billy, do you know what happens to bad little boys?"

"Sure!"

"What?"

"They have more fun than good little boys."

The Sunday School teacher asked little Jimmy Platt, who was present for the first time, what his name was.

"Well," said the youngster, "they call me Jimmie, for short; but my maiden name is James"

Lamb—"I hesitated until I could speak again."

Bortree—"Every time I open my mouth I put my foot in it."

One of the books in the Library—A copy of Milton, with "Compliments to Colorado College from the Author."

Hall—"Beetles don't crawl into holes to hide. Just to scratch their backs."

Teacher—"And the twenty-first day of December is the shortest day in the year, isn't it?"

Zaidie—"Sometimes."

Teacher—"Only sometimes?"

Zaidie—"Yes'm. When it's a holiday."

A Member of the Cast (during a discussion of the coming Rip Van Winkle)—"Just so you don't lose your heads and throw cabbages, we won't care."

Finney—"Can you tell a woman's skull from a man's?"

"No."

"Well, here's one that looks sort of crazy."

Prof. E. C. S.—"What temperature will kill this organism by boiling for five minutes."

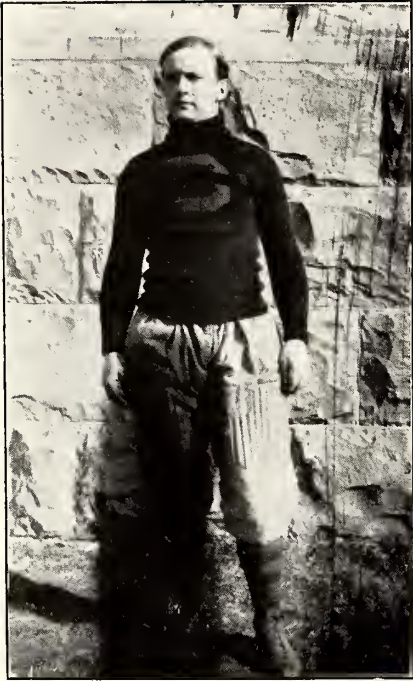
In Gym.—"Keep close together and far apart."



ATHLETICS



Yus. R. ...
1906





The football season of 1904 was a great disappointment. There are three reasons why we did not win games: First, injuries to players at critical times; second, lack of condition of the players caused by disregard of rules of training; third, a very bad schedule.

The team was captained by Loring Lennox, a good, consistent player, and an able leader. There reported for practice eleven men who had won their C's and much green material with which Coach Juneau worked wonders so that a week before the big game with Boulder our chances to begin the season with a great victory were good. But both quarterbacks, Johnston and Randolph, on account of injuries, were unable to enter the game. Fisher, with but a few days' practice at that position, played a good defensive game, but the team had practically no offense. The Tigers went down to defeat fighting gloriously for every foot of ground. The final score was 23 to 0.

Although the team was in no shape to play, next week it went to Denver to play D. U. and was expected to administer a decisive defeat to the beefy team that had been so easy earlier in the season. But the unexpected happened and D. U. actually defeated C. C. in a football game. The score was 14 to 8.

A week later Capt. Lennox took his team to Fort Collins for a game with the Aggies. Those farmer boys gave the Tigers a hard game, but with a neat goal from the field Capt. Lennox saved the game and C. C. won by the score of 4 to 0.

It was with fear and trembling that we saw the once invincible Tigers depart for Golden, where they were to close the season by a game with the Miners, who had so decisively defeated Boulder. Our team had recovered its form and the Miners were outplayed at every stage of the game, and but for an unfortunate fumble the Tigers would have won the game. In the first half by fierce line plunging C. C. carried the ball to the Miners' 15-yard line and Capt. Lennox kicked a goal. During the second half the ball was in the Miners' territory most of the time, but just one minute before the game was over S. S. M. got the ball on a fumble on the Tigers' 35-yard line and Sill kicked the goal that tied the game.

By graduation we lose Nead and Bale, two players who have won their C's with the four bars. But there are some good players anxiously waiting to take their places. The success of the 1905 team was practically assured by the choice as captain of the best man on the team, Billy Johnston.

The Foot Ball Team

OFFICERS.

L. C. Lennox	<i>Captain</i>
Wm. Juneau	<i>Coach</i>
W. E. Hester	<i>Manager</i>

THE TEAM.

L. Lenox	Left End
Howbert	Left Tackle
Nead	Left Tackle
Roberts	Left Guard
Bale	Center
Hedblom	Right Guard
Vandermoer	Right Tackle
W. Lennox	Right End
Johnston	Quarter Back
Randolph	Quarter Back
Fisher	End and Quarter Back
Hill	Left Half
Morgan	Right Half
Scibird	Right Half
Mack	Full Back

SUBSTITUTES.

Gibbs	Full Back
Fawcett	Full Back and Guard
Mosteller	Half Back
Fisk	Half Back
Seybold	Half Back

COLLEGE LOYALS.

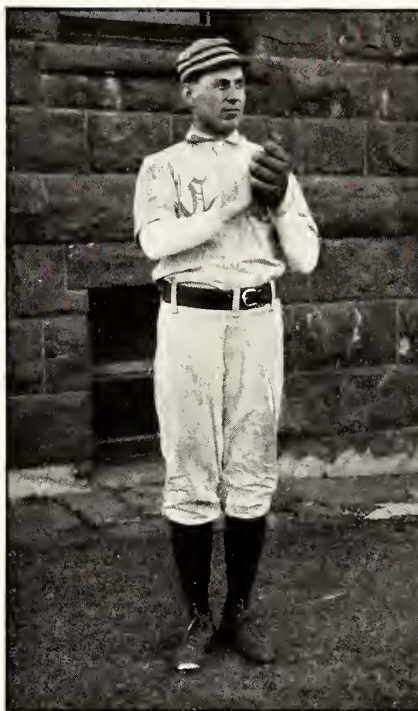
West,	N. Vandermoer,	Willis,	Kaull,	Willett,
Vories,	Treat,	Tucker,	Burnett,	Currier.





Base Ball in 1904

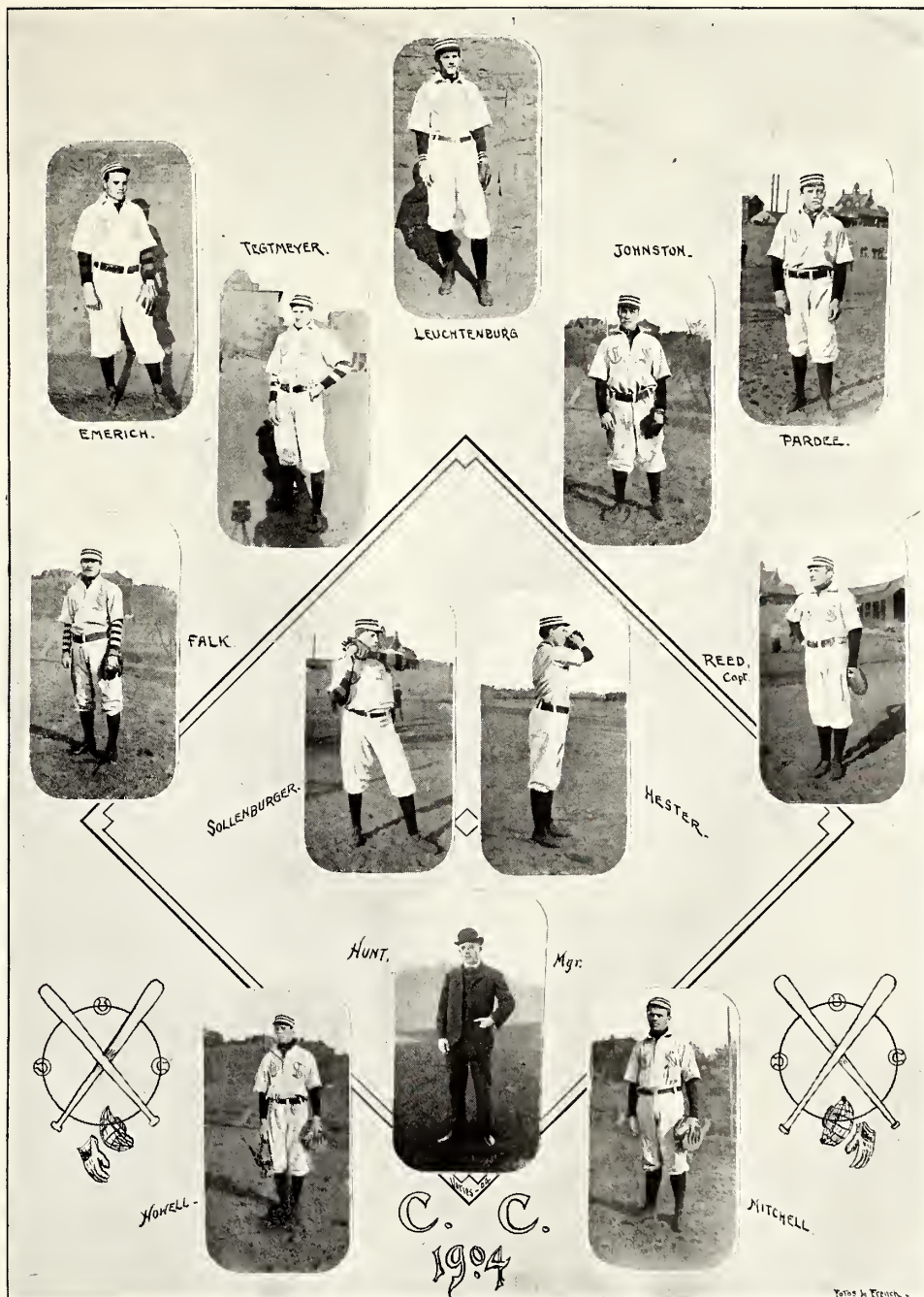
Although we had the best team in the league the championship of 1904 was lost. There were seven players from the champions of 1903 and plenty of good material in the Freshman class, so we felt that Capt. Reed and his Tigers would certainly land another championship. The team developed early, and under the coaching of Mr. Stewart, began the season in championship form. Before the season began it was evident that the struggle for the top perch would be between S. S. M. and C. C. In the first game the Tigers simply overwhelmed the State University team and won by the score of 12 to 1. Instead of spoiling the team the victory inspired it with greater spirit, and just two weeks later the Tigers, in a spectacular game, defeated Capt. Vaughn's Miners by the score of 2 to 1. Then the team slumped. The Aggies forfeited



both games and rain prevented several practice games that had been scheduled, so that the team declined. Then the Miners came down to play their final game. If they won they would still have a chance for the flag. But if the Tigers won the pennant would surely float over Washburn Field. The Tigers played poor ball and Golden won. It was a great blow, but we still had a chance. There still remained one game and that at Boulder. If we won it there would be another game with Golden to settle the championship. The team practiced faithfully and put up a great game at Boulder. However, they fell one tally short of overcoming the lead the umpire gave Boulder in the first inning. There was a big celebration in Jefferson County that night. The Miners were champions.

The team for 1905 promises well. There are but four of last year's team back, but the young players are getting into the game in a manner that looks good. Capt. Hester is in fine form and should pitch great ball. The following men made up the team of 1904:

Reed (c).....First Base	TegtmeyerShort Stop
HesterPitcher	PettiboneShort Stop
FalkThird Base	LeuchtenbergCenter Field
HowellCatcher	EmrichLeft Field
JohnstonSecond Base	PardeeRight Field
Sollenberger.....Pitcher	





The enthusiast in track athletics has just cause for rejoicing this year. Last year, through the generosity of Mr. Washburn, the athletic field was enlarged and a quarter-mile running track built, the fastest in the west. The straightaway on one side being extended, gave the two hundred and twenty-yard runs on a straight track. With this valuable asset, Colorado College bid for and secured the state meet for the spring of 1904.

In the home meet over thirty-five men competed. A dual meet with Denver was won by C. C., by scoring 67 points to Denver's 55; another with Golden resulted in a tie, and a third with the University of Utah at Salt Lake, was lost to Utah in the last event. In the inter-collegiate meet, but third place was secured, the State University winning 59 points, Denver, 23 points; Colorado College, 22 1-3 points; School of Mines, 12 1-3 points, and Agricultural College, 9 1-3 points.

There were obstacles in the way of last year's team that will not be encountered this year. The track was barely completed by the time of the first dual meet, and but four of all the candidates had had previous track experience. From these causes and from poor training facilities, injuries were sustained that were costly in all the meets; in the state meet, especially, two valuable men were unable to participate.

A review of the work of last year's team cannot be made without mention of D. G. Rice. In the low and high hurdles he was never beaten. His work in the running high and running broad jumps was a close second to the best records made in the state. He was the highest individual point winner in the five Colorado institutions.



Last year's work showed plainly the great possibilities of the College in track work. It taught us lessons in training in a high altitude; it gave us an experienced nucleus of a team for this year.

Philip Fitch, this year's manager, has had some years' experience in this position and is a worthy successor of Work. Painter is again captain, and will also look to the coaching of the team.



Events



The Local Oratorical Contest

Perkins Hall, January 26, 8 o'clock.

"The Man of Destiny"	Martin D. Musser
"The Keeping of the West"	Raymond L. Givens
"Robert E. Lee"	Leo Lake
Music	Misses Johnson
"Warriors of Peace"	Mark Mohler
"The Reign of Law"	Harwood Fawcett
"The Yellow Peril"	Jas. H. Finger
Music	Misses Johnson

First Place—Martin D. Musser
Second Place—Mark Mohler

The State Oratorical Contest

FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 24, 1905.

1. TRIO, for Piano, Violin and 'Cello..Messrs. Doane, Nash and Goldfrank
2. ORATION—"The American Spirit"
3. ORATION—"The Hope of Labor"
4. ORATION—"Warriors of Peace"
5. ORATION—"The Revival of a Policy of Injustice"....
6. TRIO, for Piano, Violin and 'Cello..Messrs. Doane, Nash and Goldfrank
7. ORATION—"The Crucible of War"
8. ORATION—"A Mess of Pottage"
9. ORATION—"The Man of Destiny"
10. ORATION—"Work"
11. ORGAN SOLO—"Processional March"
12. DECISION OF JUDGES—1st place, G. O. Fairweather, U. of C. ;
2nd place, Arthur E. Nafe, U. of C. ; 3d place, Martin Musser, C. C.

Sixth Annual Debate

— between the —

PEARSONS LITERARY SOCIETY

— and the —

APOLLONIAN CLUB

Perkins Hall, Friday, January 6,

QUESTION :—*Resolved*, That a system of subsidy other than the present mail subsidies should be adopted by the United States for the encouragement of our ocean-carrying and ship-building trades.

AFFIRMATIVE.

PEARSONS SOCIETY

Represented by

R. L. GIVENS

H. ROBERTS

M. C. HALL

NEGATIVE.

APOLLONIAN CLUB

Represented by

G. C. LAKE

T. HUNTER

V. E. KEYES

Decision—Unanimous in favor of the Negative.

Second Annual Declamation Contest

BETWEEN THE

FRESHMAN AND SOPHOMORE CLASSES

PROGRAM

1. Trio, for Piano, Violin and 'Cello *Bohm*
Messrs. Doane, Nash and Goldfrank.
2. "The Last Ditch"
E. S. Stickney.
3. "The Sign of the Cross" *Nelson Barrett*
W. A. Bartlett.
4. "An Appeal to Arms" *Patrick Henry*
Mark Mohler.
5. "The Heart of Old Hickory" *W. A. Dromgoole*
Gleason Lake.
6. Serenade, for Piano, Violin and 'Cello *Widor*
Messrs. Doane, Nash and Goldfrank.
7. "The Parson of Cactus Flats" *Edmund Day*
Arthur E. Harper.
8. "Regulus to the Carthaginians" *E. Kellogg*
Clifton Seybold.
9. "The Black Horse and His Rider" *George Lippard*
Martin Musser.
10. "The Bishop's Sin" *Anthony Hope*
Clarence R. Kaull.
11. "Our Director"—Mandolins and Piano
The Misses Johnson.
First Place—Martin Musser, '08.
Second Place—A. E. Harper, '08.

Rip Van Winkle

. . . PRESENTED BY . . .

PEARSONS LITERARY SOCIETY

PERKINS HALL

MAY 25, 1904

PRINCIPALS.

J. Jefferson Shaw
M. C. Gregor Hall
M. DeReske Bale
Robt. Wonte Work

Courtlandt Palmer Hall
Wotyer Givens
Francis Daniels Loud
Louis James Lowry

Mme Nordica Ross
Sitting Bull
Mme Patti Cobert
Anna Held Nash

SEXTET.

Lottie Leighton
Ruby Vories

Ruthie Sylvester
Marie Bennett

Agnes Hardy
Pearl Lennox

VILLAGERS

Karl Scibird

Max Willis
Heinrich Reyser

Fritz Baker

SOLDIERS.

Grant Rice

Alexander Mott
Wellington Thomas

Napoleon Crothers

Rip Van Winkle

Presented by The Footlights Club, Opera House, Jan. 23, 1905.

PRINCIPALS.

R. B. Shaw
L. S. Bale
M. C. Hall
W. A. Bartlett

B. B. Strock
Donald McCreery
Leo Bortree
L. C. Himebaugh

R. C. Smith
Harold Sill
Warren Currier
Albert Cobert

VILLAGE MAIDENS.

F. W. Middlesworth, W. S. Goldfrank, C. W. Lieb,
C. F. Howell, John Vories.

The Winter's Tale

PRESENTED BY THE MINERVA SOCIETY

Leontes	Flosse Churchill	Polixenes	Eva Canon
Mamillius	Lola Davis	Florizel	Lois Crane
Camillo	Katriena Hayden	The Keeper	Emily Palmer
Sicilian Lords—		Old Shepherd	Ruth Ragan
Antigonus	Mabel Stark	Hermoine	Cora Wilcox
Cleomenes	Emma Leidigh	Perdita	Ethel Harrington
Dion	Jean Ingersoll	Paulina	Lilian Johnson
Phocion	Mary Strachan	Emilia	Marghuerita Welling
Thasius	Eulalie Reinhardt		

Trelawny of the Wells

PRESENTED BY THE CLASS OF 1904

Theatrical Folk of the "Wells" Theatre.

James Telfer ...	Fairfield Sylvester	Tom Wrench	P. D. Rice
Mrs. Telfer	Jessie Gordon	Avonia Trelawny.	Ethel Harrington
Augustus Colpoys...	J. Harold Nash	Imogen Parrot...	Eulalie Reinhardt
Ferdinand Gadd...	Geo. Gardner, Jr.	O'Dwyer,	W. L. Leighton

Members of the Company of the Pantheon Theatre.

L. R. Stillman,	Peter Keplinger,	A. C. Hardy,	Eleanor Warner.
Hall Keeper	Francis Loud		

Non-Theatrical Folk.

Sir William Gower...	Homer Reed	Capt. de Fœnix...	J. Arthur Birchby
Miss Trafalger Gower..	Ella Warner	Mrs. Mossop	Daketa Allen
His Grandchildren—		Mr. Ablett.....	Wm. Merrill Vories
Arthur Gower...	Clarence English	Charles	Albert C. Hardy
Clara de Fœnix.	Lucille Alderdice	Sarah	Sarah Wolverton

Graduation Exercises

of CUTLER ACADEMY

Class of 1904—Monday, June 6th.

Organ Prelude	Miss Pearl Cooper
Invocation	The Rev. James B. Gregg, D. D.
Vocal Solo	Mrs. Taliaferro
Address	The Rev. C. B. Wilcox, D. D.
Duet—"Echoes from "Moravia"	<i>Dvorak</i>
(a) "The Fugitive."	(b) "Parting Without Sorrow."
	(c) "The Ring."
Mrs. Taliaferro.	Miss Pearl Cooper.
Announcement of Honors	The Principal
Presentation of Certificates	The Rev. Edward Braislin, D. D.
Benediction	The Rev. James B. Gregg, D. D.
Organ Postlude	Miss Pearl Cooper

Commencement Week

1874.

1904

Sunday, June 5th.—

Baccalaureate Sermon, President Slocum, Perkins Hall, 4 p. m.
Annual Address before Christian Associations, Presbyterian Church.
8 p. m., Reverend Edgar N. Work, D. D.

Monday, June 6th.—

Class-Day Exercises, Perkins Hall, 10 a. m. .
Cutler Academy Graduation, Perkins Hall, 2:30 p. m., Address by
Rev. C. B. Wilcox, D. D.
Commencement Concert, Perkins Hall, 8:15 p. m.

Tuesday, June 7th.—

Annual meeting of the Board of Trustees, Palmer Hall, 10 a. m.
Senior Class Play, Perkins Hall, 8 p. m.

Wednesday, June 8th.—Commencement Exercises, Address by Hon. C. J.
Hughes, Jr.

Alumni Dinner, College Gymnasium, 1 p. m.
President's Reception, 24 College Place, 4 to 6 p. m.

Class Day

Quartette,
President's Address, P. D. Rice
The Class Roast, Frank Pettibone
The Class Song
The Legacies Edith Hall
Class Poem W. M. Vories
The Ivy Oration, Fairfield Sylvester
Response From '05

Commencement Day

Organ Voluntary—"Fugue in G minor" *Bach*
Mr. Jessop.

Invocation
Rev. Edward Braislin, D. D.

Hymn—"O God, Our Help in Ages Past"
Address
Hon. Charles J. Hughes, Jr.

Anthem—"How Beautiful are the Messengers" *Mendelssohn*
St. Stephen's Choir.

Statement and Conferring of Degrees
President Slocum.

Benediction
Rev. Arthur N. Taft.

Organ Postlude—"Marche Triomphale" *Lemmens*
Mr. Jessop.

Apollonian Banquet

May 3, 1904

TOASTS.

1. Toastmaster—T. C. Hunt.
"Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care, and a fig for woe.
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and the low."
2. "Apollo and His Club" W. F. Slocum
"And then began a long digression
Upon the Lords of the Creation."
3. "Our Guests" W. L. Hogg
"Now I aren't no hand with the ladies,
For taking them all along
You can't always tell till you've tried 'em,
And then you are like to be wrong."
4. "From the Alumni" Ben Griffith
"We have been friends together,
In sunshine and shade."

Pearsons Function

June 2nd, 1904.

Reading from Booth Tarkington's Cherry	J. A. Birchby
Violin Solo	J. H. Nash
Ventriloquistic Entertainment	Messrs. Bale, Nash and Hardy
Vocal Solo	S. B. Ross
Rip Van Winkle, illustrated	W. M. Vories
Sketch from the Opera	Rip and Gretchen Van Winkle
Vocal Solo	R. M. Work

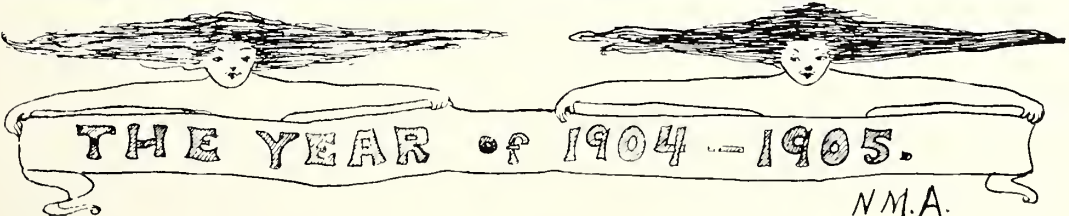
Halloween Barbecue

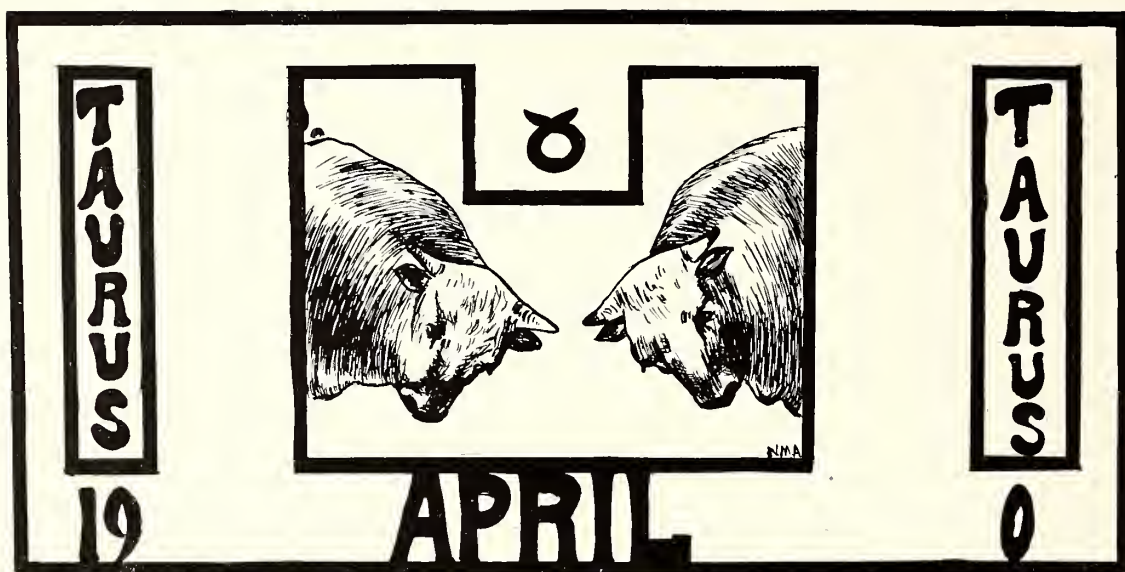
GIVEN BY CLASS OF 1907.

PROGRAM

1. Introductory Remarks—"The Glories of '07." Mr. Scibird
 2. Speech President Slocum
 3. String Quartette Misses Johnson and Mr. Kier
 4. Remarks—"Wise and Otherwise," Prof. Ahlers
 5. Remarks—"Convergent and Divergent," Dr. Cajori
 6. Vocal Quartette Messrs. Nash, Shaw, Swing, Bale
 7. Remarks Messrs. Hall, '05; Givens, '06; Hanson, '08.
 8. Character Sketches Mary Talbot-Jones
 9. String Quartette Misses Johnson and Mr. Kier
- Eat, Drink, Be Merry—Then Be Tossed.*

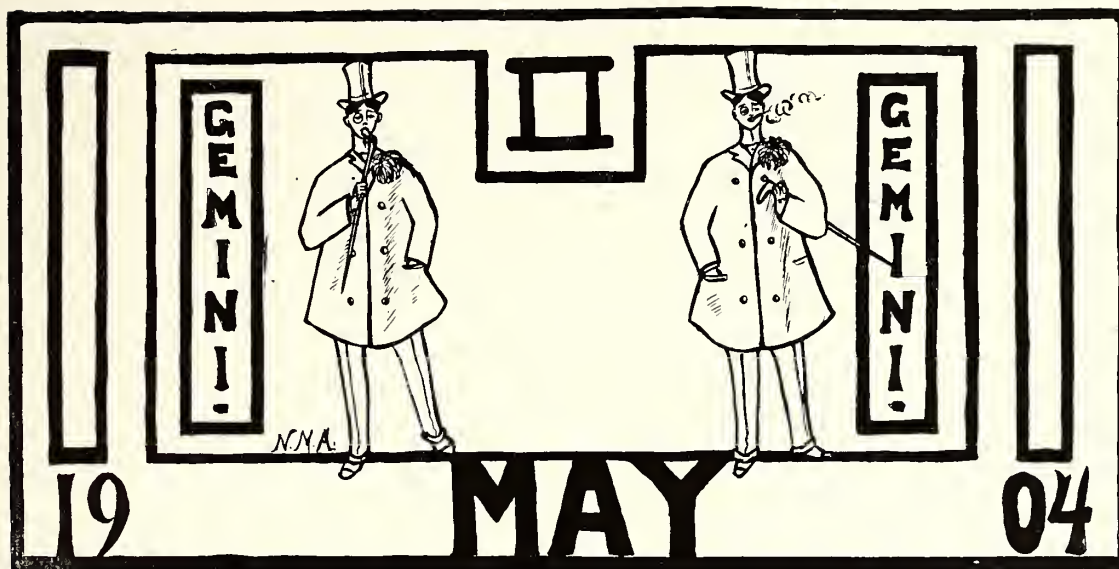
THE CALENDAR.





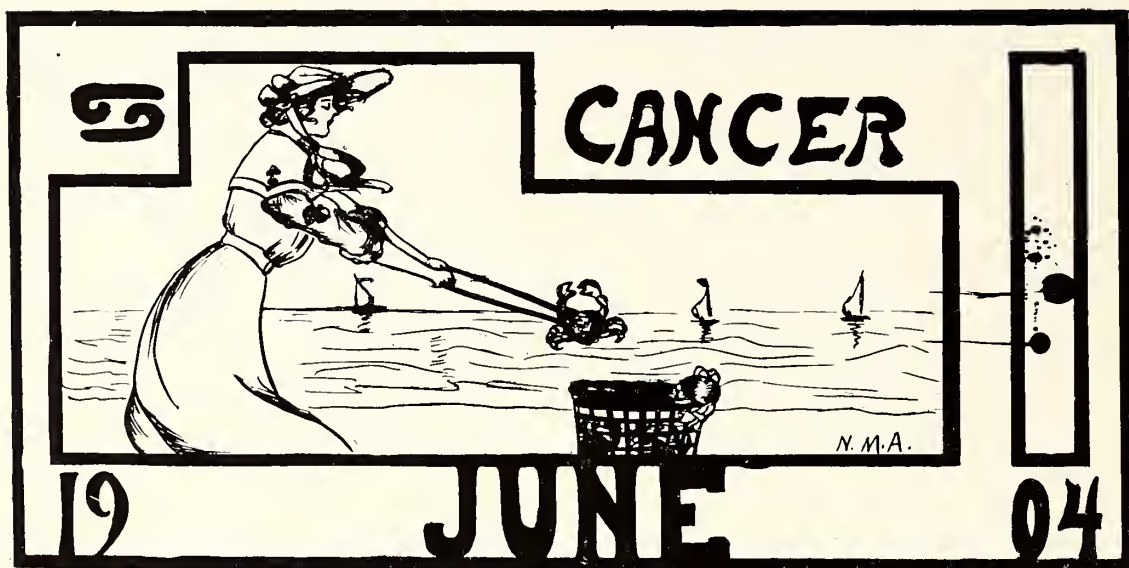
- 1.—Bennett takes a lady friend to Tamm's to get a ———— — book!
- 2.—Comedy of Errors.
Dramatis Personæ Sacred Heart and Tigers.
- 7.—Easter Vacation ends: Canon, spring hats and spring fever.
- 8.—New Athletic Constitution is adopted.
- 9.—Track Meet with D. U. C. C., 71; D. U., 51.
- 11.—Prohibition Oratorical Contest. Sylvester, 1st prize; Hardy, 2d prize.
- 14.—Annual Board holds its first meeting.
- 15.—Some animals escape from McGregor Circus.
Y. M. C. A. Congress in Denver.
Rummage Sale. Any rags?
- 16.—McGregor Circus.
Mrs. Faust entertains the Girls' Societies.
Boulder goes straight up; the score doesn't follow.
- 19.—Girls' Glee Club presents "The Enchanted Palace."
- 23.—Colorado College, 2; Golden, 1.
Colorado College, 61; Golden, 61.
- 30.—Professor Urdahl starts for Europe and his classes heave a sigh of relief.





- 18.—The Nugget appears. "You just ought to see your roast."
- 19.—Minerva presents "The Winter's Tale."
Mrs. Davie entertains the cast.
- 20.—Mr. DeWitt's extempore speaking class entertains the W. C. T. U.
- 21.—Strang, '07, turns Benedict.
Seniors say good-bye to Apollo.
- 21.—Dr. Cuthbert Hall, President and Mrs. Slocum are at home to the boys.
- 22.—Dr. Hall speaks at Vespers.
College Quartet, Saints and Heroes, at the Congregational Church.
- 23.—Freshman girls and pumpkin pie.
Shedd announces that X-rays will go through pocket-books.
- 25.—Rip Van Winkle. No sauer kraut!
Minerva sees the last of her Seniors.
- 27.—Exams begin. (*Miserere nobis.*)
- 28.—Boulder, 7; Tigers, 6.
- 29.—Grand Army Oratorical Contest.
- 30.—Annually busted Juniors to Cheyenne Canon.

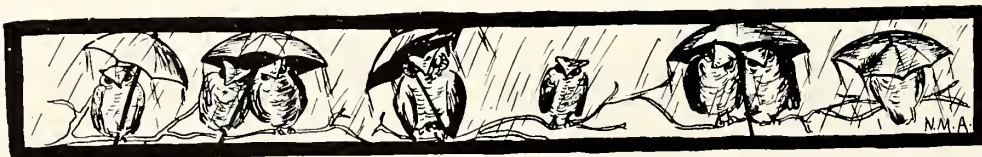




- 2.—Pearsons Function at the Alamo.
- 3.—Contemporary entertained by Miss Henry.
Minerva Spread.
California University Glee Club.
Pearsons Senior meeting.
- 4.—Dr. Parsons pitches into the Seniors. Seniors, 21; Faculty, 9.
Dr. Parsons gives reception to Seniors and Alumni.
Senior Lawn Party in the Library.
- 5.—Baccalaureate Sermon.
- 6.—Class Day. Sophomore girls get up at 5 o'clock; '04 takes a parting shot; new flag is raised.
Cutler Academy Commencement.
- 7.—Seniors play "Trelawney of the Wells"; tooth ache is toothache and whist is whist. "Have we no cheers?"
- 8.—Commencement Exercises.
Alumni Luncheon.
- 9.—"Let every good fellow now fill up his glass
And drink to the health of his glorious class."

JULY.

- 4.—Lesson is posted for Mathematics A.





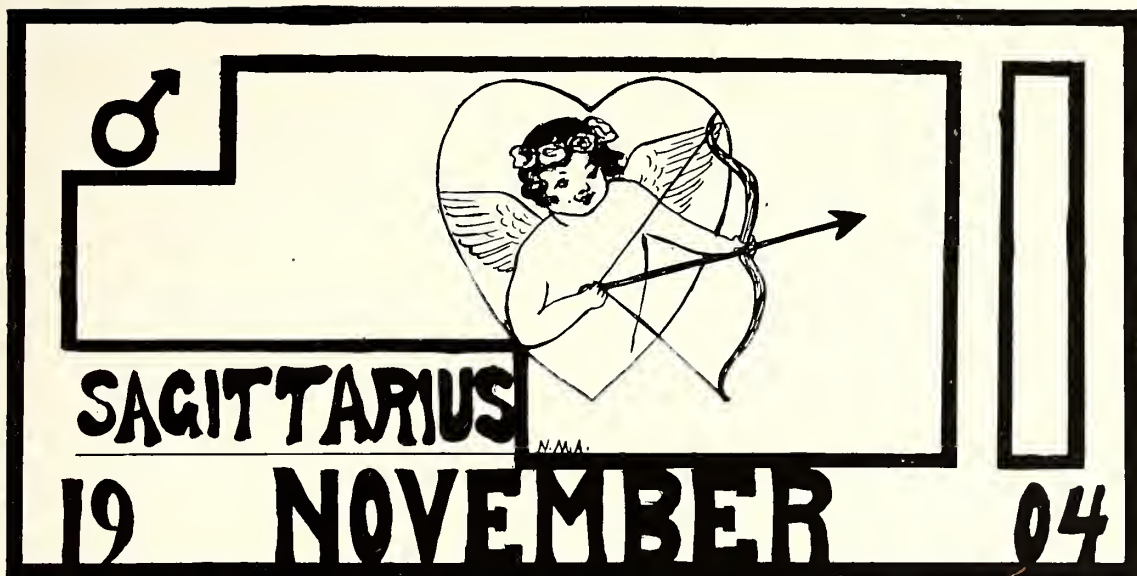
- 6.—We arrive.
- 8.—Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. Receptions.
Freshmen got the *rope*.
- 10.—Joint Reception in the Library.
- 13.—Mr. Mahaffey, of Dublin, converses.
"The study of English Literature is a mischievous invention."
- 14.—Dr. Urdahl and Prof. Hills return. Oh my!
- 16.—Pearsons opening meeting.
Minerva opening meeting.
- 17.—Minerva dance for new girls.
- 21.—Soph. Party on Caramillo Street.
Freshman Party in City Hall.
Apple-Pie Beds in Montgomery.
- 22.—\$50.
- 23.—Contemporary opening meeting.
Apollonian opening meeting.
- 24.—College, 12; High School, 0.
Contemporary entertains new girls.
- 30.—Dr. Slocum tells us about the International Educational Conference.





- 1.—“Georgia M. Johns” sends out bills.
College, 6; Centennial, 5;
Juniors entertain the Freshmen.
- 3.—Mrs. Georgia Johns Ruger at home to the boys at Hagerman.
A new Noyes is heard in the north end.
- 4.—Hedblom is taken for Urdahl.
- 7.—Pearsons goat gets busy.
- 8.—The Tigers win from D. U., 5-0.
Freshman Party, refreshments, Sophs., etc.
- 10.—Miss Helen Gould visits the College.
- 14.—Goat turns up his toes.
Tigers, 41; Sacred Heart College, 0.
- 17.—Mrs. Slocum entertains the young women.
- 19.—Politics at Chapel.
- 21.—More politics at chapel.
- 22.—Alumni ?—0. Tigers—5.
- 26.—P. B. T. badges appear. Blundering masculine mind: does P. B. T.
mean Pabst?
- 27.—Yell practice.
- 28.—Great chapel meeting. Minerva gives the team a banner.
- 29.—Theirs the score; ours the victory.
Hallowe'en and the Barbecue.





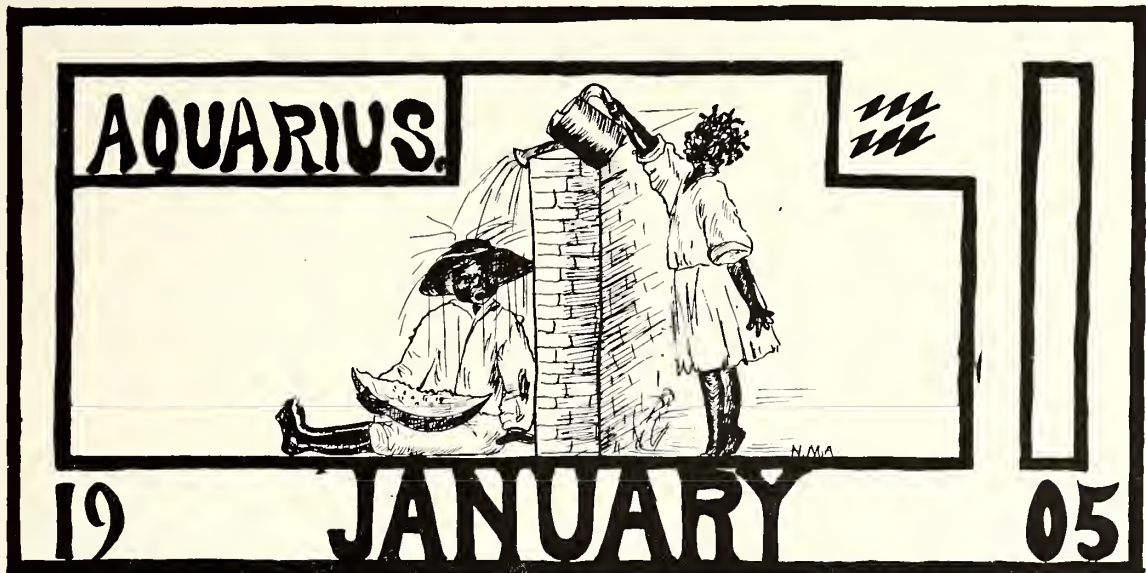
- 5.—D. U., 14; Tigers, 8.
 7.—They reeled home! Not the Sophs?
 8.—Roosevelt, Adams, and Golden.
 10.—Phi Beta Kappa organizes and elects officers.
 12.—C. C., 40; C. A. C., o. C. A. C., 18; C. C. o. C. A. C., 13; C. C., 8.
 13.—Tigers, 4; C. A. C., o.
 14.—Week of Prayer for the Associations begins.
 16.—Insignia Day; upper classmen interview the spirits and decide to bury the hatchet.
 17.—It wasn't Jacob Riis but \$1,500.00.
 What's the matter with us?
 18.—Mrs. Gilbert McClurg gives a Shakespearean lecture to Minerva and friends.
 Golden, 30; Kittens, o.
 19.—Tigers, 4; Golden, 4.
 Upper class girls take their last cut and then don't meet the team.
 23.—Team leaves for Utah.
 Contemporary German.
 Freshman boxes at McGregor: co-operation and celebration
 24.—Utah wins. We all break training.
 Baylis and wife.
 26.—Mosteller tears himself away and the whole team gets home.
 28.—Coach Juneau leaves! Do we want him some more? Yes!





- 1.—Freshmen pack their trunks for Christmas.
Semi-annual fire sale. A great day for bargain hunters.
- 2.—Decision day for Freshman girls.
- 3.—Sophs, 12; Freshmen, 0.
- 4.—Paper announces that Chapman has committed suicide. Stuffy proves an alibi.
- 9.—Initiation and spreads in girls societies.
- 13.—Freshmen to the front in oratory.
First rehearsal for Freshman serenade.
- 14.—Minerva function.
- 16.—We pack our books for vacation study.





- 3.—We unpack our books and wonder what to study.
- 4.—The people all get back.
- 6.—State Y. W. C. A. Convention.
Inter-society debate. Apollo takes in the town.
- 8.—Mr. Sturgis delivers the convention address at Vespers.
- 10.—L breaks loose and we are *frozen!*
Descent of the dog-on History A.
- 13.—Pearsons house-warming.
- 15.—Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die.
- 16.—Mid-year Exams begin.
- 20.—Trustee Day.
Stag blow-out at Gym.
- 21.—Minerva Candy Sale; \$200 for Athletics.
- 23.—Rip Van Winkle. Miss Loomis' first appearance on the stage. Blossom with a new bud.
- 26.—Preliminary oratorical contest. Hurrah for the Freshmen!
- 28.—Mosteller goes after No. 4.
- 29.—Day of Prayer for Colleges.
- 30.—Cross-eyed experiments in Psychology.

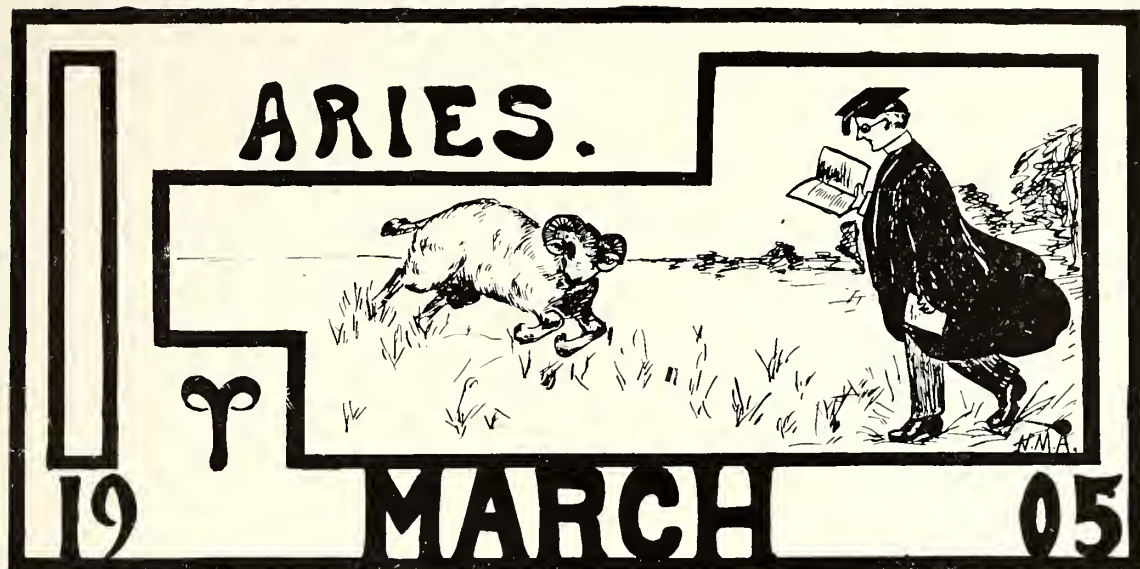




- 1.—Mr. and Mrs. McGregor alias McLean.
- 4.—Contemporary Mask Ball. "I know your hand too well, Mr. Bale.
You've handed me too many calling cards."
- 8.—Miss Park entertains cabinet for Mrs. McLean.
- 11.—Miss Loomis entertains Junior girls for Mrs. McLean.
Apollonians entertain Minerva: "Ever been kissed, Mr. P?" "Y-e-e-s."
"Who kissed you?" "My mother, when I went to college."
- 14.—Valentine Day: parties galore.
- 21.—Hypatia colonial dinner.
- 22.—Did you go to the colonial ball, boys?
A holiday for once on a week day.
- 24.—State Oratorical contest. Musser gets two firsts for delivery.
- 25.—Freshman children celebrate.
Kappa Sigma dance.
- 26.—Concert of the Musical Department.
- 29.—The missing link.

There's a hope wells up within me;
'Tis that you perhaps may know
What it is I cannot tell you,
When my heart is beating so.





- 2.—Founder's Day, Phi Beta Kappa.
- 3.—Dr. Calahan on Classics, in Chapel.
Pearsons-Contemporary Meeting.
Mrs. Cajori at Home to Minerva.
Y. W. C. A. Election of Officers.
- 4.—Fire Brigade in Ticknor and McGregor.
- 7.—Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Cabinets entertain each other.
The spoon-holder at the Library is broken.
- 8.—Y. M. C. A. Election of Officers.
- 12.—Dr. Bayley at Vespers.
Minerva entertains Hypatia.
- 17.—Minerva-Pearsons meeting.
- 21.—Stag Masquerade Ball.
- 22.—Mr. Ruger ought to have cut, but didn't.
Sophs beat Freshmen in baseball, 12 to 5.
- 25.—Freshman-Sophomore Track Meet.
Freshmen County Fair.
Mr. Pattison gives his first cut.
- 31.—Contemporary entertains Minerva and Hypatia.
Hesperians choose their interscholastic debaters.
- 1.—Fool.

APRIL.

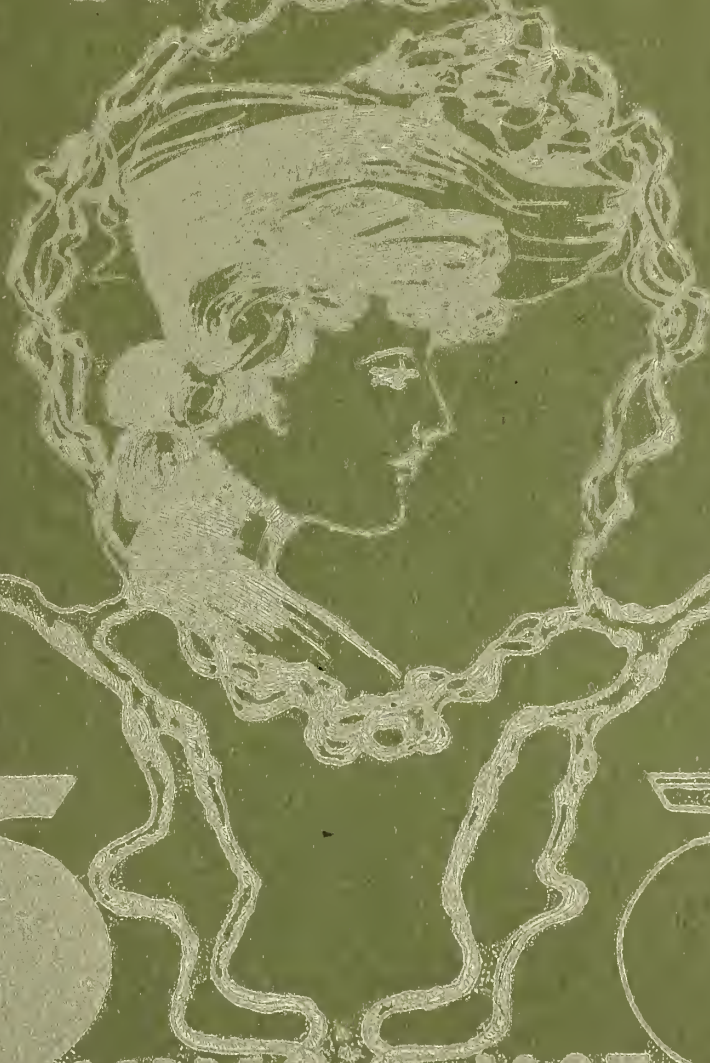


A SONNET

ELEANOR WARNER.

What Means my soul, this fever and this fret,
This faltering faith, this loss of wonted power;
This fear that makes thee cringe and cower
When thou should'st needed courage get,
And face and heart should like a flint be set
To do the task that beckons with the hour?
Around thee craven forces bend and tower,
To sap thy strength, thy trembling doubt abet;
Their demon sneer would shriek to see thee fail
And lay thy crown of duty in the dust.
Then up, my soul! The powers that thee assail
To drag thee from high aim, beat back thou must!
For God in thee but waiteth to prevail.
If thou but grasp His might and truth and trust.

THE ANNUAL MAGAZINE



MAY 29 1905

PUBLISHED by the CLASS of 1906

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Table of Contents

	PAGE
Two Men that Watch the Sea,—A Poem	165
Mary G. Slocum.	
Auld Lang Syne,—A History	165
R. D. McLeod, D. S. Bayley, Ben Griffith, Marian K. Williams, Jeannette Scholz.	
Day and Night,—The First Prize Poem	180
Irma Rudd.	
Jack Nichols,—A Farce —The First Prize Story	181
Miriam F. Carpenter.	
Twilight,—The Third Prize Poem	197
Irma Rudd.	
Invocation to the Tiger Spirit,—A Song	198
B. B. Strock.	
Colorado Weather,—A Poem	199
Professor F. H. Loud.	
Thought and Deed,—The Second Prize Poem	199
Mildred H. Humphrey.	
How Marjorie Davidson Went to the Banquet,	200
Ruth Ragan.	
Homeward Bound,—A Poem	203
Orrin Randolph.	
A Story With a Moral	204
Mabel Barbee.	
The Leper,—A Poem	206
Mildred H. Humphrey.	
What's in a Name,—A Poem	206
Yna Reinhardt.	
Cupid Versus German A,—The Third Prize Story	207
Irma Rudd.	
An Evening's Sojourn in Museumdom,—A Conceit	209
Josiah Stickerbaff.	
A Catastrophe,—Contributed	212
From Alpha to Omega,—The Second Prize Story	213
Alice Kidder.	
Side Talks With Girls,—Edited by Ruth Ashloom	216
A Football Trip,—Contributed	217
The Four Seasons,—An Acrostic Poem	218
Professor F. H. Loud.	
The Season at the Theatre	220
Those Who Never Would be Missed	222

THE ANNUAL MAGAZINE

MAY 1905

Two Men that Watch the Sea

MARY G. SLOCUM.

An idler, longing for a vagrant, favoring breeze
That may, perchance, some dream ship bring
Safe into port with wealth for him from distant seas.

A sailor, studying what the wind and tide may be
To carry out that precious thing,
His own well freighted ship, to brave the waiting sea.

Auld Lang Syne

It was in the fall of 1880 that I entered Colorado College, or rather the preparatory department of that institution. The plant of the College at that time consisted of the main building of what is now called Cutler Academy; there were piles of sand and mortar around the premises and an odor of fresh paint and varnish, with other signs of newness, in and about the building. There were no houses directly north of the College, but there were a few scattered dwellings to the northeast. Rev. E. P. Tenney was the brilliant and eccentric president, and with Professors Sheldon, Loud, Strieby and Miss Bump formed a small but strong faculty.

All of the students from that day to this have known Professors Loud and Strieby and of them it may well be said: "They need no eulogy, they speak for themselves." I liked Miss

Bump, perhaps one reason was that she laughed so heartily at my poor jokes. The most of my work in Colorado College was in Latin and Greek under Professor Sheldon, and my feelings toward him have always been those of the highest regard and esteem. Of students there were two Juniors, one Sophomore and half a dozen Freshmen, with about one hundred in the preparatory department. This disproportion was doubtless due to the lack of secondary schools in the state at that time; it would be interesting to compare the number and location of the schools in Colorado which fit for college in the present year of grace with those of a similar grade in 1880; such a comparison would give a good idea of the progress of education in Colorado in the last quarter of a century.

Pre-eminent among the students was Frank Ledlie Cooper, a man of

EDITORS' NOTE.—It was the aim of the Nugget Board to have reminiscences such as the following, which should cover in their aggregate the whole history of Colorado College, from its conception to the present. To this end we wrote to alumni, representative of the different periods, asking them to write up the Colorado College of their student days.

Fortunately for the world, but unfortunately for us, our graduates are busy up to their limit in the world's work. Some, however, at a sacrifice to themselves, have responded splendidly to our request and we trust that the historical matter which follows will be as inspiring to our readers as it has been to us.

rare mental endowments, whose early death cut short a career of great promise. Others of prominence were the Seldomridges, Harry and Charlie, and the Picketts, John, George, and Ed. Ryder. It used to be said that the Pickett boys would be longest remembered in Colorado Springs of all the students, because of their discovery of Pickett's Cave in Williams Canon, but alas, the owners of the ground preferred a classical name to a local one and it is now the Cave of the Winds. Of the girl students I best remember Miss Rowe, now Mrs. Thorne; Miss Ayer, now Mrs. Hildreth, and Miss Speer, for a long time stenographer in the Supreme Court of Colorado.

The superfluous mental energy of the students that year was expended in a mock legislature, and it was there that Senator Seldomridge began his brilliant political career as the representative, as he used to say, of the grand old Democratic county of Las Animas. It has been claimed that his being assigned to represent that county determined the future politics of the Senator, but I understand that he denies this and states that, although he did not inherit his politics, he was an early convert to the party of Jefferson.

Many of the boys were strong and athletic but there was no systematic training and no organization outside of a good baseball club. This baseball team had the misfortune to meet a team from the D. & R. G. R. R. offices, which were then located in Colorado Springs, with an imported battery. The College boys were completely mystified by the pitcher's curves, and fanned the air in a most disheartening fashion; finally Cooper found the ball for two bases, and

I have never forgotten the expression on the face of one of the College girls, as, utterly oblivious of the spectators present, she ran back and forth clapping her hands and shouting, "Good, old Cooper; good, old Cooper."

One Sunday night in the spring of 1881 there was a tremendous fall of snow which broke up the College for a week. Some of the largest boys broke their way through the snow and one of the girls arrived on horseback attended by a groom, but lessons were just re-assigned and no attempt was made at recitation. One day I rode up to the College on an old white government mule that used to carry his master, Sergeant O'Keefe, to the U. S. Signal Station on the top of Pike's Peak. The sergeant and his mule were both famed in local story and no prouder student ever landed at the College from an automobile than the one who dismounted on that snowy day from the back of that illustrious mule.

I did not return to the College during the following year and the boys published in the paper a notice about like this: "Robert D. McLeod is lost somewhere in the wilds of the Gunnison country. Information thankfully received." The joke seems fairly obvious but apparently it needed a diagram for it was several years before I got through explaining to people that I really never played the part of one of the babes in the woods.

When I returned in the fall of 1882, the College was beginning its most prosperous year prior to the administration of President Slocum. The two wings of the College had been completed, a club house had been built at the corner of Cascade

and Columbia Avenues, and three smaller houses in that vicinity were given over to the students. Besides these, there was what might be called a boys' dormitory, four or five blocks east of the club house. This was known as the Hooper House and was commonly supposed to be so called because the boys used to whooper up so everlastingly there. There had been a large increase in the faculty also and although Tuckerman and Halleck had graduated in the spring there were more students than ever before, and more than were ever gathered there again for many years.

That year was a strenuous one in College circles. Every student carried a big stick, and a chip on his shoulder. First, the students were divided into two literary societies called the Occidental Club and the Irving Institute, respectively; then the Irving Institute was subdivided into two factions, the Cooperites and the Wright-Henryites. This belligerency even entered the club house and seven students withdrew and established bachelor quarters at the Hooper House. They took upon themselves the name of the Seven Wise Men, and Cooper added, of grease. As I have kept track of most of the seven it might be of interest, at least to the old timers, to state that at last accounts, Wright, Sorrelle, Henry and McLeod were lawyers, at Omaha, Denver, Pueblo and Leadville, respectively; Manning was a minister at Marshfield, Mass., Gould, a well-known physician on the western slope in Colorado, and Jamerson, a painter. As roughing it did not have the charm of novelty for me I soon withdrew and lived down town until there was a change of management at the club.

Early in the year a serious accident occurred. A party of students went on a picnic in two carriages to Cheyenne Canon. Naturally the two rigs got into a race and as a result the larger one, containing about a dozen persons, was soon lying with its wheels on top near the mouth of the north canon. Two young ladies were seriously hurt and all were badly shaken up. The matter was kept out of all the papers except the organ of the opposition, 'The Occidental Mirror', which only said: "It will be a dreary, inclement day when they have another picnic, and then someone else will push the lines."

In the fall of 1882, the Collège boys played a game of football with the Crowell Hose team, under what were then known as the Rugby rules. Historically this game was important as it was, I believe, the first game in Colorado of the modern college football. The game was contested fiercely but played loosely and was won by the Collège through a marvelous field kick by Frank Johnson.

Professor Kerr offered a number of cash prizes for the best oration, historical essay, etc., in the spring of 1883, the whole amounting to the sum of \$120.00. Many of the students competed, and when the prizes were awarded it was found that the members of the Irving Institute had won \$105.00, the members of the Occidental Club, \$5.00, and an unattached student the remaining \$10.00. This added fuel to the flame of ill feeling between the societies and during the whole of the next college year a bitter feud existed which was healed in the fall of 1884, by the dissolution of the old societies and the formation of a new one. As the old societies were sup-

posed to have been incinerated and the new one to have arisen from their ashes, it was called the Phoenix.

The fall of 1883 witnessed a great change in the personnel of the students. Wright had graduated, Cooper had gone to Amherst, Soule to New Mexico, Henry did not return. Miss Estabrook had returned to her home in Michigan and many others dropped out and disappeared from the College life. Others, however, entered or came into prominence in the College, and this too was a prosperous year. Among the leading students might be mentioned Gray, Hildreth, Curtis and Meserve, while the presence of such young ladies as Miss Marden and the Misses Martin and Bean gave a new tone of refinement to College society. At the club house were three young women from New England, Miss Kies, Miss Rice and Miss Warren, who were a continual source of wonder to the western students, not only by reason of their erudition, but also on account of the avidity with which they swallowed the big stories from the mountains, which in those rude days passed for humor.

During the winter a great misfortune befell the College. The club house took fire and being beyond the reach of water from the fire plugs, it was burned to the ground; some of the young ladies losing most of their personal effects. This was the occasion of the formation of the College Hose team.

During that fall and winter there were three notable games of football. The first was between the College and the Crowell Hose teams and was won by the Crowells by a close score. In that game on the College team there was a broad-faced boy

who in after years won fame at Harvard in heavy athletics, breaking two college records; they called him J. Ralph Finlay. The second game was played in Denver between the Denver Rugby team and a Colorado Springs team made up of men from the Crowell and the College teams. A Denver paper had referred to the Springs as tender house plants and local feeling ran high. Denver failed to score and the single touchdown made by Ferran of the Crowells, secured the victory for Colorado Springs. The newspapers of both cities were filled with accounts of the game and the victors received a great ovation on their return. The third game was between the College and the Crowells, and resulted in a victory for the College by a score of 13 to 0. This victory was, however, marred by the breaking of the leg of Curtis of the College team. After making some allowance for prejudice, I am still of the opinion that Colorado has rarely seen a better team than that of the College on that day. Such men as Gray, Bainter, Jamerson, Vella, Frank and Harry Johnson and George Pickett are seldom found in small colleges.

In the spring of 1884, the State Oratorical Association was formed by representatives from Colorado College, and the Universities of Denver and Colorado; this association, I believe, still exists. The contest that year was held in Denver in the old Methodist church on Lawrence Street. Each institution was represented by two speakers, Johnson and McLeod being the representatives of Colorado College. The University of Denver won both first and second place.

John R. Pickett and Miss Doak were the graduates that spring.

The next fall saw a marked decline in the College in nearly every department, largely through financial and administrative difficulties. Walter L. Wilder entered the College and with Frederic R. Hastings was a great factor in College life during the remainder of my residence there. The accident to Curtis of the previous year discredited football and only one important match was played that year; this was with the Denver University team and an account of it will be given later in this paper.

Among the students who will long be remembered was Stone, whose two lectures on the "Influence of the North American Indian on Civilization" and the "Ante-diluvian Period" were full of delicious, dry humor. Then there was Jamie Ellsworth. Jamie, who used to dress well and had a large assortment of neckties, was called the dude. Like many other eastern boys, he was enamored with wild life on the plains. He was a good rider and his delight was to spend a week occasionally on a ranch. One time Jamie assisted a cattle outfit to drive some stock to Breckenridge; the cowboys killed a rattlesnake and fried it and Jamie having partaken of this appetizing dish, became deathly sick. This was his most thrilling adventure. His brother George, however, with that contempt for high ideals which seems characteristic of younger brothers, used to rail at Jamie in this fashion: "I'm a bad man; I'm a cow puncher; I've been to Breckenridge; I've eat rattlesnake; Zip! Whoopla!" At last accounts Jamie was rounding up *news* for a daily paper in Boston,

and we may be sure that he never varies the traditional pork and beans of the Hub with such gastronomic novelties as fried rattlesnake.

When the time for the oratorical contest rolled around, the students of the College were very confident that either one or the other of their representatives, Wilder and Seldomridge, would get first place. The contest was held in the Methodist church in Colorado Springs, and the University of Denver brought along its football team to play a match game with the College on the following day. Our boys delivered fine addresses but Manly of Denver and Brainard of Boulder were awarded the decision by the judges. On the following day the football teams lined up on the common west of the old high school building on lower Cascade Avenue and the College won in a spirited contest by a score of 12 to 0. Whereupon one of the local papers said that the College boys were more intellectual in their arms and legs than their opponents.

In the fall of 1885, the Pike's Peak Echo was started by the students. I have always been very proud of this College paper and still retain the files, but on looking the publication over I find that aside from a fine poem by Mrs. Marden and an occasional well-written article by friends of the paper, it was only the literary and journalistic ability of Wilder which raised the paper above the commonplace.

The chief athletic event of that year was a game of football with the High School under the association rules. One of the teachers of the High School was a young Canadian who was an expert in the game, and he trained his team to a high de-

gree of proficiency, the teacher and a young colored man being the strongest players. The College boys having received and accepted a challenge, started in roughly to practice under the unfamiliar rules. In the squad was a human cannon ball named Campbell who soon came into collision with a rapid little player named Turner and Turner retired for the next year; next Campbell and Finlay came together and the College was thereupon deprived of the services of that young giant; next the redoubtable Campbell bowled over the captain of the team and that officer during the match walked stiffly around giving orders without attempting to play. The tactics of the teacher, who was also the captain of the High School team, were soon disclosed. "Leave the ball and take the man," he would call to the colored fellow and over would go a College player; then Campbell was called up and sent to that side of the field with the same orders, "Leave the ball and take the man," and that African soon discovered that the Campbells were coming. For three or four times the champions came together with a noise that could be heard across the field and then Campbell, with a shoulder and hip movement, threw his opponent a dozen feet, and ended that feature of the game. The College won the game by a close score, and the spectators, pleased with the skillful drubbing of the High School players and the sky-scraping kicks of the College men, pronounced the match one of the best athletic events ever witnessed in the Springs. The College men, however, were dissatisfied with

the game and declined to play any more under the association rules, upon the plea that it unfitted them for the regular College game.

The spring of 1886 found the College without a president and involved in great financial difficulties. Wilder asked in "The Echo":

"Why three gilt balls on high upon
the College roof are set,
And if they will be taken down when
it gets out of debt;"

and there was a marked falling off both in attendance and interest. Manning and Miss Caldwell were the graduates that year and a rising young lawyer named Edward O. Wolcott, who was destined to attain a national reputation as an orator, delivered the address.

When I returned in the fall of 1886, I found myself to be the only student in the regular College course. This is the condition to which Professor Parsons refers when he speaks of the man who was once Colorado College. The responsibility was too great, so at the end of one week I went on to Ann Arbor and entered the University of Michigan. I retained the same grade as at the College and took the A. B. degree in 1888.

The years of my residence in Colorado College were pleasant years and the thoughts revived by the preparation of this sketch can best be described in a simile of Wilder's: "It is like rummaging around in an old garret in which are stored the flowers plucked in other days, the aroma of whose fragrance still lingers around these relics of the past."

R. D. McLEOD.

AN ECHO FROM '94-'97

For convenience's sake we reckon time by years; and the record of the years is called history. Yet history is not measured by years, but by accomplishment. Considered thus, the years '94-'97 were bountiful ones in the life of Colorado College; for they bore fruit—aye, and scars, too — of noble accomplishment. Some of this was material, but much of it was not; it was better.

Accomplishment is both the seed and the fruit of character. Out of it grows character, strong and symmetrical, as the strength of the athlete grows from his activity; and character in turn, thus strengthened, bears fruit in yet greater accomplishment. Thus accomplishment enriches character, and character multiplies accomplishment. Hence, let me suggest some lines along which the character of the student body grew broader and stronger during those years.

When I entered College its atmosphere was charged with the spirit of hero-worship. Kettle, Matchett, Tibbs, Olmsted, "Squire" Murdoch, Benson—these were names to conjure by. They were spoken in quiet awe by the Apollonians, and were quoted with solemn finality in student meetings. But the student consciousness underwent a change. It was not that they loved the old heroes less, but that they loved the new order of things more. With the completion of Coburn Library, and the subsequent use of its basement as the chapel, new influences were set

at work which wrought new conditions in the student life.

In the chapel each class had specified pews in which its members were to sit; and the Academy students sat apart, not daring so much as to lift their eyes. Thus the dignity of a recognized, independent entity was bestowed upon each of the classes: and class spirit became from that time an increasing factor in the student consciousness. Each class strove to outdo its predecessor. Scholastic honors, social prestige, and prominence in college loyalty were eagerly sought. The class rivalry thus aroused did much for the advancement of the student body as a whole.

By the use of the library the general student life was gradually shorn of much of its provincialism. The deep alcoves, whose shelves were laden with uncounted (and sometimes uncut) pages of wisdom, the splendid statue of Winged Victory, and the general atmosphere—all these impressed upon the students, subtly but persistently, a new and higher ideal. Hamilton Wright Mabie says that the crowning results of culture are liberation from ones time and from ones place. In Coburn Library many a student was loosed from the shackles of a narrow vision, and his mind learned to range the world and the ages. Thus the student life expanded and the student character became more robust.

These changing conditions were reflected in the social life of the

College. Who of the privileged ones of '94-'97 can forget the friendly atmosphere of the Severy home, or the generous cordiality of the Brighams, or the gracious hospitality of the Ehrichs! There

"Laughter, holding both his sides," made high carnival. There ginger champagne flowed without stint. There music had its charms to sooth the savage breast. But in all this there was, more or less unconsciously, an element of serious value. It was a refining and polishing process, delightful to experience; and through it culture grew apace.

Another phase of the marked development of those years was the expansion of athletics. In '94 Colorado College was an object of ridicule in State athletic circles. In '97 she had compelled respect from the other institutions, and had won two or three championships—I'm not sure which. What hard work this meant! What self-mastery! What perseverance! Who can forget Coffin and Murdoch and Berry and Bayley and Packard and the other heroes of the diamond and the gridiron, or Fairbanks, of the court? Had my pen wings I would let it tell of one or two of the great games; but it has not. And, perhaps this is well; for, great as were those days, they were the days of beginnings. Doubtless many who were then in knee pants and short skirts have in these later days beheld such contests on the field as would have been eye-openers to those who were faithful in their day but have passed on.

I cannot refrain, however, from a word concerning one great contest. Upon it hung the championship. Excitement ran high. Class records ran low. Even the town was ex-

cited. On the day of the game the atmosphere was surcharged with restlessness. People suddenly caught themselves covered with goose-flesh, and their teeth chattering. President Slocum occupied a prominent place in the grand stand—that is, for a time. But he got too nervous, and joined the school of the Peripatetics. He wore that same old hat, a rather square-topped derby. It was whispered in awed tones by some that it had been brought by one of his ancestors in the Mayflower. Rev. Philip Washburn, however, in whose honor, by the way, the present Athletic Field is named, did not regard such Pilgrim traditions highly. His Episcopalian sense of the æsthetic—not to say the artistic—was offended by that hat.

As the game neared its close, amid a suspense which was worse than being hung, Mr. Washburn kept faithfully near to President Slocum; and when the last score was made, giving C. C. the coveted pennant, down came the Episcopalian hand (the Episcopalians believe in the laying on of hands) upon the Congregational hat, and great was the fall thereof! There was an added furor to the already tumultuous yelling, and the next day President Slocum wore a new hat—whether Episcopalian or Congregational nobody asked, for it was becoming.

During this period the College opened its Music Department, and this gave impetus to the growth toward a larger culture. The Music Department encouraged the starting of a men's glee club, and, somewhat later, a glee club among the young women. Both, I understand, have since matured into splendid organizations. There is perhaps no logical

connection, yet it is interesting to observe that soon after the Music Department and the glee clubs came the minstrel shows, which had an exceedingly interesting place in the student life.

In no direction, however, was the development of those years more marked than in literary work and in the Christian Associations. A very high standard was maintained by the Apollonians and the Minervas. The "Collegian" was a most creditable paper. And the annual oratorical contest and the annual prize debate did great credit to the College. All these gave their tribute of intellectual strength and of college loyalty to the students. The activity of the Christian Associations was also very marked and very helpful. The Sunday afternoon meetings, the evangelistic meeting at the jail and at Colorado City, and the evening prayers regularly maintained at Hagerman Hall exerted powerful influences for good upon a great majority of the fellows.

The crowning accomplishment of this period, however, was the completion of the \$200,000.00 Pearson's Endowment Fund. When the students pledged their efforts to raise

the last \$10,000.00 what a burst of enthusiasm there was! Class work was forgotten, recitation rooms locked, books dropped, and students and faculty paraded the streets for two hours! And when President Slocum was placed in a carriage and drawn by a score of the students, everybody recognized the appropriateness of the tribute.

Would that I might speak a fitting word of praise for each of the faculty, of that time. If I choose one, however, those who shared the splendid life of those days will understand. The quiet, persuasive influence of Miss Marion McGregor Noyes upon the student body—who shall speak fittingly of it! Always busy, working day and night, yet never too busy for a helpful, encouraging chat with some discouraged or perplexed student! The young men and the young women both sought her. All loved her. And happy were they who followed her counsel.

As for President Slocum, he was busy in those days planning and building what you now enjoy; and you who see him from day to day are gently envied by some of us who were of the Old Guard.

DWIGHT S. BAYLEY, '97.

1897-1901

It is impossible to begin to do justice in a thousand words to that which can be told adequately only in a book. Then, too, it takes a few decades before one views events in their true light and gets at their real inwardness; a few years' retrospect will not eliminate the personal element and prejudices from matters that have happened. Therefore, if the writer omits detail, fails to include important events, and then to

make the article still more faulty, proceeds to run athwart and oppose the reader's set ideas of the period from 1897 to 1901, and even to criticize perhaps, it is all because of inability and a perverted viewpoint. Take warning! This is not a history; it is merely a recollection jotted down in a couple of hours.

All of us know that material prosperity marked the life of the College during the four years mentioned.

The Pearsons fund was completed, Ticknor and Perkins Halls were built, the foundation of the new Palmer Hall was begun, and Washburn Field came out of the swamp below the Observatory. But in things not tangible, too, the College veritably put on seven-league boots and took some mighty strides forward. It was during this period that class spirit, College loyalty and pride, and a dozen and one other attributes which go to give an institution inherent individuality, were developed more than ever before. The exact reasons for all this are difficult to apprehend. No doubt, material prosperity of the College brought in large numbers of students and new blood. But we must go back of these, even, to find some of the real reasons for our advance. There were forerunners in some of the early classes who had in them a tremendous desire to bring things to pass for Colorado College. Some of them were a little conceited themselves, but it was a Godsend that they were so, for the College in those days was in some respects, at least, in the high school class, and consequently some blind and unreasoning force was necessary in order to believe what was very far off indeed.

No better illustration of this early spirit can be found than to give an illustration of one of the many things that culminated in the College's first championship in football in 1899. The class of 1900 was not responsible for that feat, much less the class of 1901. Indeed we must go back to the old timers of 1898 and others of their ilk to find how that championship was won. During the course of the class of 1898, the writer has heard many of that

class say that it was their one desire in athletics to win a championship in football before they left. Yet they never won one. And yet, again, they never gave up trying. It was their efforts and determination and perseverance that got into the blood of after classes, and finally won out over all obstacles. During the Freshman year of the class of 1898, no game was played with the U. of C.; in 1895 the score was 38 to 10 in favor of the U. of C.; in 1896, 50 to 0 in favor of U. of C.; in 1897, 8 to 0, also in favor of U. of C., and in 1898, after the old guard had left the College without a championship, came the deluge—for Boulder.

Pastor Holt, of 1898, could not run 100 yards in 18 seconds, big, long, loose, left-guard that he was, if you had merely made him run to see how fast he could go it. But in 1896, when Joe Rogers, one of the fastest men on the Boulder team, got the ball on a fumble and raced down the field with about seventy yards to go for a touchdown, Holt set out after him while the remainder of the College team sat back on their haunches and watched the would-be race. But the preacher had the devil in him that day, and how he did run! He threw Rogers on about the five-yard line and saved a touchdown. But that tackle did not save the game for it was already lost by about 40 to 0. The writer well remembers that he had hied himself away to sit on the high board fence in order to escape the captain's eye and thus save the necessity of going in as a substitute, when he witnessed Holt's great run. Suffice it to say that the writer came down, and was never after that afraid to do his best.

They do tell, too, that the "long

minister" felt a diabolical resentfulness towards Rogers, for the latter had been a student at the College the year previous.

The spirit of the class of 1898! What an example for classes, now and to be, at the College! Why does not some incoming class set about to win a football championship during its course? Other classes would catch the spirit and a championship could much more easily be won now than then. Timber, training table, coach,—all are necessary. But what are indispensable and a condition precedent to a winning team, are a healthy ambition and enthusiasm to win, which are only increased by defeat. All future candidates should take one of Dr. Holt's pills.

The name and reputation of the College outside of its own doors increased wonderfully from 1897 to 1901. Not only was the town solidly behind us, but we were becoming known up and down the land throughout the state. About the way that happened was that every student who got a modicum or over of genuine and sincere loyalty went to his home town, and told his friends of what wonderful things happened at the College. All of these in turn watched the papers for references to the College, and when the student returned again, he was both surprised and delighted to find that now his friends were telling him about the College. Every student got the habit of saying a good word for the College, in and out, of season.

During those years the College paper was an entity, too, and was alive. It was a "booster" in words and in deeds. An editorial never appeared with the caption in leaded

type of "Boost, Don't Knock", which was followed by criticising the fellows for not playing with more ginger, the student body for not cheering more lustily, the faculty, coach, and other departments generally for all manner of things. Boulder and Golden never learned the true state of our feelings through the College paper. The editors found that by a continuous season of real "boosting", their tempers were kept sweeter, anyway.

The best illustration of the writer's idea will be found in the *Tiger* of May 3, 1899. On April 30 of that year the School of Mines had succeeded in administering a crushing defeat to the hitherto invincible and boastful College team, by the score of 10 to 4, and the College had succeeded in making as many errors as the Miners had scores. Yet the *Tiger* of the above date commented in an editorial on that game as follows:

"TO THE WORK.

"We hate to see our team lose, especially on bad errors, when we believe we have the best team in the state. But courage, fellows. Did you hear that rooting Saturday? That means that every student and professor in the College and Academy, and every friend in the town is back of you, and that we are depending on you to win the silver bat. Get down and work. Put into your work the spirit that will never say die. Then we are sure that ours will be the victory. One defeat does not mean loss of the championship. Work and win, fellows for old C. C. Give Boulder such a warm reception next Saturday that she will feel once more as she did the last time she met the Tigers."

The best the fellows could do with Boulder was 5 to 5, and then, after another such editorial as the above, Golden was beaten 9 to 4, and the championship won again. Any old timer would guess that the editorial above bears the ear-marks of one Roy M. McClintock, a loyal who was so saturated with loyalty that he would die for the team as well as write for it, if necessary.

Now more particularly of the year 1900-1901. It might truly be said that the class of 1901, when it came to "run" the College, had a tremendous work to do, if we were to continue in former lines. In front of us, the little but mighty man, Brown-ing, and that class of leaders, the class of 1900, had gone out to be in the vanguard no more. Behind us came the insurgent class of 1902. This class seemed to have a penchant for fighting everything and everybody. They fought the classes, the faculty, and when they couldn't fight outsiders, they would turn and rend themselves. The boys of the class "picked a scrap" with the girls at class meeting, and the girls went a step further when the Hall girls "got it in" for the town girls, and vice versa, and so ad infinitum. At another rung of the ladder lower down was the class of 1903, which had always been known for its peaceable and docile qualities, and it ever seemed willing to do as bid; while the class of 1904, was too infantile to do much except to bear the name of "Freshman". Yet it can fairly be said that, notwithstanding all of these incongruous elements, the class of 1901 succeeded in doing its full share in giving the College a most successful year.

Another football championship was won, although we lost the baseball pennant after beating Boulder twice. We were successful in debate against University of Nebraska, but died our usual easy death in Oratory. The class had the satisfaction of seeing the "Insurgents" produce a creditable "Nugget", and also, of feasting on the barbecue prepared by the Sophomores. The good old cane rush, where a bloody nose had been mistaken by the faculty for a man's lung and other vitals, had long had a quietus put upon it by that august body; and in its place we had some thrillingly exciting tug-of-war, and button-button -who's- got-the-button contests, etc. This was the year, too, when "Chilly" Frost stole the bell-clapper and "Prexy" was after a Mexican for it. And it was exactly four years before this, when Chilly, then a student in the High School, tried to blow up the flag pole with powder, and Prexy spent valuable College funds in hiring a detective to run to earth the dastardly and vicious mutilator of College property. Many other strange things might be written here, but it were best that they be not disclosed, otherwise some mischievous and froward student might again try to perpetrate some of ye ancient pranks.

Those were good old days, and the class of 1901 begs everybody's pardon, classes gone before, and that are and that are to be, if we insist that you could never have as good a time as we had; you could never be as good, or perhaps, it would be better to say, as great a class as we were; and you could never run the College as well as we did. *Vale.*

BEN GRIFFITH, 1901.

1898-1899

In the fall of 1898 when the class of 1902 entered Colorado College, the affairs of the College were, in a way, at a turning point. The College spirit and loyalty that had fought against odds so nobly for so long were just beginning to meet with some of their just rewards and to taste some of the blisses of victory. The championship in football had never been won by Colorado College, and, although it was lost again for '98, it was lost by so close a score as to seem almost a victory. Later in the year the baseball championship, which had been held for some seasons, was recaptured, and the Glee Club met with more success and appreciation than ever in its past history.

The number of students, larger at the opening of the fall term than ever before, was increased by fresh arrivals throughout the year, many students coming from eastern colleges to spend a year or two in the glorious climate of Colorado, and in the bracing, ambitious and democratic atmosphere of Colorado College. These students, of course, brought the ideals and traditions of their older colleges, all of which worked as leaven to produce a higher ideal of what a complete and well-rounded college course should comprise. The social side of life gained in importance and the value of its training was more appreciated.

The succeeding autumn, 1899, the coveted football championship was won for the first time, and with it the hearts and sympathies of the pop-

ulace, who, up to that time, had refused to take Colorado College athletics very seriously. Now, however, the people awakened to a sense of pride and loyalty, loosened their purse strings, attended the games, and lionized the players, all of which naturally made the teams play better. Athletic victories followed thick and fast after this until, for a year or two, victory seemed to be a matter of course, although reverses came again in time, as they are bound to do.

During this year the work of societies and clubs grew to be more of a feature of college life. Apollonian, Pearsons and Minerva were already in existence, but seemed to take on a new lease of life. Contemporary was organized at this time and Miltonian a year or so later. Membership in a society was considered a much more desirable thing than hitherto, and the training afforded, both intellectual and social, left a decided impression upon the student character.

During the last of the four years of which I am to speak, that is 1901-02, certain reactionary tendencies seemed to have set in, but such things are inevitable in any college and are really a sign of growth rather than of decay, as some are inclined to believe. Such tendencies have their purpose and work for the ultimate good.

In general this last year was characterized by a growth in earnestness, in breadth and in dignity of the student life.

MARIAN K. WILLIAMS, '02.

OF 1903

The account of that portentous meeting which marks the birth of the class of 1903, contains besides the names of the officers chosen, and the selection of those descriptive pink and green colors, the decision that a "Progressive Cat" party be given at the Kinnikinnick. "Progressive Cat" to the ordinary mortal has a very harmless sound, to be sure, but 1903 will always associate the game with red-pepper, caned Profs. and a scrap of felt in the memory book labeled "Tracy Love's Hat".

So much has been written and sung of the far-famed Battle of the Kinnikinnick, that it seems necessary for us to say merely that it won us the confidence of our friends, the Juniors, and the respect and admiration of our foes, the Sophs and Seniors. It is also noted in the history of the "higher institution of learning" as the last unregulated "class scrap".

Our physical prowess was again proven in the class contest with the Sophs arranged by the spirit committee. Here it was that 1903 demonstrated such speed in consuming molasses and gingerbread, that 1902 was forced to display agility in climbing and remaining in its "sycamore tree".

The last interesting event of the Freshman year, was to have been the football game with the hostile and chagrined Sophs. But after six days' practice, the Fates pitied the feelings of the Sophs, and by inclement weather spared them from what would have been, to them, an unspeakable result.

This period in the life of the College is marked by the joy of the completion and dedication of the Perkins

Hall, and by the general and deep sorrow at the death of much-loved Prof. Doudna.

After our easy victory, as Sophs, over Freshmen in the cane-rush, faculty suggestions and scrap committee resolutions dampened our ardor for the display of physical powers. So it was that 1903 turned its attention to intellectual pursuits, and with such success that it came off, at Commencement time, with more honors than any other class. Our spare time, we employed in distinguishing ourselves oratorically, athletically, and socially. We gave a successful barbecue, we masqueraded, we had kodak parties, and we picnicked—in the moonlight. We also elected a board to publish the Nugget. And on this fact we base claims as accomplished politicians.

Our Junior year was devoted largely to good-fellowship and seminars. Yet in addition to these time-taking efforts, we won a baseball game and published an annual. After so many hours spent in editing this interesting volume, we expected to gain at least a credit or two in appreciation of our eminent services. But alas! we found that owing to injudicious mention of certain professorial peculiarities, we received from the Faculty what was vulgarly described as the "cobble-stone eye."

It was with our assistance that the cornerstone of the splendid monument to President Slocum's untiring and indomitable zeal and enthusiasm—Palmer Hall—was laid. And we regretted only that we could not decently remain undergrads until the completion and occupation of that wonderful building.

Our Senior year, with its mistaken matrimonial attempts in celebration of Insignia Day, and its wishes to display histrionic ability, was not a very pleasing period in our history, nor one received with demonstrations of joy by the Faculty. Individually, however, we believe ourselves to have been makers of history and statistics. Through our members we led every department of College activity—we kicked forty-two-yard Princetons, we captained football teams, we presided over societies, we edited Annuals and Ti-

gers, and we financed everything from football to stag balls. We claim that we were constructive also, for did we not lay the cornerstone of McGregor?

In all our vicissitudes, we believe that we have enjoyed ourselves and taken ourselves seriously. It pleases us to think that we have triumphed oftener than failed, and above all that we have succeeded in fostering a spirit of loyalty and good-fellowship which in future years will ever bring a smile and a sigh for the memory of 1903.

JEANNETTE SCHOLZ, '03.



*"Turn, turn my wheel! All things must change
To something new, to something strange;
Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again;
Tomorrow be today."*

Day and Night

IRMA RUDD.

I.

The Night has kissed the Day to sleep,
And lit her lamp, by whose dim light
She may her silent vigil keep,
And guard her sister from affright.

II.

She wraps her starry garment round
The sleeping Day, who lies at rest,
And stirs not in her slumber sound—
E'en when Night's lips on hers are pressed.

III.

They are two sisters, Day and Night,
And each one has a beauty rare.
The Day has hair like golden light—
The Night has dusky floating hair.

IV.

They meet at twilight and at dawn,
These sisters fair, and hand in hand
They wander over hill and lawn,
O'er hamlet small and city grand.

V.

And then one sister falls asleep,
While one with tender watchful eyes,
Guards that one, who in slumber deep,
Upon her loving bosom lies.

Jack Nichols

A FARCE—BY MIRIAM F. CARPENTER.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MARGARET MEAD,	PATTY CARMICHAEL (her chum),
ELINOR MEAD (her sister),	CROSBY PORTER (a Yale man in love
PHILIP MEAD (her brother),	with Elinor),
MRS. MEAD (her mother),	MR. NIXON,
	JACK NICHOLS.

ACT I, SCENE I.

Time: Morning.

Place: Library at the Meads.

(*Enter Margaret and Patty in golf costume, with sleeves rolled up, carrying golf clubs, etc.*)

PATTY—Dear, but I am hot! Why did you ever make me go around twice?

MARGARET—Make you, indeed, as if I had not been begging you to come in for the last two hours!

PATTY—That's right, blame it all off on me. Have it your own way, of course. Being naturally of the most angelic disposition, I shall bear it with my usual martyr-like spirit and meekly bow my head.

MARGARET—Oh, Patty, you silly thing! I never did see anybody who could talk so long about absolutely nothing. I would like to see you quiet once. I believe I shall call you Prattling Patty.

PATTY—One might remark in passing that you seem fairly well able to keep up your end. But if you will pardon me for mentioning it, I am starving hungry. Of course, as guest, it is not just my place to bring up the subject, but I thought somebody ought to, you know.

MARGARET—Good idea, how does iced coffee strike you? That will keep you quiet anyhow. I'll go and see how things look in the pantry.—Prepare yourself. I have a deep-laid scheme to put before you. It is very exciting. (*Exit.*)

PATTY—I only wish it were something really exciting. I shall certainly evaporate if this keeps on much longer. Talk about your "Simple Life", I am becoming a living exponent. I would give my kingdom for a man, and when I say a *man* I don't mean a married man, and *I don't mean a man in love*—that is, unless he is in love with *me*! If there is anything tiresome and soul-revolting, it is a man in love with another girl!

(*Enter Margaret bearing tray with pitcher and tall glasses.*)

PATTY (ensconced comfortably in a Morris chair)—You come like showers to a drooping primrose. Oh, there is a new "Life"! What joy to refresh oneself mentally and physically at the same time.

MARGARET—There, don't take that or I shan't get another word out of you. You make me so tired, always grabbing up a "Life" as soon as you get in the house. Now if it were anything improving, like the man who read all Shakespeare, all Dickens, *and* all Thackeray, while he was waiting for dinner, why—

PATTY—Goodness, must have been a slow cook. I believe I would have dismissed her and gotten a new one.

MARGARET—Now, Patty, there are no two ways about it, we *must* do something.

PATTY (shortly)—Shan't!

MARGARET—Now, don't be contrary, you don't know what it is yet.

PATTY—No, but I am sure I shouldn't want to do it this hot day.

MARGARET—Don't worry, you old lazy bones, you won't have to move. I just want to ask your advice. You see it is about Nell and Crosby.

PATTY—What about them? They are about the last people I should be worrying over. They seem so absolutely contented.

MARGARET—That is just the trouble. You see there is nothing doing. She hasn't anyone else to take up her mind, and he is getting so sure of her that I don't like it.

PATTY—Why, what have you against nice old Cros?

MARGARET—I haven't anything particularly against him, any more than any man that likes my sister. I have never seen anyone yet that was good enough for her. I guess I have known Crosby too long to get very much excited over him.

PATTY—Well, what do you propose to do about it?

MARGARET—Now listen! You and I have plotted and schemed ever since we were born and we ought to be able to think of some way out of the difficulty. What we need is another man in love with Nell, so that things won't be quite so simple for Crosby, you know. Now, where can we get one?

PATTY (after a little thought)—Why, we can't get one. We must invent one!

MARGARET—Lovely! Then we must plan where he is to come from, what his name is, and all about him. Now I think—

(Noise in the hall. Patty and Margaret both put glasses hastily behind them.)

(*Enter Elinor with work-basket, sewing, etc.*)

ELINOR—Thought you had something to eat!

PATTY (guiltily producing glass)—We thought it was one of the boys.

MARGARET (shaking with laughter)—What would you call that—*instinct?*

PATTY—"Bred and bawn in a briar patch, Brer Fox!" Guess I have not lived in this house all these years without learning that it is not only the custom, but the only safe way to do when you hear a step in the hall!

MARGARET—That's the worst of a big family, you never can tell when you sit down to a modest little luncheon for two, how many will be on hand before you get your half!

ELINOR—What are you doing? Anything interesting in the air?

MARGARET—No, there is nothing doing, except— (hesitates and adds hastily) Except that Jack Nichols may be around soon.

ELINOR—Jack Nichols, who is Jack Nichols?

MARGARET—Why, Elinor Mead, I am thoroughly ashamed of you! You don't mean to say that you have forgotten Jack Nichols, whom you met when you were visiting the Harringtons last year?

PATTY—Yes, that friend of Rob Harrington, Harvard, 1900, big fellow, played on the varsity. I don't see how you could forget him when he took such a fancy to you.

MARGARET—Yes, comes from Winchester, has loads of money, three automobiles, and a—

PATTY—Bull pup, and is very fond of music; plays the piano, banjo and mandolin, and—

MARGARET—Jew's harp; he is a crack tennis player, loves to travel—been abroad three times, around the world and—

(*Enter Philip.*)

PHILIP—Hullo! Quite a stranger, Patty, haven't seen you for nearly a day! Where have you been keeping yourself! Who's this wonderful guy whose virtues you have been cataloguing, while I have been hunting for my racket in the hall?

PATTY—(drawling, bored tone)—Oh, Nell's latest.

ELINOR (indignantly)—It's nothing of the kind! I don't know what you infants are talking about, I am sure! I never heard anything so silly!

MARGARET—Of course, Nell dear, if you would not blush so furiously it would add a little credence to your remarks.

PHILIP—Yes, Nell, I should say as much. You *look* as if you never heard of him or anything so silly!

PATTY—Just because a man is crazy about you, and wants to come and see you all the time, and you are going automobiling with him Sunday, is no—

ELINOR—I'm not going Sunday, I—

PATTY—Oh, aren't you? Oh well, if you have scruples about Sunday, I am sure he would gladly set another day!

ELINOR (rising quickly and going to door)—Really, you people are too unbearable. I don't believe I can stand you any longer! Let me know when you feel as if you could talk sense again. (*Exit.*)

(General laugh.)

PHILIP—Why, this looks quite hopeful! We shall have to warn Cros to look out for himself, Nell seems so touchy on the subject of this new man! Awfully sorry, but I'm afraid I must tear myself away too. See you later. (*Exit.*)

MARGARET (hugging Patty)—Wasn't it great? I haven't had so much fun for a month!

PATTY—What a corking man we made between us! I believe I'd like him myself!

MARGARET—Can't have him, sweetness. He's mine if anything is left when Nell gets through with him! *(Curtain.)*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Time: Evening of next day.

Place: The Meads' Library. Margaret sewing, Philip striding about room.

PHILIP—Ghastly stupid with Nell gone! You are like a dummy, Margaret. Say something, can't you?

MARGARET—Nothing to say; never had such a stupid time! One day is just like another. Wish there could be something doing. If you boys were not so fearfully slow it might be possible to have a little fun once in a while.

PHILIP—Well, don't include me, please, I'm not in love. Crosby is absolutely useless since he lost his head over Nell! How are the mighty fallen! Who would have ever thought Cros capable of such idiocy? Nell is a corking girl, if she is my sister, but I can't say that I think it necessary to go quite daft over her. Now, of course, I have to hang around here all the evening just because Cros said he might be around. If you were only Nell you would be of some use, and I could gracefully retire and pursue my own course of action.

MARGARET (shrugging her shoulders)—For goodness' sake, don't hesitate on my account! I suppose I can sacrifice myself, and listen to Nell's charms the rest of the evening, if it is necessary for the good of the cause.

(Enter Crosby. Confusion on Margaret's part.)

PHILIP—Hullo, old man, just talking about you. Margaret was trying to get me out of the way, so that she could have a cosy little tete-a-tete with you when you came.

CROSBY (looking around for Elinor)—Well, go along, Phil, don't let me keep you. *(Looks around again.)* Don't believe I can stay but a minute anyhow.

MARGARET—Oh yes, Cros, do stay. It's awfully dull! We are just bored to extinction. I wish there was some one else and we could have a game of whist.

PHILIP—Good work, where's Patty? What's she doing tonight? Guess I'll 'phone her to come over. She'll break the monotony, you may be sure. You can always depend on Patty for that.

MARGARET—Yes, tell her she must come and save us from despair. *(Philip goes to telephone.)*

PHILIP (telephoning)—318 Red, please—yes, 3-1-8 Red—Hullo, is this 3-1-8 Red?—*(Scowls.)* Do I want 3-1-8 Red? Well, of course. Did you think I was practising football signals?

MARGARET—One would almost suppose it would be quicker to run across the street and ask Patty!

PHILIP (ringing up violently again)—Hullo, deuce take you. Why don't you give me—Oh, Patty, excuse *me*, I thought you were that chump of a Central, don't know how I could have mistaken your dulcet tones! You

are looking fine this evening, why don't you come over and give us the benefit? We have quite a select little party here, Cros, Peg and I. Thought maybe you would come over and play whist. Will you? All right. I'll be over for you right off. (To Margaret) She's coming. (*Exit.*)

MARGARET—What have you been doing all day?

CROSBY (grumpily)—Nothing.

MARGARET—Been around the links?

CROSBY—Yes.

MARGARET—Make a good score?

CROSBY—No.

(Pause.)

MARGARET—Nell's out to tea tonight. Seems lonely without her, doesn't it?

CROSBY (feelingly)—I should *say* it did!

(*Enter Philip and Patty.*)

ALL—Hullo!

PATTY—Cheer up, Cros, I have come to beat you again!

CROSBY—Stump you! Let's put up some peanuts and then Phil will run down town and get them!

(*Seat themselves about table, Crosby and Margaret, Patty and Philip.*)

(*Philip brings cards, shuffles, deals, etc., and they play.*)

PATTY—I hate to play unless I can win, so if I begin to lose I shall go home!

CROSBY—Take your dolls and go home?

PATTY—Yes, and my tin kitchen.

PHILIP (singing softly)—

“You can't holler down my rain barrel,

I don't like you any more,

You'll be sorry when you see me

Sliding down my cellar door!”

MARGARET—Cros, I beat Patty three holes up, this morning, and she was awfully put out. It's queer how much tireder she gets when she loses!

PATTY—I don't care, it was hotter than love in haying time, and besides, I haven't been around the course for a week.

PHILIP—Stop your scrapping and play the game! That's just like girls, they have to talk so much that they never do notice what they are playing.

(Margaret peers out of window.)

PHILIP—What's the matter, Peg? It's nothing but an auto! Anyone would think you came from Squedunk, and never saw anything but hay carts.

MARGARET (still peering)—I was trying to see if it were stopping here. I thought maybe it was Jack.

PHILIP }
CROSBY } (promptly)—Jack who?

MARGARET (severely to Philip)—Jack Nichols, of course!

PHILIP—Oh!

MARGARET—I was almost afraid he would appear while Nell was gone.

PATTY—That would have been a calamity!

CROSBY (growls)—Who's Jack Nichols, anyway?

PHILIP (lightly)—Oh, one of the thousands of Nell's slain— Hearts are trumps, Patty, where's your mind tonight?

CROSBY (dreamily)—Hearts are trumps.

PHILIP (disgustedly)—Sorry you are losing your mind, old man, we have been waiting some time for you to play!

PATTY—Margaret, did you hear Nell say Jack was going to bring his sister up soon in the auto?

PHILIP (hopefully)—Sister any good?

MARGARET—No, rather young for you!

PATTY—I wish Jack would come, even if Nell isn't here! I believe I'd *rather* he would come when she's gone!

CROSBY (aside)—You bet, so would I!

PATTY—And then there would be a little show for the rest of us.

CROSBY (sarcastically)—Are you intending to take up the cause of the unfortunate youth?

PATTY—Oh, I don't know. I might if I were sufficiently urged.

CROSBY—If that is all you are waiting for let me urge you. He would feel flattered, I am sure. He is a most estimable young man.

PATTY—How do you know? You don't know anything about him, do you?

CROSBY (sarcastically)—No, but I'm pining to.

MARGARET (readily)—Why, there is nothing about him only he is a rich young Harvard man, who seems to think Nell is all that is necessary to a man's happiness.

CROSBY (grumpily)—Seems to have good taste, I'll say that much for him, even if he does swear by the crimson.

MARGARET—He lives in Winchester but that is but a moment in an auto.

CROSBY—I have a cousin in Winchester. Guess I will have to ask him about this husky young Nichols.

MARGARET (hastily)—Oh, he hasn't been there for some time. He's been abroad.

CROSBY (brightening)—Going abroad, did you say?

MARGARET (laughing and looking at Patty)—No, indeed, not at present! No attractions *abroad*!

PHILIP (who for some time has been looking more and more disgusted, rises and throws his cards on the table)—You people play whist as if it were "tiddledy winks." I beg to be excused.

PATTY—Oh, I'm sorry, Phil. I'll be good—we could beat them easily.

PHILIP—I know it. I hate to take their peanuts. I should expect to see Peg trump her partner's ace in another hand!

CROSBY (looking out of window and at watch)—Well, I must be going now, I think it's going to rain.

MARGARET—Oh no, please don't go! It's so early, and maybe if you stay you'll see Jack.

CROSBY—Can't really say that's a matter of life or death with me.

PATTY—Now, Cros, don't be disagreeable. Maybe Nell will appear and then your patience will be rewarded. Sit down, do!

CROSBY—Can't, really!

PATTY—Have you tried? You never can tell what you can do till you try. Like the girl who looked into her ear with her eye. She found she could do it if she put her mind to it, you know.

CROSBY (groans)—Patty, how can you!

PHILIP—How are your spirits about the game, Cros?

CROSBY—Way up, of course.

PHILIP—Well, I'd hardly expect you to down Yale in a rabid Harvard crowd like this.

CROSBY—You never saw a son of old Eli that would do that under any circumstances, I'll venture to say.

PATTY—Who's going to take Nell, Peg?

MARGARET—I have a suspicion that maybe Jack will.

PHILIP—Well, I'll be glad to see Nell return to the fold once more, for she is the only one in this family who ever dared show leanings toward Yale—all due respect to you, Cros.

CROSBY (groans)—Oh don't mind me, this is a free country.

PATTY—Nell will look stunning all in crimson, won't she? Do you suppose he'll send her *Jacque* roses?

MARGARET—I am ashamed of you, Patty.

(*Enter Elinor.*)

ALL EXCEPT CROSBY—Hullo!

PHILIP—What did you bother to come home at all for, Nell?

ELINOR—Why, I have not been gone long.

PHILIP—No, but long enough to miss somebody.

CROSBY (aside)—The cur, why hasn't he been here if she expected him?

PHILIP—Don't get excited, he didn't come, after all.

ELINOR (looking conscious)—You silly thing, what are you talking about?

MARGARET (aside to Patty)—We have got her right on a string. She looks as guilty as if she had been caught out at the canon.

ELINOR (appealingly to Crosby while the rest talk together)—Don't pay any attention to their nonsense.

CROSBY (aside)—That's all right, I'll not butt in, if it's as bad as this. (To Elinor) So you have been taking to automobiling lately. How do you like it?

ELINOR (confused)—I— I— I don't care for it very much. (Aside) What a fool I am. Why can't I tell him?

CROSBY (aside)—It's a shame to tease her. (To Elinor) I hear you are going to wear your cavalier's colors to the game, Saturday.

ELINOR (looking down)—Yes, if he asks me to go.

CROSBY (aside)—Jove, it's all up with me! Could not break up that! Curse the luck (To Elinor) Oh, you may be sure he will. (Shakes him-

self and turns abruptly, while Elinor looks after him surprised. To Patty)
Come Patty let's go home.

PATTY—Oh, all right, I expect it is time. That's one thing about me, I never do know enough to go. I always make it a point to pound myself when I leave a house, for staying so long and talking so much. (Tragically) I have a horror of wearing out my welcome!

PHILIP (as all laugh)—I would not lie awake nights worrying about your welcome in this house.

PATTY—Well, good night. I'll see you in the morning. I'll be ready to beat anyone at tennis, so you'd better all be ready.—Tired, Nell? You look like a rag and a bone! Good bye!

CROSBY (grumpily)—Good night!

MARGARET (aside)—It's working like a charm. Cros looks ready to bite somebody's head off. I don't envy Patty. It's her fault, anyway. I am glad I'm not to blame.
(*Curtain.*)

SCENE II.

Time: The next morning.

Place: The Meads' Library. Margaret at piano. Elinor dusting briskly. Philip seated writing at desk, in alcove screened off so that he is visible to audience, but not to people on stage. At first he is absorbed in work, but gradually becomes interested in conversation, and throughout scene makes appropriate gestures and exclamations.

ELINOR—I don't care what you say, I don't think it's funny at all. It's the most childish joke I ever heard of, and I never saw such infants! I would like to buy you some rattles and keep you amused, if you are so hard up! I am just disgusted, and I don't care what you say!

(*Enter Patty.*)

PATTY—Hullo, up so early! Why, Nell, aren't you pretty energetic for this hour of the morning?

MARGARET—Her wrath lends fire to her very finger tips. I never did see anyone in such a temper! (Shakes with laughter.)

PATTY—Oh, that reminds me. Do let me tell you about last night! (Sits down.) I wish you could have seen Cros, Peg, going home. I never saw anyone so in the dumps. I could hardly get a word out of him. And then, listen, he stumbled over a stone or something and said, —well, my natural delicacy forbids me to repeat what he did say, but I nearly gave up! Think of Cros saying *that*! Why, I would as soon have thought of saying it myself! Of course, I suppose he does say such things occasionally, but he must have been awfully worked up to say it to me. But really, I felt right sorry for him, he looked so pathetic. Nell, aren't you ashamed to treat him so?

ELINOR (indignantly)—You young scamps, I'd like to fix you with your old Jack Nichols!

(Margaret and Patty overcome with laughter.)

MARGARET—But didn't Nell enter into it finely last night? Her blushing and conscious expression passed our fondest expectations. You were terribly good to help us out so, Nell!

ELINOR—I didn't want to help you out.

PATTY—Well, why did you then? If you didn't like it, why didn't you explain the situation?

ELINOR (helplessly)—I don't know why I didn't—I tried to, but somehow I couldn't,—you were all so silly!

MARGARET—Oh, it was lovely, and I just hugged myself to see Cros getting grumpier and grumpier! That was a fine touch, Patty, making him a Harvard man!

ELINOR (quickly)—Why, what did you say?

PATTY—Why, we just wondered if Jack would take you to the game and you would wear red for Harvard. We thought that would work Cros up a little, for he's never been quite sure where your sympathies were.

ELINOR (aside)—If they only knew! (To Patty) Well, I hope you are satisfied. I see where I stay away from the game!

MARGARET—Oh, bless you no. He'll ask you all right. It only makes it a little more interesting for both of you; for him the excitement of a rival, and for you the unheard of event of two men at once. I think we are doing quite an act of charity, don't you, Patty? I should think they would be thankful to us instead of being so disagreeable.

PATTY (shaking finger at Elinor)—Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend! But it will be many a day before I forget the hopeless look on Crosby's face last night.

ELINOR (putting head on arms on table, breaks into sobs)—I hope you'll be satisfied if you break everything up!

PATTY—Oh, Nell, darling, we didn't know you cared.

MARGARET—Don't cry so, it will be all right. We'll fix it up. I didn't suppose you felt like this.

PATTY—There, don't, please. We'll tell him all about it and make him ask you to the game, and then I'll stand right over him and punch him until he proposes!

ELINOR (excitedly)—If you ever tell him one word of this, I'll never forgive you! Think how I should feel! I should *never* get over it! Promise both of you—it's the least you can do if you are really sorry.

MARGARET (meekly)—I solemnly promise.

PATTY—Hope to die and choke to death if I ever breathe a word of it! So help me, any good spirit that will hear me in passing, for mine are all evil!

(Noise in hall.)

ELINOR—Quick, let me go, I look like a fright! (Exit.)

MARGARET—Now we have done it!

PATTY—I guess I know it! Just as soon as I get out of one scrape I get into another. I believe there is a kind of imp of mischief in me that is always getting me into trouble.

MARGARET—It wasn't any more your fault than mine; It was I that put you up to it.

PATTY (mournfully)—Whatever made us think of that abominable old Jack Nichols.

MARGARET—If we could only get rid of him someway. I suppose we might blow him up in his automobile, or—

PATTY—Have him drowned in a trip around the world—

MARGARET—Or murdered for his money we talked so much about.

PATTY (laughing hysterically)—Or eaten by his bull pup!

MARGARET—Patty, how can you laugh about it?

PATTY—I don't want to any more than you do, but I can't seem to help it, it's all so ridiculous. I guess you'll have to take him yourself, Peg!

MARGARET—Woe is me if my fate for the rest of my life be Jack Nichols!

PATTY—You are not very consistent, it seems to me. If he was good enough for your adored Nell, he ought to be good enough for you. Just let me run over his charms for you once, and you will see what a paragon he is!

MARGARET (with gesture of protest)—Don't! Paragon! I should think he is! He does not seem to have any faults at all!

PATTY—I think myself that you are very particular. After having a man made to order for you, you require faults. I'm afraid you'll be an old maid all right. I'm sorry, but you are what I call f-u-s-s-y, fastidious!

MARGARET (singing softly)—

“If I die an old maid

I'll have only myself to blame.”

Oh, dear! but this is not helping affairs any! We have still got to do something. The game is coming on, and everything will go wrong, and I can't bear to see Nell so broken up.

PATTY—Well, I'm glad your sympathies are touched at last. I nearly told the whole affair to Cros the other night, I was so upset. Poor thing, he looked as if there were nothing left in the world to hope for.

MARGARET—If Phil only knew, he could help us out.

PATTY (quickly)—Well, I guess not! I'd rather have anyone in the world know than Phil.

MARGARET (helplessly)—“*Et tu, Brute!*” Has it come to this? The plot thickens! As for me, I don't care *who* knows!

PATTY—Except Jack Nichols.

MARGARET (groans)—Oh, that old Jack Nichols! How I wish he had never entered my brain! He will haunt me to the day of my death!

(Enter Philip from behind screen. Gasp from Margaret. Patty shrieks and buries head in cushions.)

PHILIP—I can't stand it any longer, I feel like a criminal! I didn't intend to listen, on my word, I didn't. But I was writing, and before I knew it I was in your little joke. Then I thought if you'd been playing one on me, I'd just get even with you. Then I heard too much, I was ashamed to tell. I could not get out, and I did not know what to do! But I could not stand it any longer, and I humbly crave forgiveness! (All during speech keeps eyes on Patty.) I really don't expect any sympathy from Patty after she has stated her feeling in the matter so clearly, though I do feel flattered that she should distinguish me from the whole world.

PATTY—Well, you may flatter yourself, I hate you worse than anyone in the world, and I'll never forgive you!

MARGARET—No one seems to care for my forgiveness, but I'm sure I don't care if you did hear! And now, I say, can't you help us out?

PHILIP—That's the worst of it. I can't even redeem myself that way! Cros telephoned this morning to say that he has been called out of town, and won't be back until after the game.

MARGARET—What shall we do?

PATTY—You'll just have to telegraph him!

PHILIP—What shall I say? "Jack Nichols suddenly and necessarily deceased. Return at once and embrace your opportunity."

MARGARET—If I were Nell, I'd hate to be called an "opportunity."

PHILIP—You would probably be thankful to be called anything in that connection.

PATTY—How can you people be so trivial? It is not a matter to joke about! I'm going home. If any brilliant inspiration strikes you and you see how we can gracefully withdraw from our present awkward situation, I wish you'd let me know. Good by!

(Exit.

PHILIP (mournfully)—Guess I'm up against it now, all right!

(Curtain.

SCENE III.

Time: A week later, afternoon during the Yale-Harvard game.

Place: The Meads' Library. Mrs. Mead seated reading. Margaret wandering aimlessly about the room.

MARGARET (at window)—Who wanted to go to the old game, anyhow? I'd *infinitely* rather stay at home with mother. But then, I ought to be thankful to have things turn out as beautifully as they have. Who could have anticipated that Mr. Nixon would have appeared just at the right moment to take Nell to the game! It is mighty nice having your mother's old friends have convenient, good-looking sons. Of course Nell is as gloomy as death on the Crosby question, but it was quite romantic to see her faithfully in blue for his dear sake! I fancy Mr. Nixon didn't relish taking her on the Harvard side with all that blue on. She was mighty plucky to do it, and if Cros could only know it, it would simplify matters. Then Patty and Phil made up so nicely, they seem to be happy. If Cros ever gets back, I'm sure Phil can fix it all up with him. Of course we swore not to tell, but we *didn't* tell, and if it gets out in spite of us I don't know who's to blame.—Who's that coming, I wonder! Why, I believe it is Cros, of all people! I wonder if he knows how the game is going? (Knocks on window and beckons. To Mrs. Mead) Mother, here's Cros. Maybe he knows how the game came out.

(Exit,

(Enter Margaret and Cros.)

CROSBY—Poor old Eli, can't imagine what happened! Expect you'll rejoice. How do you do, Mrs. Mead? I must apologize for my appearance, for I have just come from the train. I am feeling pretty blue, for we lost, four to nothing. Called out of town so I could not see the game. Guess

I'd better sprint off before the people get back, don't feel like hearing their consolations.

MARGARET—Too late, I'm afraid. Here they come now!

CROSBY (aside)—Just my luck!

MRS. MEAD—I'll see that you have fair play, Crosby.

(Enter Philip, and Patty, in red; Mr. Nixon, and Elinor, in blue.
Greetings, hand shakings, etc.)

PHILIP—Hullo, Cros, you back? Bad news to greet you, wasn't it?

CROSBY—Yes, It was hard luck.

ELINOR—We didn't expect you until tomorrow.

CROSBY—Got off sooner than I expected. (Aside, starting.) In blue, bless her! What's that for? I thought this Nichols was a Harvard man.

ELINOR (to Mr. Nixon)—I want you to meet Mr. Porter. (To Crosby) Mr. Nixon, a friend of mother's.

CROSBY (aside)—Nichols! A friend of your grandmother's! (To Mr. N.) Glad to know you. (Aside) What a lie!

ELINOR (to Mr. N.)—Mr. Porter is a Yale man.

MR. NIXON—Yale played a fine game, Mr. Porter. You may well be proud of her.

CROSBY—Thanks. Just as well I missed the game, I guess.

MRS. MEAD (seated at tea table)—Come, Crosby, you shall help me. Make them sit down and we'll give them something to eat to keep them quiet.

(All sit. Mrs. Mead, Mr. N. and Margaret in one group, Philip and Patty in another, Elinor and Crosby.)

MARGARET (to Mr. N.)—You will have to tell us all about it, but softly so Cros won't hear. (They talk animatedly.)

CROSBY (to Elinor)—In the name of Yale, I'd like to thank you for the blue.

ELINOR—In the name of Yale! You are as modest as the violet you swear by.

CROSBY—You are too good! (Aside) I must hold on to myself. I never saw her look so heavenly! He's a good looking guy, too. Wish I knew what possessed her to wear the blue.

ELINOR—We missed you at the game. Why weren't you there?

CROSBY—Called away on business. (Aside) I'm getting to be the most cheerful liar. (To Elinor) Hard luck, wasn't it?

ELINOR—Indeed, it was! I kept thinking all through the game about you.

CROSBY (feelingly)—Did you, really? (Aside) I shall get up and kill that man in about a minute.

MR. NIXON—That third baseman of yours made a corking run, Porter. Wish you could have seen it.

CROSBY—Wish I could, Mr. Nichols.

PATTY (to Phillip)—
MARGARET (aside)—
ELINOR (aside)—

} Nichols!

PHILIP (to Patty)—By Jove, he thinks it's Jack Nichols!

PATTY (to Phil)—Poor old Cros, what shall we do! He and Nell look awfully strained somehow. Nell looks at the point of tears.

PHILIP—He looks at the point of—thunder!

PATTY—Can't you take him out and explain? Things seem to be approaching a crisis.

PHILIP—All right, I'll do my best. (To Crosby) Sorry to interrupt you old man, but—but—isn't that furnace making an awfully queer noise?

CROSBY—I don't hear anything.

PHILIP (helplessly)—Don't you?

PATTY (from the window)—Oh! Quick! Quick! There's a dog chasing my cat! Please, Cros, Phil, somebody go and get it!

(Exeunt Crosby and Philip.)

MRS MEAD (going anxiously to register)—I don't hear anything the matter with the furnace.

PATTY—Oh, don't worry, Mrs. Mead. I'm sure it is all right.

ELINOR (from window)—I don't see your old cat!

PATTY—Oh, it went around the house, you can't see it now.

MR. NIXON—That Porter seems like a nice fellow. It's strange that he'd miss the game!

MARGARET—Oh, he's an awfully busy man. I'm sure it must have been very important.

PATTY (aside to Margaret)—Philip is breaking it to Crosby.

MARGARET—We must look out for Nell then. What if she should suspect?

MRS. MEAD—Elinor, how does it happen that you are in blue today? I thought we were a united family.

ELINOR (in some confusion)—I—I—thought variety was the spice of life.

MRS. MEAD (pleasantly to Mr. N.)—Girls will be girls!

(Enter Philip, and Crosby radiant, who goes straight to Elinor.)

PHILIP—Well, we have saved the situation!

MARGARET (laughing)—Oh, the cat, you mean.

PHILIP (wickedly)—Yes, the cat, of course! What else could I mean?

MARGARET (to Patty)—Look at Cros, did you ever see such a blissful expression? I believe he'll propose this minute! This will never do. Nell will surely suspect!

PATTY—Oh Cros, don't you think that's a beautiful cat of mine? (Aside) I forgot there wasn't any cat! (To Crosby) I mean Philip's dog! Oh—

PHILIP (wickedly)—Don't you mean Jack's bull pup?

MR. N. (aside)—I never heard so many meaningless things said in my life. They talk like escaped lunatics.

CROSBY (to Nell)—I'm afraid I've been awfully grouchy lately.

PATTY (desperately)—Cros, do you know how to play "Go Bang"?

CROSBY (bewildered)—Why, yes, I believe I used to play it when I was a kid. Why?

PATTY (demurely)—Oh nothing, only I thought maybe you'd teach me.

MR. N. (aside)—That one surely is a little off, and so pretty, too!

CROSBY (coldly)—Certainly, I'd be delighted. (Turns back to speak to Nell.)

MARGARET—Oh, do! Let's play now.

PHILIP AND PATTY—Yes, let's.

CROSBY (aside)—Hang them, anyhow! I wish I were Robinson Crusoe and Nell, Friday!

PHILIP (laughing)—Friday, did you say, old man? Oh, no, it's Saturday, you know, and tomorrow will be Sunday if it doesn't rain.

CROSBY (to Nell)—I've been a brute and I could kick myself. Will you forgive me?

PHILIP (to Crosby)—Are you going to Mrs. Thompson's dance?

CROSBY—Yes. (To Elinor) Will you go with me?

ELINOR—I should love to.

MRS. MEAD—Elinor, my dear, Mr. Nixon tells me he must take that next train back. Will you see about having tea early?

ELINOR—Yes, mother.

(Exit.

PHILIP—Now, young ladies, it is up to you to do the heavy penitent. I told Cros you were perfectly inconsolable.

PATTY—I'd rather take a Math exam!

PHILIP—Be a little man. Come, Peg! (shakes finger at Margaret, who is trying to escape.) Naughty! Naughty!

MARGARET (guiltily)—I thought maybe I could help Nell.

PATTY (goes to Crosby and drops on one knee. Margaret stands with arm on Patty's shoulder and with bowed head)—For all our wickedness and our thoughtlessness, and the trouble we have unwittingly caused you, we do humbly beseech your forgiveness.

CROSBY—For heaven's sake, get up, Patty! You make me feel like a fool.

PATTY—No, I shall stay here as penance, until I'm sure you forgive us.

MR. N. (aside)—What is the little maniac up to now, I wonder? She seems to be harmless, but I should expect every minute to see her get violent.

MARGARET—We're awfully sorry. Will you ever forgive us?

CROSBY—I suppose so—if Patty will get up.

PHILIP—Fair Knight, arise, thou art forgiven! Allow me, or shall I get a derrick?

PATTY (slowly rising)—I fear I am forgiven, but not forgotten.

PHILIP (bowing)—Who could forget you, Patty?

MARGARET—I feel sufficiently punished, for I know Jack Nichols will haunt me forever!

PATTY—I tell Peg she's too fussy. If he was good enough for Nell, he ought to be for her!

CROSBY—It'll be many a day before you hear the last of Jack Nichols, Margaret.

PATTY (mournfully)—And I should so have liked a ride in that auto!

PHILIP—Or a scrap with that bull pup!

PATTY—Let's not waste time. It seems as if I couldn't wait for that game of "Go Bang", Cros. (Curtain.)

ACT III . SCENE I.

Place: Room off Mrs. Thompson's ball room. Palms, ferns, etc. Music. Men and girls in evening dress pass in and out.

(Enter Crosby and Elinor.)

ELINOR—Isn't it pretty tonight, and the music is so good!

CROSBY—Oh, yes, but it's so crowded. And I never saw anything like the gang of men round you. Can't you shoo them off? It seemed as if I'd never get you to myself.

ELINOR—I was having a fine time!

CROSBY—Were you? Well, I was not. I wanted a chance at you myself. I've been trying to tell you something ever since last week. You—

(Enter Philip and Patty. Seeing Crosby and Elinor they laugh and whisper.)

PHILIP—Ahem! By all that's lucky, isn't this a nice quiet place to withdraw from the madding crowd!

CROSBY—Why, yes, I *did* think so.

PHILIP—Oh, before Nell came and disturbed you, I suppose. (General laugh.)

PATTY (as Crosby rises)—Oh, don't let us disturb you. We can only stay a minute.

(Enter Margaret, looks around.)

MARGARET—Are we all friends here?

PATTY—Wait just a jiff! (Looks under couch and behind palms.)

ELINOR—What are you doing, Patty?

PATTY—I was just looking to make sure there was no one listening, as I have heard of *some* people doing (looking at Philip), not mentioning any names, of course. I thought Peg looked as if she had some tragic secret to disclose.

MARGARET—Not tragic, exactly, but I've seen the *nicest* man. He's simply stunning and I don't know who he is. I never thought I should fall in love at first sight, but I am sure I shall expire if I don't meet him immediately.

PHILIP—Show me the man. I'd like to shake hands with him, and tell him how grateful to him we'd be. I had a sort of lingering fear, Peg, that you'd be the last rose left to bloom alone on the parent stalk, or whatever that is that they usually say. Can't you help me out, Patty?

MARGARET—You hateful thing! I'd be glad to *elope* if thereby I could escape your teasing.

PATTY—Oh, Peggy, please don't elope, then I couldn't be bride's maid.

MARGARET—Well, I don't know that there is any immediate danger, if no one will take pity on me and find that adorable man and present him!

PHILIP—I go, the herald of your will! (Exit Philip.)

PATTY (looking a minute at Elinor and Crosby)—I feel a draught. Maybe we'd better go where it is a little warmer, Peg.

(Exit Patty and Margaret.)

CROSBY—It gives me a little hope to see you so loyal to the blue (indicating the violets she holds). Do you think you could care for one faithful to both them and you? You must know how I love you.

ELINOR (taking some violets from bunch and pinning them on his coat)—Let me pin my favor on you in token that I take you for my true knight.

(Enter Philip and Mr. Nichols.)

PHILIP (trying to suppress laughter)—Nell, may I present Mr. Nichols; and Mr. Porter, Mr. Nichols.

ELINOR } (surprised)—Mr. Nichols!
CROSBY }

MR. NICHOLS (aside)—I don't see what they are so upset about. That's just the way this fellow acted. (To Philp) Is this your sister, did you say?

PHILIP—Yes.

MR. NICHOLS (aside)—Not the one I mean.

(Enter Margaret and Patty.)

MR. NICHOLS (aside)—That's the one!

PHILIP—My sister and Miss Carmichael, Mr. Nichols. *Mr. Nichols, Margaret!*

MARGARET } (dazed tone)—Mr. Nichols!
PATTY }

MR. NICHOLS (aside)—What in thunder's the matter with that?

MARGARET (to Philip)—Did you say Mr. Nichols?

PHILIP—That's what I said!

PATTY—Mr. Jack Nichols, I suppose?

MR. NICHOLS—Why, yes, they call me Jack. Do you know anyone by that name?

MARGARET (confusedly)—I should *hope* not.

MR. NICHOLS—Sorry you don't like the name.

MARGARET—Oh, I— I— do! I think it's a fine name. My chum at college had a brother by that name, and he was splendid. Oh, that is, I suppose he was. I never saw him.

MR. NICHOLS—So it is as I thought. And you are the Peggy Mead I've heard my sister Marion talk so much about?

MARGARET—Are you really Marion Nichols' brother? *What* a coincidence!

PHILIP (going to where Patty is standing a little apart from the rest)—You looked so lonesome I thought I should have to take pity on you.

PATTY—Awfully thoughtful of you.

PHILIP—You weren't *feeling* lonely, I suppose?

PATTY—Certainly not!

PHILIP—It was sweet of you to say such nice things the other day when you didn't know I was near.

PATTY—Well, I'm sorry you spoiled the old proverb, "Evesdroppers never hear any good of themselves."

PHILIP—I don't care if it turns out well. I wonder if you could stand

me round always within hearing . Do you think you could take me "for better or for worse", Patty?

PATTY—I don't know. I suppose I might take you just out of pity, you look so lonesome! But on one condition, Philip.

PHILIP—What's that?

PATTY—That you'd keep a bull pup!

PHILIP—All right, Patty, if I may make a condition.

PATTY—What's that?

PHILIP—That you'll let *me* teach you "Go Bang", instead of Cros.

PATTY—Well, I suppose I'll have to. He looks as if he were contented where he is.

PHILIP—I should say! Let's break it up. They've no right to keep it to themselves. (They walk over to Elinor and Crosby.)

PHILIP (to Elinor)—We just came to tell you that if you would set a day agreeable to Patty, we thought it might be nice to have a double wedding. (General laughter.)

CROSBY—Why not triple? I should say by the expression on that young man's face over there that *he* wouldn't let Margaret hear the last of Jack Nichols for a while, even if the rest of us would!

Tableau.

(Curtain.

Twilight

IRMA RUDD.

The sun has set, but behind him
Left his robes of purple and gold,
That brighten with failing splendor,
The beautiful day grown old.

The snow-crowned peaks of the mountains
Are alight with the sunset glow,
As they stand, like sentinels, guarding
The valley at rest below.

In the silence and hush of the twilight
The world says its evening prayer,
And then, calmly rests, forgetting
Its sorrow and trouble and care.

Invocation to the Tiger Spirit

Words and Music by B. B. Strock

Spir - it of De - vo tion, bound - less as the o - cean;

The first system of music is written for a two-part setting. The upper part is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody for the upper part consists of quarter and eighth notes, while the lower part provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

By thy presence fire us; In our need in - spire us;

The second system continues the two-part musical setting. It features a key change in the lower part, indicated by a sharp sign (#) on the F line, changing the key signature to two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody and accompaniment continue with similar rhythmic patterns.

See how we a - dore thee, Hear as we im - plore thee;

The third system of music maintains the two-part structure. The key signature remains two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody and accompaniment continue with similar rhythmic patterns.

On the Field of Glo ry. Give us Vic - to - ry

The fourth and final system of music concludes the piece. It maintains the two-part structure and the key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody and accompaniment continue with similar rhythmic patterns, ending with a final chord in the lower part.

Colorado Weather

PROFESSOR F. H. LOUD.

Good people all, both far and near,
Come listen to my lay;
If you believe all that you hear,
You won't doubt what I say.

In Colorado, where I've been,
I've often heard them tell,
Snow on the ground was never seen—
Save what from heaven fell.

So clear has been the atmosphere,
I often could have seen
New York or Philadelphia—
Had nothing been between.

The climate many doth surpass,
So pure and dry the air;
No dew is found upon the grass—
Because no grass is there.

The zephyr there doth often blow
With sweet persuasive power;
It breathes across your fevered brow
At fifty miles an hour.

What pleasant days the people have
They "customary" call;
Such weather as might fright the brave
Is termed "exceptional."

Thought and Deed

MILDRED H. HUMPHREY.

"One rapturous kiss—a kiss unknown,
Upon her lips in silence pressed
In some deep forest still and lone,
Where wrapt in dreams, she lies at rest—
I crave, all else denied to me:
One moment from eternity."

She lay before him lost in sleep.
His heart as flames within him leapt
Because no eye was there to keep
Its jealous guard.—How sound she slept!
He turned away, and undefiled,
Nor stooped, nor gazed, but only smiled.

How Marjorie Davidson Went to the Banquet

RUTH RAGAN.

One night half a dozen girls were gathered together in Marjorie Davidson's room, eating fudge. After a momentary lull in the conversation one of the girls spoke up suddenly:

"Marjorie, are you going to the Occidental banquet, Saturday night?"

"Not so far as I can see. Why, girls, I'd give anything to go. I have the dandiest new dress I'm dying to wear, and there isn't a blessed thing I can wear it to, except that, for ages. I'm getting sort of desperate. I believe I'd go if Micky asked me."

"But you'd rather someone else asked you?"

"Now, never mind, Miss Hilton."

"But you would—"

"Dick is a pretty nice fellow, I must say," said Elsie Mahew. "I wouldn't mind being asked by him myself."

"Don't worry yourselves. I have not been asked, so it isn't *likely* I'll go with him. I—"

"Girls! the ten o'clock bell! Goodnight, everybody."

Monday morning, Michael Saunders asked Marjorie to go to the banquet.

In the afternoon she saw Richard Hadley, who asked her if she were going, and she told him she was—with Saunders.

When he left she said to herself:

"Just my luck! If I hadn't accepted Micky, Dick would have asked me. Well, I ought to be thankful I'm going." Later as she went up the steps of Palmer, Micky appeared.

"Well, have you decided to go?"

"Why, I told you this morning—"

"You did? It didn't strike me that way." As she started into Spanish, "Aren't you going to tell me?"

"I'll tell you again next Monday," she laughed, and took her seat.

After class Saunders walked down to the Library with Edith Hansen. There he joined Hadley and the two went down to the lake to skate.

"So you're going to take Miss Davidson Saturday night, Saunders," Hadley said as they started out.

"No. I'm going to take Miss Hansen."

"Why, how's that? She told me you asked her."

"Well, I did, but she wouldn't accept. I told Miss Hansen she was second choice—that I'd asked Miss Davidson—and she was just peachy about it."

"I don't understand. She told me she was going with you."

"She did? Well, that's more than she told me. It's just this way, Hadley. When I first asked her, she finally said she'd consider it. Then when I pressed her—"

"Hum!" Hadley cleared his throat.

"Then when I pressed her for an answer, she said she'd tell me next week. It's just the way she has treated us both before. She won't say yes or no—"

"The hardest thing in the world to make a woman say yes or no," interposed Hadley.

"Then when it's too late to ask someone else, she's just as likely as not to turn you down. This is once too often, and I understand her answer as a refusal."

"You're right, Saunders, but it's sort of tough on her. At any rate, you've got yourself into a pretty scrape, now."

"You've got to stick up for me if I do get into trouble."

"I don't know whether I will or not. I'm not going to the banquet."

Meanwhile Edith Hansen had come down to McGregor to see Marjorie. She found her in the hall and asked anxiously, "Marjorie, why won't you go to the banquet with Mr. Saunders? Isn't he nice?"

"Why, child, I *am* going with him. How did you hear anything about it?"

"Why! He asked *me* to go with him. He said you refused to go, and—"

"What! Come in here, quick!" and putting up her engaged sign, she drew Edith into her room.

"You say Mr. Saunders asked you to go, and that I refused? Why, Edith, I told him I *would* go. What does he mean?"

"Well, he said you refused."

"All right, Edith, I shan't let him know I didn't. Don't you tell him I accepted, will you?"

"I don't want to go if he asked you and you said you would go."

"But you must! I wouldn't have him know for anything that I didn't refuse him.—I know! We were jolly and I hated to come right out and say yes so I said I'd consider it. And he asked me this afternoon if I had decided yet. That's what he meant. And when I said I'd tell him next week he thought I was refusing—maybe he did it on purpose. But Edith, don't you tell the girls I'm not going. They all think I am. I don't know how I'll fix it, but they mustn't know. You won't tell them, will you?"

"No, I won't. I'm so sorry, Marjorie. I won't enjoy myself a bit."

"Yes, you will, and you needn't think I feel bad. Of course, I want to go, but it's just good enough for me anyway. So don't you worry a bit about it, but go along and have a good time. I know you will, for it's going to be grand."

After Edith went, Marjorie did some hard thinking. She finally decided there was nothing to do but let things go their own way. She was too proud to tell the girls that she was not going after all, and especially since it was her own fault. "I don't know how it will turn out, but I'll stick it out till the last minute." Nor would she tell Dick Hadley that she wasn't going, even when she thought how he would wonder at seeing Edith and not her at the banquet with Micky. She almost believed that Micky had not misunderstood, but had asked Edith on purpose to teach her a lesson. She told

herself that that was the last time she would put anyone off without a definite answer. She suddenly sprang from her seat in dismay.

"And I've already asked permission! I'll have to tell the matron that I'm not going. No, I can't, I can't—not until Saturday, anyway."

All week she kept it up, while the girls jollied her about going with Dick, though they knew she was going with Micky, for didn't Daisy Hilton and Elsie see him ask her? Even Saunders didn't have the pleasure he expected when he gaily told her he had found a girl at last. She laughed at him and said she was glad he had been so fortunate.

But when Saturday came, it was harder than ever to tell, and she found herself getting out that new dress ready to put on. Then in the evening the girls came in to help her dress. And dress she did, her heart getting heavier every minute. But she was thinking and beginning to plan. When the bell should ring she would go down and make the girls think Mr. Saunders had come. Oh, joy! They were all going to have a spread in the rats' roost and when they had gone up there she could slip back to her room unseen and lock herself in for the night. Well, what about the other girls in the hall who *were* going? At any rate they wouldn't know until they got there, then tomorrow—oh, tomorrow!—what *would* they think of her?

"Now, you're all ready," the girls cried, and admired her for a bit, then ran to see the other girls who were going.

What next?

The bell rang and the girls ran laughing to the stairways.

"Who is it?" they whispered excitedly as the maid came up the stairs. She laughed and went on—on to Marjorie's room for *she* was not at the stairs.

"Miss Davidson, Mr. Hadley is in the parlor and wishes to speak to you."

"Oh!" gasped Marjorie. "I can't go down this way! What'll he—" then she remembered that he didn't know and also that the girls would think she had gone. She could keep Dick till the other girls went, and then get back unnoticed.

She carried her opera cloak down stairs after gaily bidding the girls good-bye, but she stuck it clear under the table in the back hall. While she was heaving a sigh of relief that she had escaped the girls, she was dreading that confession to Dick.

When he saw her he wondered if she did not know the truth yet, but said, "So you're all ready for the banquet?"

"Oh, Dick, I'm not going! But I was such a coward I couldn't tell the girls what a trick I had done, and I've pretended up to the last minute, and even dressed as if I were really going, and now the girls think I've gone." She forgot that he didn't know all about it.

"Well, you are going, only I thought I'd have to wait until you could get ready, but I see you have got ahead of me."

"No, really, I'm not, Dick. I put Mr. Saunders off, and he thought I'd refused, so he asked another girl, and I'm not going at all—only I couldn't bear to tell the girls."

"Would you seriously object to my company to the banquet, Marjorie?"

"Oh, Dick, don't! After the way I've acted! I don't want you to do it. I don't deserve it and do deserve what I've suffered and will suffer tomorrow, when the girls find out."

"They'll never know, Marjorie, that you weren't going all the time. *We'll* never tell."

She returned so soon with her cloak, she had to confess what she had done with it a few minutes before.—And she hadn't told them she was going with Micky!

When they returned at half past one, Marjorie whispered, "I— I'll never forget this, and— you're an angel, Dick."

The next morning she received a note, in which was written:

"Forgive me. Michael Saunders."

But she had already forgiven.

Homeward Bound

ORRIN RANDOLPH.

Dashing homeward in our sleigh,

How we've passed the joyful day!
How our hearts for home do yearn,
As our homeward way we turn.

Dashing homeward, how we go,

Ever faster through the snow!
Ever faster o'er the plain,
For we're going home again.

Dashing homeward, straight and fast,

Always stemming nature's blast,
Always facing winter's chill,
Bounding, dashing, homeward still.

Dashing home, our hearts, so light,

Vain do shun approach of night.
Vesper bells do gently chime,
Calling homeward all the time.

Dashing homeward, moon-light glows

Ever bring the day's repose.
Evening twilight now is near,
As we view our home so dear.

Reaching home so full of glee,

Naught but happiness to see
Night, and winter's selfish pride,
Vanquished by our fireside.

A Story with a Moral

MABEL BARBEE.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the young and somewhat verdant Brown, scratching his head nervously and looking distractedly at a pile of books in front of him. "I have hunted three hours for something about the value of Astronomy as an Element of a Liberal Education, and I can't find a blame thing. Any professor that would give a subject like that ought to— The value of astronomy, St. Peter alive! if I told *my* opinion on the subject, I'd likely be asked to discontinue my studies for a few weeks. It wouldn't be so tough if the thing didn't have to be original. How can a fellow who never carried freshman comp. beyond three lessons ever be expected to put original thoughts into readable words? Of course, I'm not saying that I ever had an original thought on Astronomy, but then if I *had*, think of the predicament I would be in. The first thing to do, I suppose, is to tell how Astronomy ennobles the mind, how it uplifts the soul, how it teaches one to reason for ones self— Bosh! I'm not going to waste time doing anything like that if I can help it. Here comes the librarian, maybe he can help me out.

"Say, Mr. Wilson, I'm up against a tough proposition. Got an original essay to write on 'The Value of Astronomy as an Element of a Liberal Education.' Don't know of anything that might enlighten me a little do you?"

The librarian scratched his head and thought.

"Wait a minute. I think there was an article in last month's 'Practical Astronomy' about that. I'll see."

He returned in a few moments grinning knowingly.

"I guess this is just about what you want, Brown. Might be a little politic tho' to skip a word or two occasionally."

Brown eagerly grabbed the magazine. There boldly confronting him was an article on "The Value of Astronomy as an Element of a Liberal Education." What a wave of relief spread over his weary brain! What a brilliant reputation as an essayist he could see before him. One hour passed; two, three hours passed and still the persistent Brown wrote on. Not a word of the cherished essay escaped his pen; not a sound of the external world reached his ear. Finally he closed the magazine, folded his papers, put his pen carefully into his pocket and leaned back contentedly in his chair.

"Well, that was a snappy piece of luck," he mused. "Saved a lot of thinking and nobody's any wiser. Brown, old boy, you're cleverer than I thought you were. Next thing I know you'll be writing Shakespeare."

* * * * *

The peaceful autumn days had glided into winter. Examinations had come and gone and the new semester had brought with it a wonderful spirit of life. Here and there on the campus could be seen little groups of students, some

studying vigorously, others chatting merrily and still others hurrying hither and thither in a six-hours-reading-to-do-in-one manner. Brown was not included in any of these different occupations. He could not study; he did not feel in a mood for merriment and he had no desire whatever to hurry.

With his hands in his pockets and his head slightly inclined in the direction of the ground, he was walking slowly and pensively 'up and down the path from the Library to the Science Hall. His troubles were indeed many and varied. He hadn't heard from home for over a month, his board bill was due, he had been sick for a week, and lastly he had just received a flunk notice from the Astronomy "prof". What was the use to keep on? Why waste time in College? Why not—

"Beautiful day, Brown, *como esta usted?*" came from a cheery voice behind.

"Hello, Hopkins," was the meek reply.

"How'd you get along in the exams., old boy? Guess I just about cleaned things up," began his friend enthusiastically. "Never struck such a bunch of walkovers in my life. Didn't dream I'd get through that Milton course, but that was like drinking soda-water. It was funny to see how the fellows crammed for Astronomy—just as if *anybody* ever flunked that.

"Fellow would surely be a blockhead who couldn't get through Astronomy," ventured Brown, awkwardly.

"Heard a funny joke on Prof. Roe the other day," continued Hopkins. "You know he's mighty slow, but yet, Brown, there's one of the smartest men of the faculty. Did you see that article in Practical Astronomy not long ago, that he wrote on 'The Value of Astronomy as an Element of a Liberal Education.' It was a peach. Well, as I was going to—"

"Is this joke you're about to tell on Roe or on *me*, Hop? I declare I can't stand for it if it's on me. Astronomy is one of my sensitive points these days. Look here, is it straight that Roe wrote that article on 'Astronomy as an Element of a Liberal Education'?"

"Straight, well I guess yes. He's got his name signed to it. Go read it if you don't believe me."

"Well, I'll be jiggered," was the reply.

"Hello! there goes the bell—see you at chapel, old boy. In the meantime you'd better go down and look that matter up, you'll—"

"You'd better hustle, Hop, or you'll be late—"

"*Astronomy!* I'll choke the next fellow that mentions the name of it," muttered Brown as he sauntered aimlessly toward the Library.

The Leper

MILDRED H. HUMPHREY.

<p>The leper sat him down alone, A sad and wearied soul. "Is Nature always kind and just, And seeks the highest goal,</p> <p>"Or blind and ignorant, decrees That one shall rise in pride, Another from the common world His hated face must hide?"</p> <p>The leper sat him down to think; Reflected deep and long. The moon arose above the heath, Still dwelt he on his wrong.</p>	<p>In splendor lighted she the skies; He raised his brow to gaze. She bathed his eyes with light and life And wiped away the haze</p> <p>He saw the world in all its strength, He saw himself a part, And ceased his vain self-questioning: "Why art thou as thou art?"</p> <p>He loved at last the truth supreme. Though not a perfect plan, He learned to know the law of life, The worth of world and man.</p>
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"What's in a Name?"

YNA REINHARDT.

Short and stubby, with hair so red,
 Eyes not deep, pale blue instead;
 Bold and forward, her ways so set.
 "Your name, my dear?" "It's Violet."

All joints and elbows, eyes that weep,
 Her hair all matted. Freckles? Inch deep.
 A sulky air, a turned-up nose;
 "Your name, my dear?" "Gw'on, it's Rose."

Dull and stupid, not a thought her own;
 Those of others? Forgotten, as soon as known.
 Mention learning, she's in a frenzy,
 "Your name, my dear?" "I—think—it's—Pansy."

The darkest negress, weight two hundred,
 To see her walk you would have wondered.
 "Your name, oh mammy?" "Chile, you'se silly.
 You knows ma name. O 'cose it's Lilly."

Cupid Versus German A

IRMA RUDD.

It was just a week before the beginning of the semester exams. I was industriously writing up my Philosophy note book when Priscilla came into the room.

"How far are you?" she asked.

I answered with pardonable pride that I was just through Aristotle. Priscilla shrugged her shoulders. "Some people," she announced to the furniture, "are too industrious to live. I'm lingering on Socrates myself. But that's neither here nor there. Jen, what made me elect German, anyway?"

I replied that I didn't know. Priscilla had always professed undying hatred toward the German professor and it was a surprise to everyone when she was moved to elect German A.

Professor Matthews was young and unmarried,—cynical and not at all inclined to worship at Priscilla's shrine with the other unattached faculty members. Indeed, he seemed to reciprocate Priscilla's dislike.

"I simply cannot take that exam," Priscilla went on. "Not that I mind the exam exactly but I'm the only Senior in the class. All the rest are Freshmen. Matty excuses the people who haven't cut and those he likes. I don't come under either category and how can I, with my exalted position of Senior, take that exam when a dozen or so Freshman babies are excused?"

"It is rather an embarrassing situation," I said, "but cheer up, he *may* excuse you, you know."

Priscilla sniffed contemptuously, but made no further reply.

Suddenly her face brightened.

"Love your enemies," she remarked, enigmatically. "Jen, do you believe Professor Matthews hates the fair sex as much as he pretends to? He's young and ought to be impressionable. I believe I could do it."

I looked at her in blank amazement. Then her meaning began to dawn upon me. I am not fond of "Matty", but I felt called upon to remonstrate against such cold-blooded kidnapping.

Priscilla was delighted with the word. "That's all he is—a kid," she said, "and if I catch the kid napping it isn't my fault."

"One more like that, my lady," I told her, "and either you leave this room or I do."

"You needn't go unless you want to, Jen," she replied. "You're really not bothering me at all. But nonsense aside— I haven't very much time, only a week, and I'll have to begin right away."

"Priscilla!" I remonstrated. "You're not going to—to—"

"To make love to him? Oh, no. He's going to make love to me," was the calm reply.

I made one more plea. "But Priscilla, suppose he should come to—to care very much?"

"Oh, he won't," was the reassuring answer. "He hasn't heart enough for that, you know he hasn't, Jen."

I saw Priscilla no more till the next afternoon, when she walked into my room and announced triumphantly, "I did it!"

I waited patiently for further information.

"It was so easy," she went on "that my conscience almost hurt me. I knew I was pressed for time so I resolved on one bold stroke. This morning I went to class early and had a long talk with Professor Matthews.

"I told him it was a source of pain to me to know that we didn't get along well together and if it was my fault I would try and do better. I was afraid I hadn't understood him, but I thought perhaps I was beginning to and I hoped he'd let bygones be bygones and be friends. He was quite embarrassed, but rose to the occasion and looked at me in quite a pleased manner and rather as if he thought my hat was becoming. We shook hands and then I sat down and the bell rang.

"After class I stopped to read the bulletin board, and just happened to be leaving when he came out. So he walked home with me, and on the way asked me if I'd like to go and hear that German lecturer tonight,—Herr something or other.—He lectures in German." Priscilla sighed. "But I guess I can afford to be bored if I can get out of that exam."

Professor Matthews monopolized Priscilla till exam week. German A was scheduled for the first period Monday. Priscilla stopped at my door on her way to the recitation room. "See you in fifteen minutes," she said.

Sure enough, in about fifteen minutes she was back.

"Congratulations are in order," she announced. "But the worst is yet to come. We're going walking this afternoon."

That evening Priscilla came into my room and threw herself on the couch. "Oh, Jen!" she gasped, "I'm a wretch, but it's *so* funny!" Laughter overcame her and it was some time before she could go on. Then she sat up and proceeded with the tale.

"Matty said this afternoon that he'd always been a woman-hater, but I had opened a new world to him. I said it was a lovely day, but he wasn't to be sidetracked. He said he had never known love before, but he knew it now and he hoped—Oh, Jen!" Priscilla buried her head in the pillow a minute and then emerged, rosy with laughter. "Well, he hoped he wasn't mistaken in thinking I cared for him.

"I didn't know what to do, but I finally made him understand that I never could be anything but a sister to him. I tried to spare his feelings, and I think he feels that if I followed the dictates of my own heart I'd be more than a sister to him.

"No, I didn't say anything that wasn't true. You know I wouldn't, Jen—but—well, I couldn't be cruel, and besides there's a final in German A coming at the end of the year, and I may have to accept him to get out of that!"

An Evening's Sojourn in Museumdom

JOSIAH STICKERBAFF.

It was night. The hour was twelve and the campus slept in darkness. Not a sound could be heard except the occasional baying of a dog or the muffled roar of a distant locomotive.

"Dear me, I haven't been able to sleep a wink this night," said a diminutive snail in a remote corner of the Museum. "My, isn't it quiet! I almost fancy I can hear my heart beat. I am *so* nervous."

Just then something in the west end of the room cracked or popped, as things usually do on still nights when everyone is asleep.

"I can't endure this much longer," continued the snail. "Wonder if anyone is awake—guess I'll sneeze. Ka-ka-ka-choo-oo-oo. *That* ought to have some effect."

"Thank goodness!" sighed the mountain lion. "I thought I was the only one awake in this whole room and you don't know how funny it made me feel."

This speech caused a general commotion, for the lion's voice was loud and deep. Everybody from the Protozoa to the Elephant began to stir on their mounts.

"Hasn't this been the *longest* night you ever saw?" ventured the Porpoise. "I've had such awful dreams, too—my stomach must be out of order."

"Too much fudge, eh, Porpy?" broke in the Starfish.

"Horrors! don't mention fudge on a night like this," said the Iguana. "Ever since the Minerva candy sale I haven't been able to stand that word."

"That Fair was an awful money-making scheme, wasn't it?" said the snail, anxious to keep up any sort of a conversation.

"Money-making," said the Lion, "well, I should snicker to kiss a pig. Did you hear how much money Loring Lennox spent down there? He is such a generous fellow that it makes my blood boil to think of anyone having the heart to work him."

"It would tickle me foolish," spoke up the Owl, "to see someone who had the *skill* to work him."

"Speaking of skill reminds me of a funny story I heard on Mr.—, what is that fellow's name who sings so beautifully?"

"Bortree," said the Red Flamingo, who rarely ventures much more than a word a year.

"Yes, that's it, of course. How stupid of me to forget. It happened one day last week. Leo was—"

"Look here, Mr. Lion, I think I am the one who is privileged to tell that joke, since it was on me."

The speaker was none other than the Ostrich.

"Was that about *you*, Ossie?" asked the Lion. "Well, I think I'd cut him dead after this. Anybody that would accuse a bird of having *hind legs*—and a Junior, too—"

At this point everyone burst into laughter.

"He's an awfully good-hearted fellow, though," added the Lion, by way of apology, as he wiped the tears from his eyes with his left paw and settled himself more comfortably on his mount.

"My, but it's cold in here. I'll bet that curator has left a window or a door open, and if he has I'll catch my death of cold. My left lung aches already."

Everyone turned to see who it was who had spoken.

"Who is that?" asked the Bat of the Rhinoceros.

"The Polar Bear," replied the Rhinoceros, confidentially. "She's the worst kicker I ever saw. I'm mighty glad *she* isn't curator of the museum, we'd never have any ventilation."

"So you are really satisfied with our curator, are you?" spoke up the Python, who had overheard the conversation.

"I'm the most satisfied person in the museum, I guess, when it's a question of the curator," replied the Rhinoceros.

"Oh, no you're not," broke in the Bat, "the curator is."

"Is the curator self-satisfied?" asked the Polar Bear in surprise.

"*Is he?*" continued the Bat. "You should have heard him the other day. He was over there pasting some sort of outlandish name on the Prairie Dog and I heard him say: 'Hime' old boy, you're all right. You've got Prexy going in the proper direction. All you've got to do is to walk into his office, ask for what you want and you get it without any questions.'"

"You don't mean it," said the Rhinoceros. "Well, I must say I'm awfully deceived in him. He seemed such an innocent looking fellow."

"You shouldn't judge a fellow's innocence by the kink in his hair," said the Owl.

"Good for you, Miss Owl," added the Grasshopper, "you'll make some good man a poor wife."

This last bit of sarcasm was evidently wasted for the Owl began to hum softly to herself.

"I really wonder if I am the ancestor of man," spoke up the Spider Monkey, desirous, like all monkeys, to turn the subject of the conversation on himself.

"There seems to be a difference of opinion on that," said Mr. Huxley, with an audible yawn. "But if I were you I would never discuss the matter under any condition or circumstances. It will cause enemies in the long run. Just to show you, however, that I'm still in the race, I'll explain a few facts that have been greatly misrepresented. The theory of—"

"You are out of order, Huxley. By Angler's Rules and Orders, no lectures can be given in this room except Monday night. Sorry to disappoint you, but rules are rules, you know."

Huxley did not respond as usual to this gentle squelch, but sank into a deep, peaceful slumber.

"That was pretty foxy of you, Mr. Lion," whispered the Tiger, "I thought he was in for one of those all-night talks."

"Did I hear someone mention my name?" piped up the Fox.

"Not that I know of," said the Lion. "You would do well, Master Fox, to remember that little saying of Pope's? Ahlers'? I forget which, about—"

"It was Ahlers who said that," interrupted the Owl.

"How do you know?" asked the Lion, "I didn't say what it was yet."

"I know that, but did you ever hear of any saying Ahlers didn't say?" said the Owl.

"This world is made up of some awfully funny people, isn't it?" said the Llama, who had heretofore kept silence.

"No funnier in this world than any other," put in the Lion. "You mustn't judge everyone by Ahlers and the Freshman class."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of them in particular. I had in mind Harley Sill," replied the Llama. "He's in the Academy yet, isn't he?"

"No, you stupid, he is *President* of the Freshman class," rang a chorus of voices from all over the room.

"Really," said the Llama. "What does he pursue in College, pray?"

"The girls, usually," said the Owl. "He is a regular Don Juan. Did you hear him the other day muttering some sort of a lingo about 'my mother told me to take this one, Stella, Helen, Carrie, Minnie, Helen, Mamie, Mamie, Mam—'? I declare I thought he was losing his mind."

"Does he belong to Pearsons or Apollo?" meekly asked the Cuckoo.

"Bill Goat can probably inform you on that question," said the Bat. "How about it, Billy?"

"About what?" muttered Billy, who was just sinking into the arms of Morpheus.

About Sill. Is he a Pearsons man?"

"Darned if I know; don't recall the name," replied the Goat, who as yet was not in a mood for jesting.

"Cheer up, Billy," ventured the Lion. "You're *such* an interesting talker when you once get started. We all *love* to listen to you. Come, tell us some initiation secrets."

The Elephant winked at the Bat and altogether there was a general suppression of laughter at this last remark.

"Well," began the goat, brightening up, "there were really so many at the last reception that I can't quite remember them all. Gee! there's an experience that I wish some of you fellows could have. Talk about fun—nothing can touch it. You all know Currier, don't you? Well, he was the limit, he—"

"Don't be too hard on him, Billy; he's never been able to leave his mother yet, you know," said the Tiger.

"In my opinion Currier should have been a girl," said the Fox. "They say he was simply fine in 'Rip Van Winkle.'"

"Rats," spoke up the Lion, "if you judge fellows by the sort of girls they make when they're disguised and made up, you'd soon find yourself in a pretty pickle. Look at Cobert, for instance. There isn't a more masculine little fellow in school and yet when he gets his wig on and his cheeks rouged and powdered one could hardly tell him from—from—who is that Senior girl? Oh, you know who I mean."

"Yes, and there's McCreery, too, and Kaull," added the Bat. "They say Kaull had wonderful experiences at the Contemporary Mask Ball. Several girls—even Jessie, the maid, affectionately embraced him and one confiding miss told him a secret."

"What was it?" asked the Monkey, wild with curiosity.

"I'm not at liberty to tell—it will be announced later, I understand," replied the Bat.

"I know what it is, I'll bet," said a Mouse, who had just entered the room, "and just out of spite I'm going to tell. They say she's one of the popular girls in McGregor Hall, but I fail to see it. One evening last week I was down there with a friend of mine and we happened to venture in her room. I heard her talking to someone, but didn't pay much attention to it, until I heard one of the girls say, 'Oh, I'm so happy, dear, what a lucky man he is. Poor me, I shall be an old maid, I'm sure.' What were my conclusions? Why *she's engaged*, that's all, *she's engaged*. Yes, sir,—"

"*Who is engaged?*" broke in a chorus of voices.

Just then a terrible clanging resounded through the room. One, two, three times it shook the building from Physics Lab. to chimney top. The cocks began to crow and the neighborhood dogs blended their voices in a plaintive howl. The dismal clanging continued and still continued to continue and not a soul breathed in the great museum. The McGregor rising bell had silenced the lips of all and the only remnant of the evening's seance was a faint echo, as the students filed into class an hour later, of "*Who is engaged?*"

A Catastrophe

A *Hunter* started out for game one day at early morn,
Not as a *Fowler*, nor yet with *Noyesy Horn*;
For no oher *Kauling* did he love *Moore*
Than *Rocing* on the *Lake* from shore to shore.
A *Fisher* bold was he—his *Boatright* on the *Beach*
Full bent upon the *Slaughter* of the *Fimney* clan,
Herring and *Sammon* and *Auld* he could reach.
As he worked he sang so *Lond* and clear,
"I go *Scott* free, and am indeed a *Trnc Freeman*,
I've naught to *Rnc*, there's none I *Nead* to fear."
So he turned his *Rndder* to *Ward* the *West*,
Thinking—"There *Willett* surely be best."
Straight on he went, he saw no rock
Till with a grating sound it *Brnshed*—it *Strock*.
He dropped his *Orr*, and *Hasting*, began to *Balc*,
But all his efforts were of no avail.
His boat went down, likewise did he—
Down to the depths—like *Boston T*.

From Alpha to Omega

ALICE KIDDER.

"Say, fellows, just read this, will you?" cried Jack Gardiner, rushing excitedly up to a group of boys, just coming from Math.

"Read what?" they all exclaimed, crowding about him.

"Why this—this letter I found on the bulletin board; I'd give my hat to know the names of the girls who wrote it!"

"Girls!" cried Ralph Ward, a susceptible youth. "This waxes mysterious. What is it, Jack, a proposal?"

"More likely a refusal, by the look on Jack's face," broke in Frank Taylor. "Did she say she could be nothing more than a sister to you, old man?"

"Don't let them jolly you, kid; brace up and read us the letter," said Carl Goodwin, a fun-loving Senior, clapping his young friend on the shoulder.

Jack hesitated a moment, then, eager to hear the comments of the other boys, read the following mysterious note:

"How did you and Ralph Ward and Harry Martin enjoy your walk to the dressmaker's, Saturday night? Too bad we were in such a hurry ourselves we couldn't wait for you! For shame! to think that you boys let yourselves be outwitted by three girls as well known to you as

"X., Y. or Z."

"Great Scott, Jack!" cried Harry Martin, "that must be from those three girls we caught rubbering in at the Kinnikinnick dance, Saturday night. We jollied them a lot," he continued, turning to the other boys, "and being anxious to find out who they were—for their faces were muffled with shawls—we started to follow them home. Instead of starting across the campus as we expected, they went down Tejon, lead us a merry chase up and down several side streets and finally disappeared in a dressmaker's shop on Kiowa. In about fifteen minutes they came sneaking out again and took the car north. We fellows, who had watched proceedings from the opposite side of the street, caught the next car all right, but when we got off at the college there was nothing doing. The girls—"

"You didn't find out who they were after all?" questioned Carl Goodwin.

"Well, I should say not!" replied Jack. "But it's a cinch they know who we are. Fellows we can't let those girls get the best of us. Ralph, Harry, can't you think up some stunt by which we can find out their names?"

"Why don't you write a note to 'X. Y. Z.', and put it on the bulletin board," suggested Carl, who had been an interested listener. "Then you can—"

"Keep watch and see who takes it down," eagerly interrupted Ralph. "That's a bright idea, old man! I'll go write the note now. Gee! there's the last bell. Better hurry, fellows, or Pat will count you cuts!"

* * * * *

"Let's go see if there's any news on the bulletin board," said Mary Car-

ruthers to Carl Goodwin as they came out of Philosophy together, two hours later. "Why, how funny—'Miss X., Y. or Z'! I wonder if that isn't for me; that's the name I signed to that last article I handed in to the Tiger."

"Won't do any harm to open it and see," urged Carl, smiling secretly, for he had seen Ralph put it there and knew that one of the boys was watching eagerly to see who would take it down.

Mary looked very puzzled as she read the note once, twice, three times, then finally exclaimed: "Well, I give up in despair! See what you can make of this, Mr. Goodwin."

Carl took the note and read in a low tone:

"You are being watched! You will now receive a letter addressed to yourself; for by this action you have proven yourself the guilty one. A., B. or C."

"Looks as if you had something there not meant for you, Miss Carruthers," continued Carl, returning her the note. "It's probably some Freshman nonsense; this is Ralph Ward's writing—" then, suddenly, "I have something I'd like to talk over with you, Miss Carruthers. May I walk over to Ticknor with you?"

As soon as Mary and Carl had disappeared down the steps of Palmer, Ralph, who had been posted as scout, rushed up to Harry and Jack, exclaiming in great excitement: "I've got one of them spotted all right! Mary Carruthers just took down the note."

"Mary Carruthers! What are you giving us?" broke in Jack. "Something must be the matter with your eyesight. Mary Carruthers is a Senior and wouldn't stoop to such a thing as watching a Kinnikinnick dance!"

"Well, maybe there *was* some mistake about it, old man," replied Ralph. "But seems to me I've heard that Mary Carruthers isn't so demure as she looks. I'll give her another chance, though, and then if she takes down the second letter—"

"Why, woe unto her!" laughed Harry. "Say, Jack, can you translate this sentence in Dutch? I couldn't find that word there and I can just hear Ahlers say: 'Whose cook-book did you use, Mrs. Rorer's?'"

* * * * *

The next morning as Ralph stopped on his way to class to put another X, Y or Z letter on the bulletin board, he was confronted by a small blue envelope addressed to A, B or C.

"What in the world!" he exclaimed, taking it down and opening it. "Well, wouldn't that jar you! Just listen to this, will you, Carl," he called to Goodwin who happened to be passing.

"I received your threatening epistle yesterday and was much amused by it. I'll give you a week to discover my identity, and then if you haven't found out by that time, why—I'll tell you myself.

"Your unknown, but ardent admirer, X."

"You've certainly made a conquest of X, all right," laughed Carl. "You Freshman kids seem to have things your own way with the girls"—then.

examining the note closer—"why, this looks like the writing of that pretty new Senior who sits next me in Philosophy."

"I believe it is Miss Carruthers," mused Ralph, as Carl went on to Economics. "She blushed as red as a rose when she passed me in the hall a while ago. Gee! such luck. I've been simply dying to meet her, but when all the Seniors are so crazy about her, I never thought she'd even look at a Freshman! You better believe I'll watch you Miss X. My! wouldn't I like to catch Mary Carruthers taking that second note off the bulletin board!"

Each day, during the rest of the week, Ralph would put a letter on the rack addressed to X, Y, Z, and each day take down a little blue envelope addressed to A, B, C. Carefully as he watched, however, he could never discover when his letters were taken down or the A B C ones put up. To the questionings of Jack and Harry, he always reported, "Nothin' doin'." He did not mention the little blue envelopes to them. That was *his* secret.

Finally the last day of the week came and Ralph had not discovered the identity of his mysterious correspondent, though he was as certain as he wished to be that it was Mary Carruthers. He took down the usual little blue envelope that morning, with a feeling of sadness, remembering it would be his last.

"Dear A, B, or C.—As I know you have not yet discovered who I am, and the week is up today, I will keep my promise. If you will be at the big rock to the left of the entrance to Williams Canon this afternoon at four, you will find there your

"Fair and faithful X."

As Ralph was folding the letter to put it back into the envelope, Jack and Harry came tearing down the hall.

"You're not so much of an old Sleuth, after all, Ralph, my boy!" cried Jack, exultantly. "Guess we beat you to it this time! Harry and I went to call at McGregor last night and Daisy told us all about it. Jean Black was X, Marion Wood, Y, and Daisy, herself, Z."

"Jean Black, X!" cried Ralph, "is that so,"—then to himself,—"I don't believe it!"

Promptly at four that afternoon Ralph might have been found walking up the path to Williams Canon. "She isn't here yet," he cried in disappointment, then, as he caught sight of a familiar little blue envelope, lying on the big rock mentioned in the letter,—"*maybe she has been here, but felt too shy to meet me at first, so left a note telling me her name and where to meet her.*"

Lifting the stone which held the letter in place, Ralph eagerly took up the envelope which was addressed "A, B, or C, from X."

With trembling fingers he drew out the letter, read it at a glance, then flung it from him with the utmost disgust, and stalked angrily down towards the car.

The letter read:

" 'There's many a slip,
'Twixt the cup and the lip!
"Carl Goodwin."

Side Talks with Girls

Questions of Etiquette and of General Interest Will Be Answered
on This Page.

RUTH ASHLOOM.

- J. R. I.—If, as you say, blue enhances the beauty of your eyes, continue wearing it, by all means.
- I. W.—I am glad you have given up dancing. Tally-ho and sleigh-rides are a great deal better for the general health.
- Carrie.—You are expected to pay party calls within two weeks *after* the tea.
- Clara Kaull.—It is not good taste to carry a hand mirror at a ball. I would consider it a little free to allow a young gentleman to replace loosening hairpins.
- H. C.—It is unhealthful for young girls to be too fond of T(ea). I would advise you to break off the habit.
- L. S.—*Automobalcing* and driving are two different things. If the rule forbids driving, you are quite justified in the other.
- T., and J. G. C.—Certainly. It is perfectly proper to hang in the windows at a colonial ball.
- F. G. C.—A little more care for your dress and personal appearance will obviate the difficulty.
- A. I. K.—You are not justified in your jealousy. Yes, there is still plenty of time.
- P. M. W.—You say you had a picnic? And without a chaperone? I will say nothing of it, but strongly advise you against having any Moore. Doane let your chum, either.
- Y. R.—That inner sense of delicacy and refinement becomes dulled? Certainly, it was merely a girl's masquerade, but it is not practised in the best of society?
- H. R. J.—The pin is rather large, as you say, but as long as it is not conspicuous and open to the idle curiosity, I would not hesitate to wear it on any occasion.
- Harley.—It is a great blessing to have so many girl friends. Do not be foolish, as so many are, and give them up for the young men.
- M. A. B.—I would advise you not to spend money for a chafing dish. They are going out of style and are falling into sudden disuse. A good substitute and the new favorite is a little electric stove.
- L. D.—You are quite right. No young man ought to monopolize the company of a young lady unless his intentions are serious.
- F. E. W.—Yawning in company is not permissible. It would seem to indicate that you were being bored.
- Contributor. — Your article may have been very good and rejected merely because it was unsuited to the requirements of the magazine you refer to.
- Flosse.—The best book I know with which to start a good library is "The Simple Life". It appeals to me most strongly.

A Foot Ball Trip

The football trips and the fun enjoyed thereon will always be among the most pleasant of the old "C" man's college memories. When the College wins, our joy is intense and vociferous, varying inversely as the size of the enemy's score. When defeated, our disgust is as deep as our resolve to win next time.

On the Friday before the game, a quiet, anxious squad gathers around the coach, who reads the names of the men whom he has selected. Then the coach delivers a parting injunction to be on time and the squad makes a dash for the "gym." Manager Hester is now in great demand; he is greeted with a chorus of requests, as, "Gimme a shoestring, Hess," and "I need a new pair of stockings." The magnificent indifference exhibited by the manager is the object of numerous witticisms. He is saluted with epithets of varying degrees of affection, as, "cheap skate", "tight wad", and is compared to a certain Hebrew gentleman of Shakespearean origin and frugal habits. "I hain't a goin' to give you fellers nothin'," he yells. "The clothes what yer got is plenty good enough for yer." A few men secure the things asked for, but the wrath of the manager again waxes great as "Cap" Lennox indiscreetly approaches and timidly asks for a shoe string. A look of withering scorn suffuses the face of the manager. "I ain't er goin' to give yer nothin' more," he howls in apoplectic rage. "The Athletic Association can't afford to give yer all shoestrings twict a season."

At the railway station next morning, all the new men are there a full hour before the train is scheduled to start. Jay Vandemoer is out in the train yard riding switch engines and giving orders to the trainmen. Howbert is discovered in a somnolent state on a bench in the waiting room. It is rumored that he has stayed there all night, but this, however, cannot be verified. The coach tells one of his selected anecdotes and Fawcett thereupon buys him a cigar. As train time approaches the tardy ones rush in. Just as the train is pulling out, Shorty and Billy appear in nonchalant leisure, carrying between them a grip which contains the entire armour of the tiny warriors.

On the train the crowd proceeds to make itself at home. Nead reads "Lucille" and Blossom gets three lessons for the following Monday. Bill Lennox attempts to flirt with a very susceptible young woman opposite him with indifferent success. Captain Lennox, Mack, Scibird and Howbert unite to form some very close harmony. Morgan discovers that he forgot his football shoes and is the recipient of some caustic comment from the coach, whose remarks are listened to with enthusiasm by the other fellows. Bale slumbers peacefully and tunelessly. Mosteller discovers a young lady on the Pullman whom he used to know in Missouri. He at once gets busy and manages to be professionally engaged therewith till compelled to leave.

When Denver is reached the crowd piles off the train into a street car. Manager Hester argues earnestly with the conductor that he be allowed a special rate of six for a quarter. The hard-hearted official, however, firmly refuses. At the hotel, lunch is enjoyed with a zest somewhat tempered by the

restrictions of the coach. That worthy, however, takes care to ramble in unobstructed serenity through the bill of fare, smiling indulgently at the discomfiture of the fellows.

College wins and a jolly crowd returns to the hotel and proceeds to have a high old time. Seybold buys a suit of clothes he had much admired. Then dinner is served.

On the train once more, the good old songs are sung and Captain Lennox starts a game of "hot hand." The conductor becomes peevish, attempts to quiet the exuberance and is admonished to "fade away." All the trainmen receive witticisms—with varying degrees of good nature. Scibird loses his hat and objurgates steadily for ten minutes, avoiding repetition and showing excellent selection.

Colorado Springs is finally reached. The team gives a final yell for the coach and captain and another football trip is over.

The Four Seasons

PROFESSOR F. H. LOUD.

I.

Smiling now in softened guise,
Easter-tide to greet, the skies
Put on all their bright adorning,
Best to suit the year's new morning.
Robed afresh in shining green,
Earth in radiant mood is seen;
In the sheltered nooks they favor
Now bloom flowers of sweetest savor.
Northward, ever northward treading,
Ever glorious in his might,
Goes the Sun, before him spreading
Zones of verdure, warmth and light.

II.

Southward when the Day-king turns,
Eagerly his fury burns
Unappeased, for still there linger,
Reached not yet by his strong finger,
Massed beyond his broad control,
Snow and ice piled round the pole.
Madly then he flames and rages,
Though defeated, fresh war wages;
Each green thing, consumed and dying,
Rolls and shrivels in his rays;
Roam the herds, the spent springs trying,
Or fall prone beneath the blaze.

III.

All in vain the Titan's wrath,—
 Now to flight he bends his path;
Underneath the Line he hasteth;
 Golden darts less free he wasteth;
Though his sweetest smile of all
 Seemeth now on Earth to fall.
Undesirous to bereave her,
 Needs must he his brightness leave her?
Mourning robes, then, gaily turning
 Even into glories new,
Now on all the trees are burning
 Leafy flames of every hue.

IV.

Wild, from out the northern sky,
 Laugh the winds o'er warmth gone by.
Icier ever, ever fiercer,
 Press they down to earth to pierce her.
"Nevermore, O Sun," they shout,
 "Able thou to quell our rout.
To thy southern shelter driven,
 To us leave the rule of heaven."
Evil blasts, what are ye saying?
 Endeth soon your cruel reign.
Round his course, no instant staying,
 Royal, hastes he back again.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

I understand I am threatened with a reappearance of the lines I wrote "sarkostic", some twenty-five years ago, on "Colorado Weather",—doubtless when suffering in mind as well as in body, from some "spell" of northwest wind. Readers will have to allow much, I fear, for the impression produced on a youth accustomed to the New England greensward, by the bleekness and barrenness, which in those days characterized Colorado Springs as much as they did the surrounding plains.

If the literary sins of my youth are to be brought up against me at this late day, you might as well go further back, and print some lines which I wrote when a Junior in college. Unlike the other, they are as yet unpublished. They were composed late one evening after returning from a little party at the home of Professor Ebenezer Strong Snell, a teacher for whom I felt a great veneration and affection. He had mentioned to me there an unfulfilled plan of his own, of writing an acrostic on the names of the four seasons. The next morning I handed him the verses above.

F. H. LOUD.

The Season at the Play Houses

Were it not that the Theatre Trust controls the quality and the number of the plays we see, the stage might have a greater sphere of activity. One dare not speak of the Trust above a whisper for fear that what little we have will be taken away.

In spite of all drawbacks, the season has seen some remarkable productions. The staging of the opera "Rip Van Winkle", with R. B. Shaw and Alberta Covert as Rip and Gretchen, was one of the great events. These two stars have been before the public almost constantly during the past two seasons, and are always sure of a welcome.

It is exceptional for a woman to take a heavy masculine part successfully. Flosse Churchill is a brilliant exception. In her *role* as Leontes in "The Winter's Tale", she is a star among stars.

The charming operetta, "The Enchanted Palace", has come and gone. It was perhaps the most artistically staged of all the productions of the season.



The Mikado had an exceptional run in this city. With Nellie May Painter as Katasha, and R. B. Shaw as Nankipoo, it could hardly help earning ap-



plause. Its appearance at the anti-trust Grand Opera House made possible some interesting incidents which the Trust would probably have eliminated.

The Trelawney of the Wells Company has disbanded after completing a successful run of four seasons at the Perkins.

Cranford is a delightful old English play. Its presentation at the Ticknor was marred only by the poor scenery of the third act.

"Six cups of Chocolate", which was so well received last year at the Apollo, appeared this year again with the same remarkable cast, at the Pearsons.

"Daffy Daphne" is making a *hit*. It will probably be another year before critics decide whether this opera belongs with Grand Opera or in the better class of Light Opera.

Those Who Never Would be Missed

There's the man that's always knocking
At the weather and the "feed".
A hammer on the head is what
That man doth chiefly need!
We've got him on our list,
Save in his own opinion
He never would be missed.

There's the Prof. who always gets there,
Tho' nine minutes past the bell;
Who's never known to cut a class,
Or be aught else but well!
We've got him on our list;
Outside a Friday meeting
He never would be missed.

There's that Junior course in *Logic*.
"If S is M, why then it's P."
By fallacies and valid figures,
We're bored as bored can be.
We've got it on our list;
It looks well in the catalogue,
But it never would be missed.

There's the nervy young butinsky,
Who thinks it's only right
You should open all your "Nugget" proofs
To his benignant sight.
Of course we've got him listed;
It's best for everyone concerned
That he should be encysted.

There's the man who never walks the path,
But stumps along the border.
If shoe soles come so very high,
To quit college is in order.
For him we have a special list,
With those who'll walk hot sidewalks
In that land there'll not be mist.

There's Prexy; this year's "Nugget" board;
The class of Nineteen Six;
Aunt Mary and the Dianess;
Those who'll have for us no kicks.
All these we have on a brand new list,
For these are the indispensables,
And most surely *would* be missed.

Quod est—stet.

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Automobile Livery	VI	Gloves	II
Bankers and Brokers	XIII	Groceries	V, VI
Barber Shops	III, XIII	Hotels	VIII, XI, XIV
Bicycles	X, XIII	Ice	VI
Billiards	VI	Investments	XI, XVI
Books	X	Milk and Cream	VI
Bowling	XVI	Paper Shades	XVI
Cafe	VI	Photography	VII, VIII, XIV
Caps and Gowns	IX	Picture-framing	VI
Chemicals	IX	Pianos	X
Cigars	III	Plumbing	VI
Cleaning and Pressing	XIII	Printing	I
Clothing	XVII	Real Estate	V, XIII, XVI
Coal	XIII, XIV, XVII	Refreshments	IX
Coffees	III, X	Savings and Loans	X
Colorado College	XV	Shoe Factory	XIII
Dentists	XII	Shoemaker	VI
Drugs	V	Summer School	XII
Dry Goods	II, IX	Teachers' Agency	XII
Electric Supplies	X	Transfer	XIV
Engraving	IV	Trunks	III
Flowers	V, XI, XIV	Vaudeville	VI

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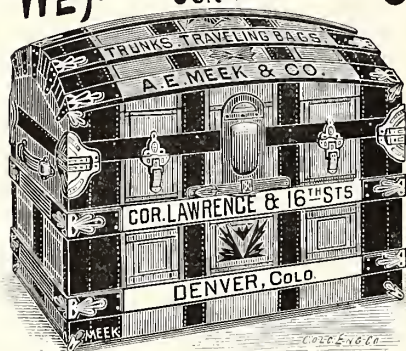
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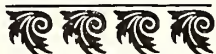
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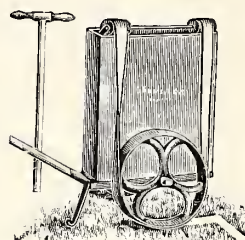
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